



*Golden Treasury Series*

SELECTED POEMS OF T. E. BROWN



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Charles Brown



vols. xxvii., xxviii. This Poem had, as above noted, already been privately printed. It now appeared (in a somewhat abbreviated form), and attracted considerable attention. Before the end of the year it was republished in a single volume, the small volume in green cloth (still to be obtained), which heads our list —

1. *Betsy Lee, a Fo'c'sle Yarn.* London, Macmillan and Co., 1873.
2. *Fo'c'sle Yarns*, including "Betsy Lee" and other poems. London, Macmillan and Co., 1881. Contents : "To Sing a Song . . ."; I "Betsy Lee"; II. "Christmas Rose"; III. "Captain Tom and Captain Hugh"; IV "Tommy Big-Eyes."
3. *The Doctor and other Poems*. By T. E. Brown, M.A, late Fellow of Oriel College, author of *Betsy Lee*, *Fo'c'sle Yarns*, etc. London, Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey and Co., Paternoster Square, 1887. Contents. —"Dear Countrymen . . ." "The Doctor," "Kitty of the Sherragh Vane," "The Schoolmasters"
4. *Fo'c'sle Yarns* (new edition) [as supra]. London, Macmillan and Co., 1889.
5. *The Manx Witch and other Poems.* By T. E. Brown, author of *Betsy Lee*, *Fo'c'sle Yarns*, etc. London, Macmillan and Co., and New York, 1889. Contents. —I. "The Manx Witch," by T. Baynes; II "The Indiaman," by T. Baynes; III. "The Christening"; IV "Peggy's Wedding"; V. "Mary Quayle. The Curate's Story"; VI. "Bella Goiry The Pazon's Story." Preceded by an Introductory poem, "First Comes Tom Baynes. . ."

Reprints of *The Doctor and Other Poems*, without the Introductory Poem, "Dear Countrymen," appeared as under (Nos. 6 and 7). —

6. *The Doctor*. A Manx poem, by T. E. Brown, M.A, late Fellow of Oriel College, author of *Betsy Lee*,

## ADVERTISEMENT

vii

*Fo'c'sle Yarns*, etc Swan, Sonnenschein and Co.,  
Paternoster Square, 1891

7. *Kitty of the Sherragh Vane, and the Schoolmasters.* By T. E. Brown, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College, author of *Betsy Lee, Fo'c'sle Yarns*, etc. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Paternoster Square, 1891.
  - 8 *Old John and other Poems* By T. E. Brown, author of *Betsy Lee, Fo'c'sle Yarns*, etc. London, Macmillan and Co., and New York, 1893. With Dedication: "To H. G. D. and M. E. D., this volume is affectionately inscribed, March 1893"
  - Posthumously:—
  - 9 *The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown.* Edition prepared by Mr. H. F. Brown, Mr. H. G. Dakyns, Mr. W. E. Henley. London, Macmillan and Co., Ltd.; New York, The Macmillan Co., 1900.
  10. *The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown* Reprinted with Introduction by W. E. Henley London, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., New York, The Macmillan Co., 1901

*Note* —The editors of the *Collected Poems* (*C. P.*) had the mass of unpublished poems contained in T. E. Brown's note books before them. They made a selection of some twenty-seven poems, which were indicated in the Table of Contents by an asterisk. That mark is still preserved in this selection. In one case—the poem entitled “Dartmoor Sunset at Chagford,” which appears on pp. 112-117, 118-121, under the sub-titles \*“*Homo Loquitur*” and “*Respondet Δημιουργός*”—the asterisk (\*) is somewhat misleading, since the last portion of “*Respondet Δημιουργός*” had already appeared in *Old John and other Poems*, under the title “*Homini Δημιουργός*.” Only, in order to start the fragment as a separate entity, the poet had slightly altered the reading and in place of the lines .

But I can do no more : wherefore I am not vexed ;  
But you are being perplexed ,  
With suppositions , scribbling o'er the text  
Of natural life. And seeing that this is so (p  
substituted .

## INTRODUCTION

ad a way of taking for granted not only the virtue of these outcasts, but their unquestioned stability. He, at least, never questioned it; effect was twofold. Some of the 'weak brethren' uncomfortable at being met on those terms of irony. My father might have been practising on the most dreadful irony, and they were 'that and confused. But it was not irony, not a bit just a sense of respect, fine consideration for the 'sowls'; well—respect, that's it, respect for all n beings; *his* respect made *them* respectable. 't it grand? To others my father was a perfect y-shee (port of peace). To be in the same room him was enough. To be conscious that he was that he didn't fight strange of them, that he dreamt of 'scowlin' them. . . . To think of a respecting men's vices even; not as vices, God but as parts of *them*, very likely all but erable from them, at any rate *theirs*. Pitying in eternal pity, but not exposing, not rebuking other would have considered he was 'taking a y' if he had confronted the sinner with his

There we have "Pazon Gale" of the *Fo'c'sle*s, and a large part of Brown himself; perhaps the irony and the humour omitted, and these he have got from his mother.

own's outer life was singularly devoid of incidents he was two years old his father was made Vicar k Braddan, near Douglas, and it is round Kirk lan that the memories of his youth and the affect of his later life are concentrated and condensed addan Vicarage and Old John. At Braddan age the boy was taught partly by the parish master, but chiefly by his father, who gave he elements of Latin, and that love for style

which marked his literary career. When fifteen years of age he was sent to school at King William's College. In October of 1849 he went to Oxford and was admitted to a servitorship at Christchurch. In 1853 he took a Double First, but, to his bitter mortification, his servitorship was considered a bar to his election as a Student, and he records that the first night after his Double First was "one of the most intensely miserable I was ever called to endure." In April of the following year, however, he reached "the summit of an Oxford man's ambition," and was elected Fellow of Oriel. He was ordained deacon, but "never took kindly to the life of an Oxford Fellow," and after a few terms of private tuition he returned to the Isle of Man as Vice-Principal of King William's College.

The chief acquisitions of his Oxford career seem to have been a sound and wide acquaintance with the classics—"Ah, sir, that Greek stuff *penetrates*"—"As the years roll on, I doubt not many a hammer will ring at the fastness of the classics. Possibly an entire disruption may take place. But if ever there was a case of my favourite Virgilian—*antiquam exquirite*—it will be that of England when it awakes from this dream which is only not lewd because it is fatuous. The awakening is sure to come. The study of Greek will revive with tremendous force, and a new generation will demand of us what we have done with so precious an inheritance"—remarks in which we catch that note of deep conservatism which characterises him. And *pari passu* with the classics, he learned at Oxford to love "quaint books" like Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses*; he cultivated music, which he had studied as a boy, and to which he was passionately devoted throughout

his life, though his straitened means may have hampered his freedom, as a phrase in the following passage suggests.—“I do not know of anything that gave me more pleasure during the whole term than that pleasant ramble over the keys, after my two months' fast”—and, above all, he had already begun “to pick up racy anecdotes,” wherein we see him started on one of his major lifelong quests.

In 1857 Brown married his cousin, Miss Stowell, in the little church of Kirk Maughold, a place for ever after most sacred of all his island haunts, Maughold comes before Bradda in the *Epistola ad Dakyns*. In 1861 he left King William's College to assume the headmastership of the Crypt School at Gloucester, where he was not happy, though it must, doubtless, have been a satisfaction to him to meet and deeply influence the youthful W. E. Henley. What he called “the Gloucester episode” woke that inveterate longing for his island which never left him, and to his mother he declares himself as “one of the most patriotic exiles it can boast.” In 1864 the present Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Percival, invited him to join the staff at Clifton College, the headmastership of which Dr. Percival had just assumed. Brown accepted, and the larger part of his life was spent at Clifton as a schoolmaster. The place, with its soft western climate, the downs, the Leigh woods, the Avon, the Severn, and the distant hills of Wales—“the prime of English Arcady”—made a deep impression upon him, producing that “dream-mood” of which he often speaks. It was there that the Brown “of the long solitary walks on the downs” was developed, and it was there that most of his *Fo'c'sle Yarns*, and much of his other poetry, were written. No doubt his passion for his native land and

its scenery was heightened by absence, and by contrast with the softer airs and richer landscape of Clifton, and in that characteristic poem called *Clifton* he tells us how his heart yearns back to the gorse, the heather, the lichens, the sea-thunder, and the silences of his island home.

For twenty-eight years Brown passed a kind of dual existence at Clifton, teaching the boys and inspiring some of them, making close and warm friendships with the masters, and also with others in the town, leaving a deep imprint on the school, but the inner man was withdrawn into the sacred recesses of his family affections, his long and solitary musings on the downs, and the steady accumulation of his poems, about which I believe he seldom spoke, though the calm and the assurance with which—*ohne Hast aber ohne Rast*—he forged ahead, clearly indicate that in literature lay his true life's work. In 1892 his health gave way “Then you don't know that I have been nearly ‘kilt’ *Proximus vidi*, I can assure you I believe it ~~as~~ all up with me I may go for a few years more yet, but the mainspring has been rudely shaken, and I shall be a simulacrum, an approximation to the manes and lemures of fable” In the autumn of 1892 Brown gave up his mastership and returned to the Isle of Man, where he rapidly recovered physical health “O,” he writes, “the delight of this leisure! I read, I write, I play Good gracious! I shouldn't wonder if my music came to something yet I have actually gone back to singing, a vice of my youth . . . I always think the sea the great challenger and promoter of song. Even the mountain is not the same thing There may always be some d——d fool or another behind a rock But the sea is open, and you can tell when

you are alone ; and the dear old chap is so confidential I will trust him with my secret." "But, O Irwin ! the leisure of it ! the leisure of it ! This is at last life." "All life hitherto has detained me from my true life" Phrases suggesting the strain to which the dual life at Clifton had subjected him

Brown's last years were spent chiefly in the Isle of Man, revelling in its scenery, living with its people, renewing the memories and the ties of his youth, "seeking his ancient mother," obeying a passionate conservatism which abhorred any lesion with the past. "Altogether it will be very hard to get me away from this perfectly bewitching place. I have a sort of hold over the people which I feel is not precarious . . . You have no idea how the old echoes repercu<sup>s</sup>s and make music of my life One goes to see a dear old creature of eighty-one. She knows you and everything about you, everything behind you, and, if possible, before you. . . . These (the elders) are such as I would fondly hope are gathering a gentle, soothing sort of gossip about me to tell the happy *majores* when they meet them in Elysium" "I walked over the mountains yesterday, and finished in a labyrinth of lovely glens, imperfectly known by me The sweetest of solitudes, each one It is so delicious to pore over a country like this, and draw out the very soul of it" It was this frame of mind which induced him to refuse the Aischdeaconry of the Isle of Man when offered to him in 1894. "I seek no preferment anywhere, certainly not in the Isle of Man At some cost I have purchased my freedom, and will not lightly part with it. . . . A few years will finish the business, and I must be free—free to do what I like, say what I like, write what I like within the limitations prescribed by my own sense of what

is seemly and fitting. Literature is my calling, and that in the most liberal interpretation, ranging from *Die hohe Kritik* to such lucubrations as *The Gel of Ballasallaw*. With this view I need absolute freedom, freedom to go to church or not to go to church, freedom to commune with local preachers and occasionally to attend Methodist chapels, freedom to smoke a pipe in a Manx public-house, freedom to absent myself from church conferences and ruridecanal pottterings—in short, *absolute* freedom. If from this freedom there should proceed anything whereby my native island may profit, either by way of self-realisation or harmless mirth, *apponam lucro.*" This was the final dedication of himself to his island for the few years that remained. Yet with his deep attachment to the past, he is drawn towards Clifton and that rich western land. "The dream condition which you describe I enter into with all my soul. The old life once lived and for ever passed from us! A brooding presence that haunts the air, and charges it with memories that are almost more vital than the obvious surroundings . . . Yes, Clevedon sums up our life more even than Clifton. To creep into it quietly some morning, to drop down from Cadbury, and just breathe it again—how delightful it would be!" And the draw towards Clifton gathered strength. "All my affections flow steadily and increasingly Clifton-wards. You have cured me of a cold that was beginning to irk my spirit, the sense of estrangement, and a deadness. Well, thank God for that! I believe the cure is permanent, and that my next visit to Clifton promises to be a very happy one." If he could come back I think he would say "It was." On the evening of Friday, October 29, 1897, he died quite suddenly while addressing the

boys in one of the Houses on the theme of "The Ideal Clifton." Such are the simple outlines of a life as remarkable for its apparent outward unimportance as for its probable spiritual value in the sum total of English literature.

Physically, though not tall, Brown gave one the impression of a very big man. He had a slow sort of urgent walk, like Leviathan pressing through the floods. His voice was rich and deep, the face, extremely mobile, the mouth slightly ironical, the eyes of a most winning kindness, "love-deep" eyes, to use one of his own happy phrases. He was fond of boating, bathing, but above all of interminable long rambles. His spirits were high when he was in them, his fun, his humour, his mimicry, rose to the pitch of rollicking at times, "one felt that bed was almost an impossibility; one had been so wakened all over by Brown's wild spirits, his loud peals of laughter, his merry wit, his boisterous, almost schoolboy fun," to quote a friend's report of an evening passed in his company. But beneath this bubbling fountain of mirth, which was only intermittent, lay a deep well of tenderness nigh to tears. Indeed, tears and laughter were very close to each other in Brown's temperament. He styled himself "a boin sober," and admits that he has to battle with the *hysterica passio*.<sup>1</sup> Such a diathesis was inevitable in one so profoundly and humanely tender, so sensitive to the inrush of nature, so conscious, like all fine poets, of the *lacrimae rerum*. It was there and could not be helped, but the *passio* was corrected and curbed by a rich ironical humour that preserved it from all taint of sentimentality. In *Risus dei* is he thinking of himself?—

Methinks in Him there dwells alway  
A sea of laughter very deep.

And if He laughs at fools, why should He not?  
but

God doth dwell  
Behind the feigned gladness,  
Inhabiting a sacred core of sadness

In these passages he himself gives us the expression of the two moods. He would say, "I am certain God made fools for us to enjoy, but there must be an economy of joy in the presence of a fool." On another occasion he feared that he had got into trouble with his beloved Manxmen for making fun of them, he complains that "our Manx folk cannot understand how one can laugh at a man, and at the same time love and respect him. Want of humour, I suppose. But it is a great nuisance and a great impediment." The truth is that when the humour came upon him Brown could not help making fun. He lectured once at Douglas off Old Kirk Braddan, and imagined that it had been a failure. "The people were most hearty and indulgent, so it must have been my own fault. The fact is they were too indulgent, stimulated me to unstinted mimicry — buffoonery — what you will. And they laughed and laughed, till with horror I awoke to the consciousness that I was treating old Braddan life like a school of comedy, of which my father constituted the central figure and protagonist. Some tender things I believe I said, but the subjective condition of my hearers, aggravated by my own impudence, carried everything away into a *βάραθρον* of farce *Vae mihi!*" Of human nature at large Brown was, in fact, an ironical but not unkindly

spectator, and may be it was no accident which led him to close his last volume, *Old John*, with the sonnet *At the Play*

Even so we gaze not on the things that are,  
Nor aught behold but what is adumbrate ;  
The show is specious, and we laugh and weep  
At what is only meant spectacular ,  
And when the curtain falls we may not wait ,  
Death takes the lights and we go home to sleep

But deeper than this ironical mood, which after all was only for the surface of things, the outer spectacle of life, lay the tenderest outgoings to humanity at large, to his friends, to his family. To use Fynes Moryson's phrase, "he would catch their loves as it were with a fish-hook." The stories that affect him abundantly prove the "store of love" that was in his heart. For example. "The Chickens' Lighthouse lies off the island called the Calf of Man, due S W From the shore of the Calf a long slope runs up to the crest of the island, this slope exactly faces the Chickens. Near the top of the slope, nestling under the crags of the crest, are the cottages inhabited by the families of the light-keepers, their doors opening right toward the Chickens far down below them. Now the light-keepers are absolutely separated from their families for three months at a time. But—and here is the point—these good fellows have, of course, a powerful telescope, and they solace themselves with looking through it at their children *playing* in front of the cottage doors. Isn't that beautiful? Ah! human hearts! Fancy on Sundays (Sabbaths—they are Scotchmen), how proud the mothers must be to *hae the bairns braw for the guidman to see them through the spying-glass!* 'Gie little Kate her cotton gown and Jock his Sunday coat'—isn't that

it? There now, have I moved you at all? Such things one picks up here, and, with a little more trustfulness and godly sincerity, and man-to-manness, a little ready and wholesome *öpeξis*, a little more *love*, in short, how much more one might pick up! And is not *pick up* a most damnable phrase? Ought not the appetite for these things and the perception of them to be *normal*, and is not normal a damnable phrase, for which it were well to substitute ‘our daily bread’?” There we have the stuff of one of Brown’s poems in the making, a proof of the heart he had for humanity, and a sample of what was his natural emotional pabulum, what he called “the food for souls”: “I believe,” he says, “that Jowett, like so many Englishmen, carried the principle of not *pinning his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at*, so far as to forget that, besides the pecking daws, there are the craving *hearts* of others. craving for the food, which, God help us! is not too abundantly spread upon the tables of this world.” It was the responsive attachment of his fellows that he longed for; “Her love for her son was only equalled by her love for F., and a lovable creature he is. It was more than love, it was worship . . . Tremendous! to have won that love, to have won it by simple kindness and humanity” And, of course, in the still nearer relations of friendship and the family this wealth of affection found a fuller field Brown’s letters prove his devotion to his friends, *Clevedon Verses*, *Lynton Verses*, and *Aber Stations* show the family bond too sacred almost to be touched even by the delicate hands of poesy.

And yet with all this “store of love” in his heart, Brown was a born solitary. There can be no doubt about it He was right who said, “You must not

## INTRODUCTION

think you know all about Brown because you see so much of him. However intimate he may be with his friends there is quite another Brown who takes long solitary walks on the Downs". Brown himself will describe himself as "shouting for lonely joy". And we shall presently see the profound significance of this solitary side in his temperament. There was a certain pride and reserve about him, a shyness as of some sylvan creature that would not let itself be caught. This was probably of the essence of his nature; but to me it suggested the possibility of some deep wound in early youth. In an unpublished poem entitled *Credo* he more than confesses, though half in playfulness, this natural reserve —

I have a faith as strong as steel,  
Whether it is old or new,  
Shall I to you its form reveal?  
Certainly not to you, my friend,  
Certainly not to you.

I have a hope that streaks my night  
With bars of heavenly blue,  
Shall I to you its source indite?  
Certainly not to you, my friend,  
Certainly not to you

\*        -        +        \*        +

I have a rock from which my foes  
Screnely I can view;  
Shall I to you the place disclose?  
Certainly not to you, my friend,  
Certainly not to you

I have a love that fills my heart,  
A love that's known to few;  
Shall I to you the name impart?  
Certainly not to you, my friend,  
Certainly not to you.

## INTRODUCTION

For you're so "well informed," dear sir,  
That if my thoughts are due  
To any man, I do aver  
It's certainly not to you, my friend,  
Certainly not to you

## II

THE work of T. E. Brown is marked by strong individuality and power. If we are to reach the secret of this individuality and power, if we are "to ponder" and understand "what he meant," we cannot avoid considering him under the threefold aspect, moral, intellectual and spiritual—that is to say, we must endeavour to discover what manner of man he was in what he used to call "the inner soul." Brown himself has expressed the threefold attitude in the close of his poem on *Pain*.—

For there is threefold oneness with the One ;  
And he is one, who keeps  
The homely laws of life ; who, if he sleeps  
Or wakes, in his true flesh God's will is done

And he is one, who takes the deathless forms,  
Who schools himself to think  
With the All-thinking, holding fast the link,  
God riveted, that bridges casual storms

But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains  
Not partial, knowing them  
As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem,  
Wherewith God's galley onward ever strains

To him the sorrows are the tension thrills  
Of that serene endeavour  
Which yields to God for ever and for ever  
The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

And yet no one would have objected to such a trichotomy more than Brown, for no one was more of a piece than he, but that was because the essential life of him resided wholly in one of the three divisions, the spiritual region, it is his spiritual life that permeates and governs his moral and intellectual being and gives to himself and his work a singular unity of tone.

In Brown we shall find no formal, self-conscious code of ethics; holding, as I think he did, that if the deep roots of the spiritual life were strong and healthy it could not go wrong with the moral or the intellectual being. Not that he is not a moralist of the highest demands. As was inevitable in a poet and a man of strong emotions, it is almost exclusively in the region of love that ethical problems present themselves to him. He happened, as was his wont, to be reading contemporary English fiction, and found a text for his teaching in the characters of two heroines "Tess" and "Kate"; his passionate belief in the sacredness of womanhood was hurt in the one case and not in the other. He is indignant at any tampering with chastity, and cannot abide the apologetics for *Tess*. "The heroine was condemned under an arbitrary law, not founded in nature," he replies to an apologist, "that is, *the law of chastity is not founded in nature*. Methinks a precious doctrine." But it is not a formal or conventional chastity that he is defending. As in the intellectual and in the spiritual sphere, so in the moral, he wishes to force the emotional vision, the emotional grasp on the situation, up to its highest power, and carries his standard of chastity into a region where the dross of carnality is purged in the flame of the purest passion; "My whole being rushes out to apprehend the passion of love. Once dissipate that horror (of which I have

perhaps said enough), and the field of expectation is even greedily devoured by me (*corripio campum*). The removal of that physical check makes me abound in the opposite sense. And, indeed, I see the whole situation as *chaste*, or rather soaring into an atmosphere which doesn't differentiate things in that way", and so he condones the "loves" of Philip and Kate in the *Manxman*, nay, "goes with them to the very apogee . . . of their rapture." That there was a still more excellent way, a touch higher than the very apogee of physical passion, I think he believed. Tom Baynes expresses it on more than one occasion :—

"But George," I said, "isn' there no love  
That's greater than that, that's risin' above  
The lek o' that—why can't there be  
No love without wooin' and all that spree ?  
Couldn' ye love and never make to her  
No love nor nothing, nor never spake to her?  
Couldn' ye look to her like a star  
Up in the heavens quite reggilar?"

That was his ideal, the sacred writing, the hieroglyphic ; " Man gives the swift demotic," and I doubt whether he expected his "old salt, old rip, old friend, Tom Baynes" to live ever to "the height of such great argument." For Brown was eminently a man, conscious of and full of the stuff men are made of " You focussed the lovers at Bristol. By Jove, how the modern sailor improves in the matter of reserve and dignity ! At a parting scene it used to be much if he was sober, but as for slobbering it was *de rigueur* Lost and gained—don't you think, a certain *abandon* . . . would be pleasing I should say, to sympathetic onlookers. *Sacred*, did you say ? Oh, Jack, don't !" "The old alternate stroke is there, the see-saw of what men really are and must be, up to the heaven

of purity and peace, down to the *sentina* of honest nastiness Aien't we made so? He that denies either *Schwung* is a monster and no man"

It is more the ugliness, the defacement of some lovely object—some exquisite sea-shell—the havoc wrought by impurity, rather, perhaps, than its sinfulness, that Brown resents Again taking his text from a novel "Madame Bovary," he says, "is an exceptional woman She is not like Messalina, but fate-borne like Clytemnestra. Pity her! she is pathetic! believe me she is, and intended to be so. The men are not adequate, there is the central poignancy of it all . . . but Madame Bovary staggers into their arms, drunk with the most infernal philtre

Get rid of the satire notion, and approach this awful ruin as a ruin—let it be to you a Baalbec, not a Lupanar. Woe! woe! woe! I can't think of her without tears" More poignantly, still, from the experience of his own life, the same idea is expressed in *Lime Street* and *Hotwells*

But it is certain<sup>\*</sup> that Brown looked for the resolution of sin, evil, ugliness in another life where these things should not merely be banished, but should actually be transmuted into forms of loveliness and light In one of his most powerful pieces, *The Schooner*, this conception forms the very core of the poem, the filth, the slime, the dirt, lead up to the splendid resolution of the final stanzas —

Sleeps; and methinks she changes as she sleeps,  
And dies, and is a spirit pure.  
Lo! on her deck an angel pilot keeps  
His lonely watch secure;  
And at the entrance of Heaven's dockyard waits,  
Till from Night's leash the fine-breath'd morning leaps,  
And that strong hand within unbars the gates.

So, too, in *Catherine Kinrade*, the wrong of her life and the wrong done her find their *Versöhnung* in heaven. Brown is an optimist, certain of the final adjustment and reconciliation in "the tenderness of Eternity."

And now it's all so plain, dear Chalse !  
 So plain—  
 The wildered brain,  
 The joy, the pain—  
 The phantom shapes that haunted,  
 The half-born thoughts that daunted—  
 All, all is plain  
 Dear Chalse !  
 All is plain.

I do not think that Brown approached the problems of life and of the universe through the intellect—that was not the region in which they presented themselves to him. I doubt whether he regarded the intellectual process as really of the roots. His phrases about the intellect and its material, knowledge, are cold; "genius is intellectual not moral." For instance, it seems probable that the greatest genius in the universe is the Devil." He almost resents absolute concrete knowledge, and can talk of a man being "fact-poisoned," and "O, the weary knowledge" is instantly answered by "O, the hearts that fill", he thought in moods of emotion, if one may use such a phrase; what he sought for were "the golden life-chords unalloyed with thought"; for him there was an intuition profounder than formal knowledge, and a logic superior to the "languaged logic" of the brain. He is impatient at the presentation of Symonds as an "agonising searcher after the *absolute*" in the region of the intellect, but, as we shall presently see, Brown himself was every whit as much a searcher

## INTRODUCTION

after the absolute, though in another region, in the region of the spirit. Throughout the letters he seldom discusses a question from the side of the pure reason. Not that the problems are not there, but that the rational solution of them was not satisfactory to his temperament; he preferred the spiritual. "You say you don't believe in a future state but you have 'gleams of hope'! We are all much in the same plight. Independently of revelation, the matter is a question of metaphysics, and a very subtle one. It has beset humanity from the very beginning, and (this is important) you can't lay the ghost. Rest for a moment from the pressing concerns of this life, and there you are, you and your question. It is the inevitable attitude of the soul, what one might call its obvious native polarity. 'The gleams' are blessed things, just caught at our noblest throbs and in our most ecstatic moods. That they are ecstatic, as apprehended by us, does not disprove their essential permanence. Rather it suggests the contrary. Metaphysically, the balance is in favour of a future state. To a sceptical nature like mine, the *balance* is everything. That is what I get from my own reflections, or rather, what I got ages ago, helped by Plato and confirmed by Butler. It was done once for all, you can't reopen these metaphysical problems. Let sleeping dogs lie. Must I always be breaking stones on the road to heaven?" and with that he declines any further "to finger idly the old gordian-knot". Two moments of suffering and loss brought him through the negative into the positive mood; "concerning those loved ones—whether any communication with them now is possible, whether we shall hereafter know them or have anything to do with them, all this is to me the merest mist. . I

have to tell you now that I know nothing about ‘a disembodied state’, that to me is altogether removed from the sphere of practical considerations. I simply know nothing, I submit, I acquiesce even, but that is all.” But eight years later the positive mood is reached. “One thing emerges—my absolute belief in immortality. I am not naturally a materialist, that is a plant not native to my mind, but scales of materialism have sometimes grown upon my eyes. They vanish now utterly, and I am dazzled and confounded by the inevitable presence, the close connatural rebound of the belief. I have always been an idealist, subject to these dim spots of material feculence that from time to time have obscured my vision. Now I feel my body to be nothing but an integument, and the inveteracy of the material association to be a tie little more than momentary, and quite casual. Death is the key to another room, and it is the very next room.” And in that conviction he laid to rest all intellectual questionings on faith. “Men who go in for ‘new religions’ must not apply to me. I do not mean to say that ‘the old is better,’ but I am content to drink the blessed old vintage as long as I am *de qua*. When I ‘drink it new in my Father’s kingdom,’ these bothers will be of the past.”

Brown’s faith was great in man precisely because his faith was boundless in Nature. He sees man *sub specie naturae*, not Nature *sub specie humanitatis*, and thereby avoids, or at least shifts, the pathetic fallacy from the narrower to the wider region, that is to say, man is assimilated to Nature, not Nature to man. In this respect he is far less anthropocentric than Wordsworth, with whom it is natural to compare him. He does not escape the general intellectual

tendency of the time. In a way he carries the deposition of man, which is the result of the scientific movement, a step farther than his brother Nature-poets. It is impossible to understand such poems as *Wastwater to Scafell*, *The Dhoon*, *The Well*, *The Pitcher*, without bearing this in mind. For *Wastwater* is Brown himself, and all those who feel with him, the passionate surrender of the human soul to God is expressed in the passion of the lake for the mountain. He sees man *sub specie naturae*, and Nature *sub specie aeternitatis*, but it is an *aeternitas* quite as much in the past as in the future, nay, more so, for the past has been ours, and we may be called on to account for the use of the gift. It is his vision of Eternity as much in the past as in the future that explains his favourite "*antiquam exquirere matrem*," and the frequent note of regret that he cannot store the present for all time, his "woe that all this personal dream be fled."

And this brings us to the spiritual side of the man, to the real Brown, the "inner soul" of him. He himself recognises this duality. "Pay every attention to the outer soul, cultivate it and relate it harmoniously, if superficially, with others, or it will fret and work in troublesome counteraction. The great kick is within though, where gestation abides, and the quieter you keep that the better." The "inner soul" of Brown was a mood of "passionate contemplation." What was he contemplating, what was he feeling in this "brooding of the sanctuary"? I suppose the answer is Nature. The soul of Brown in relation to Nature seems to be—like the soul of many great poets—to a large extent a thelyc or feminine soul. To him the operations of Nature are impregnations, he surrenders himself and lets Nature

pour in upon him, the "sensuous cells" receive the imprint and the divine vivisection<sup>1</sup> has to report "this brain seems packed with sunsets" When the rapture is upon him he hears the *anima mundi*, and returns from these silent and solitary communings with his whole being—body, soul, and spirit—attuned to that high pitch of passion which is characteristic of his verse, and furnished with that criticism of life which gave him sure, but slightly aloof, judgment on men and things This large receptivity of spirit is accompanied by other notes which characterise the feminine rather than the masculine temperament I doubt if Brown set much store by activities, he cared more to be possessed than to possess, processes interested him less than products

Did he identify God and Nature? I think so, or at least he considered Nature as the direct manifestation of God and the medium through which we reach Him It is Nature he listens to and for, and yet he says, "In my life I have been so much alone, it cannot be helped Where is the comrade? I never had one The absolute self is far within, and no one can reach it. I will not cant, but God reaches it and He only" It is this passionate contemplation of Nature that builds up the real, the inner man; his intimacies are reserved for Nature, to her alone does he unbosom himself, his soul lies naked before her—

flecked only  
With shadows of those lofty things and lonely,

the passion of surrender is complete The mood is a mood of ecstasy, not unlike the mood of a mystic contemplating the beatific vision, and, indeed, Brown so describes it—

<sup>1</sup> See *Dartmoor*

## INTRODUCTION

by all the vows I vowed,  
 I charge you, and I charge you by the tears  
 And by the passion that I took  
 From you, and flung them to the vale,  
 And had the ultimate vision, do not fail

The joy of it was intense—

The joy that is more ancient than the hills  
 But it contained the sorrow of an inevitable overplus

So He filled me—then I lost Him,  
 Lost Him in His own excess,  
 For He could not but transcend me  
 In my very nothingness

Did Brown speak to God through Nature? Were these profound and intimate communings a dialogue or a monologue? In some moods, when the vision was imperfect,—when his “highest power” was not upon him, there is certainly a dialogue. In the poem called *Dartmoor*, Malvolio Homo, “sick of self-love” and “tasting with a distempered appetite” is gently rebuked by the wider-loving Demiurge. But this interposition of the Demiurge leaves *la question de Dieu* unsolved, as indeed it must be, and the Demiurge himself closes his statement of his own position face to face with man by the ironical remark, “Why, you are Lord, if any one is Lord.” But in the happier moments of these moods I think Brown was silent, a listener, or at the most the communion ended on his side, in an “*O altitudo!*” or perhaps in a “*quantum profundum!*” for he loved pools. Beyond this it would be well not to press. “The mysteries are too sacred, the pudicitia of the absolute must not be violated.”

The mood of course is not unknown. It has been expressed by Sir Thomas Browne and Wordsworth,

each in his own way ; Sir Thomas's famous phrase, "gustation of God"<sup>1</sup> comes near to it, and yet it does not exactly hit it—it is too anthropocentric, and also has the note of the Catholic Church which is wholly absent in Brown. In truth, though Brown in his spiritual moods is constantly reminding us of George Herbert, Sir Thomas, Wordsworth, Blake, yet it is just one of the signatures of his genuineness as a poet that the note is never identical, it is always the note of Brown himself, in harmony—yes, but not in unison.

• Few, if any, among modern poets have made so many announcements from Heaven "or near it." The spiritual, inner soul of Brown is there when the Prayers come up to be sorted, he is there when Wesley is welcomed, he is there when Bishop Wilson is forgiven for all his wrong to Catherine Kinrade. But what spiritual lungs are required to breathe this high and rarefied atmosphere ! And, indeed, it was not always possible for Brown to keep to the heights of his serene and silent assurance in communing with "Nature and the God of Nature." There come moments of depression, and then he speaks, he interrogates ; witness *Homo Loquitur* and *Respondet Δημιουργός*, and "The Voices of Nature" in *Clevedon Verses*—

Strange ! that to me this guingling of the dulc  
 Allays no smart,  
 Consoles no nerve,  
 Rounds off no curve—  
 'Lack !'  
 Comes rather like a sigh,  
 A question that has no reply—  
 Opens a deep misgiving

<sup>1</sup> *Heddiotaphia*, last paragraph but one

## INTRODUCTION

What is this life I'm living—  
 Our fathers were not so—  
 Silence thou moaning wa'ck !  
 And yet - I do not know  
 And yet I would go back.

We must remember, however, that Brown conceives of God Himself as "inhabiting a sacred core of sadness", "oi," as he puts it elsewhere —

Oi is it joy diviner,  
 Joy echoing in a minor,  
 Joy vibrant to its pole,  
 That seems but sad ?

and moreover, the mood was not permanent, only intermittent He recovers and declares —

It is the core and gist  
 Of life that I should list  
 To Nature's voice alone.

He bursts into a pæan to his *Alma Mater*, and proudly yet humbly gives thanks that he does still

retain  
 Some tinct of that imperial *máx* grain  
 No crick ever bore to Thames or Tíber

With such a concept of Nature it is not surprising that for Brown the microcosm was as valuable as the macrocosm, and that the Isle of Man, "my only true home on this earth," and its people were for him his sufficient and inexhaustible field Moreover, he was drawn to it by that inveterate conservatism which made him resent any break with the past, and convinced him that true knowledge was possible only about things that were, so to speak, bled in the bone "I like to live in a country till I know it inside out; that is better than visiting many places"; on

Snaefell he says, "I hadn't gone far until the highest power which I ever gained swooped down upon me I mean the power of sucking out from the country its very inmost soul, and making it stand before me and smile and speak" And this passionate addiction to roots is carried from the country to its people He is avid for the actual word, phrase, intonation, accent caught from the lips of the people which lets him slip unawares into their inmost core of emotion His ears are all alert for the native locution, "Jus' the shy," "Not willing to stay," "Going to meet him," and what splendid exposition he makes of their true content, for him they are the very stuff of poems, and his fervid imagination and profound humanity instantly clothe them with the body and blood of mankind "He chooses to depict people from humble life, because, being nearer to Nature than others, they are on the whole more impassioned, certainly more direct in their expression of passion than other men, it is for this direct expression of passion that he values their humble words" What Pater wrote of Wordsworth is true of Brown. "This class," says Brown, "of what I suppose you would call peasant women (I won't have the word) seems made for the purpose of rectifying everything and redressing the balance and inspiring us with that awe which the immediate presence of absolute womanhood creates in us The plain, practical woman, with the outspoken throat and the eternal eyes . Here is a woman that talks like a bugle, and in everything sees God" This was the "social brewage" which he gets nowhere else, and it is, for him, his bounden duty in life to seize and perpetuate the flavour of it "Let us then make all we write very good and sound, Manx timber; Manx calking,

Many bolting, Many everything Manifestly we shall not appeal to strangers, nor, in fact, hope to make a penny Neither will the Many public defray the expense of pen and ink and paper We must make a long aim, and stretch back and grip the receding past Don't care a scrap whether we thereby run the risk of being unintelligible to the rising generation That is of no consequence You and I are a Court of Record, let us execute our office faithfully and lovingly in short, we must be both dauntless and modest' Brown fulfilled his self-imposed task in *Fo'c'sle Yarns*. He built "a cairn of memories" in his poems —

So that the coming age  
Lost in the Empire's mass,  
Yet haply longing for their fathers, here  
May see, as in a glass,  
What they held dear—

May say, "'Twas thus and thus  
They lived," and, as the time-flood onward rolls,  
Secure an anchor for their Keltic souls.

We have it from Brown himself that he is Tom Baynes of the *Fo'c'sle Yarns* "You are quite right about these stories Keltic, that is it, the Kelt emerging if you will, but the Kelt a good deal hardened and corrupted by the Saxon That is Tom Baynes, that is myself, in fact I never stopped for a moment to think what Tom Baynes should be like, he simply is I, just a crabbed text, blunted with scholia 'in the margin' So when I am alone I think and speak to myself always as Tom Baynes" That is quite true, of course, all the same, when Brown is Tom Baynes he is Brown in his mimetic humour, Brown the inimitable mimic and actor. The Brown who created or acted Tom Baynes was himself

made in the long, lonely, and silent communings with Nature, and that Brown is to be found in his lyrical poems

' *Fo'c'sle Yarns* are written in dialect, but it is not a dialect that presents any serious difficulty to English readers, it is, in fact, Anglo-Manx. The lyrics are chiefly in English. Brown's style in his *Yarns* is large, easy, swinging and free in movement, racy and humorous in diction, poignantly pathetic in emotion. His temperament, indeed, contained two of the ingredients, pride and pathos, which go to make the highest style. In his lyrics Brown is intentionally severe, perhaps even slightly repellent to some, like all authentic poets his note is his own, he exacts attention, the ear has to be trained to catch it. But once caught, the tension of the verse stretches and stimulates the nerves, there is a frozen passion about it that recalls, in a way, the manner of Mantegna and dominates the minds of those attuned to it. He disliked the "obvious sweet," and apologises in his letters for the use of a too facile alliteration. He records of his father that to him "style was like the instinct of personal cleanliness," and so it was with Brown himself. But the reserve, the polish, the auditory even of his verse have their reward, and the phrases dropped into the mind abide there, never to be forgotten, but rather to take on colour, warmth, and glow from the life within. Not that Brown cannot be sweetly lyrical when he likes; only that he desired an economy of sweetness. Such lines as

The honey-tongued quintessence of July,

or—

Sweet breeze that sett'st the summer buds a swaying

or—

I wonder if the hills are long and lonely

have the *ipsa molitiae* of the true lyric "The quality! the quality!" he exclaims, "do let us aim at that" I think that judged by his own high canon his work must be acknowledged It is precisely "quality" that his lyrics possess, a very severe "quality," it is true, but proud and distinguished And through all his work runs a certain vein of quaintness, not unlike George Herbert's, charming the reader with little flashes of the unexpected —

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! three cheers  
 And let the welkin ring!  
 He has not folded wing  
 Since last he saw Algiers

01—

Poor souls! whose god is Mammon—  
 Meanwhile, from ocean's gate,  
 Keen for the foaming spate,  
 The true God rushes in the salmon

The workmanship, too, is very perfect, and the attentive reader will be rewarded by touches of a rare felicity, for example, in *Dartmoor*, Homo's testy phrase about "spiders in their foul pavilions" is so gently rebuked and corrected by Demurge's, "Spiders in their quaint pavilions", or, again, in *Mary Quale*, a whole criticism of the effect of "progress" on the race is conveyed in a single phrase, the seamen of a steamship—

are very different now  
 From fishermen like us, I don't know how,  
 But quite another sort—they hardly seem  
 Like sailors—may be something in the steam

It is only natural that the ecstatic, brooding mood of his communings with Nature should be reflected in his lyrics, both in its aspects of happy acquiescence and in its more troubled phase of doubt and questioning;

the reader will readily find his own examples, but No v of *Lynton Verses* gives a full expression to the first of these moods —

Sweet breeze that sett'st the summer buds a swaying  
 Dear lambs amid the primrose meadows playing,  
 Let me not think !  
 O floods, upon whose brink  
 The merry birds are maying,  
 Dream, softly dream ! O blessed mother lead me  
 Unsevered from thy girdle—lead me ! feed me !  
 I have no will but thine ;  
 I need not but the juice  
 Of elemental wine—  
 Perish remoter use  
 Of strength reserved for conflict yet to come !  
 Let me be dumb,  
 As long as I may feel thy hand—  
 This, this is all—do ye not understand  
 How the great Mother mixes all our bloods ?  
 O breeze ! O swaying buds !  
 O lambs O primroses, O floods !

The dubitative, interrogative mood, the mood in which he is not "dumb," is concentrated in the long poem called *Dartmoor*. The mood of humility, of regret at the inadequacy of the creature to compass and enclose the entire boon of the Creator, is given in that profoundest spiritual hymn, *The Pitcher*. And indeed the proper title for Brown's Lyrics would be "spiritual songs." Few, if any, of our Nature-poets had as deep an intuition into Nature; few, if any of our spiritual poets possess his richness of humanity. These two qualities interpenetrate and stimulate each other, and his grasp on man and on Nature is widened, deepened, intensified. He reveals himself slowly, but like his *Alma Mater*, he repays in overflowing measure those who will go with him in the

appreciation of Man, the worship of Nature, the quest of the Divine

## III

A WORD must be said as to the nature of this selection from the poems of T E Brown. It has been decided, for several reasons, to make it as comprehensive as possible within the limits imposed by space. There is a remarkable unity of thought and feeling in Brown's work, and, granted that one has discovered and likes the peculiar savour of the man, his individual and characteristic note, it will be found in fuller or lesser measure in all his poetry. He is very much of a piece, and one poem helps another towards the building up of the impression created by the whole. It is true that he himself spoke jestingly of the poems in *Old John* as "mixed pickles," and compared the volume to a "lucky-bag, people take what pleases them", but in a letter to H G Dakyns he expresses his own feelings more gravely and more seriously "Written at such long intervals, I feel so uncertain about them. They seem, many of them, strangers to me, voices I don't recognise, in no way expressing a mood that is now to me even possible—quite startling, either in being foreign to my mind as at present operating, or inadequate to its conception. I cling to the hope that, from the very circumstance of this being so, the poems, which fail to commend themselves to me, may find favour among younger men, men whose moods are more parallel to those which were mine". It is quite natural, nay inevitable, that a poet should feel thus when collecting the work of many years. Yet if the flavour and the influence of Brown be once caught, they will be recognised as

running through all his work. He need not have been afraid. To his "fautors," who are not him, the poems are all him. "Oh, for readers," he goes on, "who would take me by the hand and walk with me through the *lubentes ann*," and this suggests the second reason for comprehensiveness. Though Brown is not yet so widely known as he probably will be, it is nevertheless certain that he has a growing number of admirers both in England and the Colonies, a narrower selection ran the risk of depriving some readers of their favourite pieces.

- These considerations have led to the inclusion of all Brown's published poems, with the exception of *A Dialogue between Honi-Veg and Ballure River*—which is in dialect, and though printed in the *Collected Poems*, never had the poet's *imprimatur*—and the *Fo'c'sle Yarns*, also, with two exceptions, in dialect, for which it would have been impossible to find space. The order of the *Collected Poems* has been followed, with the single exception that the Manx lyrics in *Aspects and Characters* have been placed in a section by themselves, entitled "'Dramatic Lyrics'; Anglo-Manx," and the "Envoy" to *Fo'c'sle Yarns*, "Go Back," has been printed as the Envoy to this selection.

No selection from Brown's poetry would have been complete without the inclusion of some of his narrative verse. Two of his *Fo'c'sle Yarns*, "Mary Quayle" and "Bella Gorry" are written, not in Anglo-Manx, but in English, and are printed here. To my mind "Mary Quayle" is one of his finest narrative poems; at all events it gives us Brown's touch on two of the deepest emotions in his temperament, his feeling for man and for Nature. There is an interpenetration of the human passion and Nature—Nature playing

## INTRODUCTION

bouïdon to the movement of the human soul as the tale unfolds , the brooding of the approaching storm preludes to the agony of the drama , the solace of confession made, renunciation achieved, has its counterpart in the dying away of the spent thunder , the whole is raised to a high pitch of lyrical passion, and moves along like a noble piece of music In "Bella Goiry" we get another mood of the poet's mind, his passionate belief in the splendour and sacredness of womanhood Rarely has the sensuous, æsthetic perception been raised to such a fervid point of sublimation as in the great scene between the mother and the daughter in the cottage at night One is irresistibly reminded of the Venus of Milo, where the artist strives for and achieves the same lofty presentation

Though Brown seldom spoke about his poems, he had that quiet assurance in their soundness and their value, which, very likely, belongs to all true poets "It is odd," he says, "but, do you know, I have a perfectly serene confidence in their future How it will come to pass I am not prepared to say, nor does it much matter." Time will give the verdict, but the reason, the high reason, why it did not matter is given by Brown himself in that characteristic and explanatory poem called *Opferx* —

As I was carving images from clouds,  
And tinting them with soft ethereal dyes  
Pressed from the pulp of dreams, one comes, and cries —  
"Forbear!" and all my heaven with gloom enshrouds

"Forbear! Thou hast no tools wherewith to essay  
The delicate waves of that elusive grain  
Wouldst have due recompence of vulgar pain?  
The potter's wheel for thee, and some coarse clay!"

## INTRODUCTION

xi

"So work, if work thou must, O humbly skilled !  
Thou has not known the Master , in thy soul  
His spirit moves not with a sweet control ,  
Thou art outside, and art not of the guild."

Thereat I rose, and from his presence passed,  
But, going, murmured — "To the God above,  
Who holds my heart, and knows its store of love,  
I turn from thee, thou proud iconoclast "

Then on the shore God stooped to me, and said —  
"He spake the truth even so the springs are set  
That move thy life, nor will they suffer let,

. Nor change their scope ; else, living, thou wert dead

"This is thy life indulge its natural flow,  
And carve these forms They yet may find a place  
On shelves for them reserved In any case.  
I bid thee carve them, knowing what I know

H F. B.



## CONTENTS

[Poems denoted thus \* were published for the first time in the  
*Collected Poems* edition (1901) after the Author's death.]

### I ASPECTS AND CHARACTERS

	PAGE
BRADDAN VILARAGE	3
OLD JOHN	6
CHASE A KILLEY	15
THE PFER LIFE-BOAT	20
CATHERINE KINRADF	23
GOB-NY-USHTEV	24
*FAII AND	25
*PORIBURY	26
*THE DHOON	27
*WASTWATER TO SCAWFELL	27
*THE WELL	30
ROMAN WOMEN—	
i Close by the Mameitine	32
ii. That look	33
iii Ah ! now	33
iv Woman, a word with you !	34
v. Pomegranate, orange, rose	34

ROMAN WOMEN ( <i>continued</i> )—	PAGE
VI Pretty? I think so	34
VII Good wife, good mother	35
VIII Ah! naughty little girl	36
IX This is the Forum	36
X You seem so strange to me	37
XI A little maiden	38
XII Why does she stare	39
XIII O Englishwoman	39
 IN MEMORIAM	42
SONG	43
DUNOON	43
THE LAUGH	45
“ <i>NL SIT ANCILLA.</i> ”	46
WHIRREHAVEN HARBOUR	47
IBANG OBSCURE	48
ST BEE’S HEAD	48
AN OXFORD IDYLL	50
“SCARLET ROCKS	50
LIME STREET	51
HOLWELLIS	51
To K. II.	52
CRIFFION	53
FIVES-COURT	54
THE LILY-POD	54
“NOT WILLING TO STAY”	56
ECCLESIASTES	57
INDWELLING	58
SALVE!	58
IN MEMORIAM : PAUL BRIDSON	59

## CONTENTS

xlv

PAGE

IN MEMORIAM . A F	60
CANICLE	61
WHITE FOXGLOVE	61
OCLAVES	63
POETS AND POETS	64
OPIFEX	65
IN MEMORIAM J MACMICHLIN	66
"GOD IS LOVE "	66
THE INFERCEPTED SALUTE	67
<i>Μεταβολή</i>	68
JESSIL	68
A*WISH	69
DANIE AND ARIOSIO	69
BOCCACCIO	69
TO E M O	70
CAROL	70
M T W	72
THE ORGANIST IN HEAVEN	72
TO E M O	74
*A SERMON AT CLEVEDON	74
-A FABLE	75
*THE PESSIMIST : OR, THE RAVEN AND THE JACKDAW	76
ON THE SINKING OF THE <i> VICTORIA</i>	78
* <i>Xρωμα</i>	78

## II LYRICAL (ENGLISH)

"STAR OF HOPE"	83
"APPLE-TREE"	84

	PAGE
*SPES ALITERA	84
"TO SING A SONG SHALL PLEASE MY COUNTRY MEN"	87
"DEAR COUNTRYMEN, WHATEVER IS LIFE TO US"	88
CLEVEDON VERSES—	
I Hallam's Church, Clevedon	88
II. Dora	89
III Secutulus	89
IV Cui Bono?	90
V Star-steering	90
VI Fecit Omnia Deus	91
VII Norton Wood (Dora's Birthday)	91
VIII The Bristol Channel	92
IX The Voices of Nature	93
LYNTON VERSES—	
I May Mairgery of Lynton	94
II. At Malmesmead, by the river side	95
III Milk! milk! milk!	95
IV Lynton to Pollock (Exmoor)	96
V Sweet breeze	97
VI (Symphony)—	
Adagio .	98
Andante con moto	98
Scherzo	98
Trio	99
Finale	99
THE EMPTY CUP	100
PAIN	101
THE PITCHER	103
SONG—"WEARY WIND OF THE WEST"	105
VERIS ET FAVONI	105
IN GREMIO	106

## CONTENTS

viii

EXILE	107
CLIMBING	108
RISUS DEI	109
DARTMOOR—SUNSET AT CHAGFORD—	
*HOMO LOQVITVR	112
RESPONDET Δημιουργός	118
THE PRAYERS	121
*Ποιημάτιον	122
*JUVENTA PERENNIS	123
*VESPERA	123
*I BENDED UNTO ME	123
*IS IT AMAY OR IS IT AMO ?	124
*A FRAGMENT—“YON BIRD”	124
*TO W E HENLEY	125
*WHEN LOVE MEETS LOVE	125
*BETWEEN OUR FOLDING LIPS	126
*EX ORB INFANII	126
*O GOD TO THEE I YIELD	127
*TO G TRISTRUM	127
*AN AUTUMN TRINKET	128
RECONCILIATION	128
*SAD ! SAD !	129
IN A FAIR GARDEN	130
THE SCHOONER	132
EUROCLYDON	133
DISGUISES	134
MY GARDEN	135
LAND, HO !	136
PRAESTO	137

	PAGE
<b>EVENSONG</b>	<b>137</b>
<b>ABER STATIONS—</b>	
<i>Statio Prima</i>	138
<i>Statio Secunda</i>	139
<i>Statio Tertia</i>	140
<i>Statio Quarta</i>	141
<i>Statio Quinta</i>	143
<i>Statio Sexta</i>	144
<i>Statio Septima</i>	148
<b>A MORNING WALK</b>	<b>150</b>
<b>EPISIOLA AD DAKYNS</b>	<b>152</b>
<b>NATURE AND ART</b>	<b>157</b>
<b>LIFE</b>	<b>166</b>
<b>ALMA MATER</b>	<b>167</b>
<b>TRITON ESURIENS</b>	<b>168</b>
<b>ISRAEL AND HELLAS</b>	<b>170</b>
<b>DREAMS</b>	<b>172</b>
<b>PREPARATION</b>	<b>174</b>
<b>PLANTING</b>	<b>174</b>
<b>OBIJAM</b>	<b>175</b>
<b>SPECULA</b>	<b>175</b>
<b>“SOCIAL SCIENCE”</b>	<b>176</b>
<b>AT THE PLAY</b>	<b>178</b>

**III NARRATIVE**

<b>MARY QUAYLE</b> The Curate's Story	<b>181</b>
<b>BELLA GORRY</b> The Pazon's Story	<b>208</b>

## CONTENTS

xix

## IV DRAMATIC LYRICS (ANGLO-MANX)

	PAGE
<b>IN THE COACH—</b>	
I Jus' the Shy . . .	229
II Yes, Ma'am ! No Ma'am !	233
III Conjeigal Rights	235
IV Going to Neet Illim	240
V The Pazons	243
VI Noah's Ark	246
<b>MATER DOLOROSA</b>	247
<b>THE CHRISIENING</b>	248
<b>PEGGY'S WEDDING</b>	253
<b>*ENVY. GO BACK !</b>	264
<b>NOTES</b> . . .	267



## I ASPECTS AND CHARACTERS



## I ASPECTS AND CHARACTERS



## BRADDAN VICARAGE

I WONDER if in that far isle,  
Some child is growing now, like me  
When I was child care-pricked, yet healed the while  
With balm of rock and sea

I wonder if the purple ring  
That rises on a belt of blue  
Provokes the little bashful thing  
To guess what may ensue,  
When he has pierced the screen, and holds the further  
clue

I wonder if beyond the verge  
He dim conjectures England's coast ·  
The land of Edwards and of Henries, scourge  
Of insolent foemen, at the most  
Faint caught where Cumbria looms a geographic  
ghost

I wonder if to him the sycamore  
Is full of green and tender light ,  
If the gnarled ash stands stunted at the door,  
By salt sea-blast defrauded of its right ;  
If budding larches feed the hunger of his sight

I wonder if to him the dewy globes  
 Like mercury nestle in the capei leaf,  
 If, when the white naicissus dons its robes,  
 It soothes his childish gnef,  
 If silver plates the birch, gold rustles in the sheaf

I wonder if to him the heath-clad mountain  
 With crimson pigment fills the sensuous cells ;  
 If like full bubbles from an emerald fountain  
 Gorse-bloom luxuriant wells ,  
 If God with trenchant forms the insolent lushness  
 quells

I wonder if the hills are long and lonely  
 That North from South divide ,  
 I wonder if he thinks that it is only  
 The hithei slope where men abide,  
 Unto all mortal homes refused the other side

I wonder if some day he, chance-conducted,  
 Attains the vantage of the utmost height.  
 And, by his own discoveiy instructed,  
 Sees grassy plain and cottage white,  
 Each human sign and pledge that feeds him with  
 delight

At eventide, when lads with lasses dally,  
 And milking Pei sits singing at the pail,  
 I wonder if he hears along the valley  
 The wind's sad sough, half credulous of the tale  
 How from Sheu-whallian moans the murdered witches'  
 wail.

I wonder if to him "the Boat," descending  
 From the proud East, his spirit fills

With a strange joy, adventurous ardour lending  
 To the mute soul that thrills  
 As booms the herald gun, and westward wakes the  
 hills.

I wonder if he loves that Captain bold  
 Who has the horny hand,  
 Who swears the mighty oath, who well can hold,  
 Half-dunk, serene command,  
 And guide his straining bark to refuge of the land.

I wonder if he thinks the world has aught  
 Of strong, or nobly wise,  
 Like him by whom the invisible land is caught  
 With instinct true, nor storms, nor midnight skies  
 Avert the settled aim, or daunt the keen emprise

I wonder if he deems the English men  
 A higher type beyond his reach,  
 Imperial blood, by Heaven ordained with pen  
 And sword the populous world to teach,  
 If awed he hears the tones as of an alien speech,

O, older grown, suspects a braggart race,  
 Ignores phlegmatic claim  
 Of privileged assumption, holding base  
 Their technic skill and aim,  
 And all the prosperous fraud that binds their social  
 frame

Young rebel! how he pants, who knows not what  
 He hates, yet hates all one to him  
 If Guelph, or Buonaparte, or sans-culotte,  
 If Stafford or if Pym  
 Usurp the clumsy helm—if England sink or swim!

Ah ! crude, undisciplined, when thou shalt know  
 What good is in this England, still of joys  
 The chiefest count it thou wast nurtured so  
 That thou may'st keep the larger equipoise,  
 And stand outside these nations and their noise.

## OLD JOHN

OLD JOHN, if I could sit with you a day  
 At Abiam's feet upon the asphodel,  
 There, while the grand old patriarch dreamed away,  
 To you my life's whole progress I would tell ;  
 To you would give account of what is well,  
 What ill performed , how used the trusted talents,  
 Since last we heard the sound of Braddan bell—  
 "A ween bit callants "

You were not of our kin nor of our race,  
 Old John, nor of our church, nor of our speech ;  
 Yet what of strength, or truth, or tender grace  
 I owe, 'twas you that taught me Boin to teach  
 All nobleness, whereof divines may preach,  
 And pedagogues may wag their tongues of non,  
 I have no doubt you could have taught the leech  
 That taught old Churon

For so it is, the nascent souls may wait,  
 And lose the flexible aptness of their yeals ,  
 But if one meets them at the opening gate  
 Who fans their hopes and modifies their fears,  
 Then thrives the soul : the various growth  
 appears,

Or meet for sunny blooms or tempests' grappling—  
 No wind uproots, drought quells, frost nips,  
 blight sears

The well-fed sapling.

Old John, do you remember how you ran  
 Before the tide that choked the narrowing firth,  
 When Cumbria took you, ere you came to Man,  
 From distant Galloway that saw your birth?  
 Methinks I hear you with athletic mirth  
 Deride the baffled sleuth-hounds of the ocean,  
 As on you sped, not having where on earth  
 You were a notion.

What joy was mine! what straining of the knees  
 To test the peril of that strenuous mile,  
 To hear the clamour of the yelping seas!  
 And step for step to challenge you the while,  
 And see the sunshine of your constant smile!  
 I loved you that you dared the splendid danger;  
 I loved you that you landed on our Isle  
 A helpless stranger

Old John, Old John! the air of heaven is calm,  
 No ripple curls upon the glassy sea,  
 But, as you wave on high the golden palm,  
 Though love subdues the thrill of victory,  
 You must remember how at Trollaby  
 Your five-foot-one of sinew tough and pliant  
 Threw Illiam of the Union Mills, and he  
 Was quite a giant.

O wholesome food for keen and passionate hearts,  
 Tempering the fine pugnacity of youth  
 With timely culture of all generous arts,

Rejecting menial tricks and wiles uncouth !  
 Old John, your soul was valiant for the truth ;  
 But ever 'twas a chivalrous contention  
     Love whispered justice, and the mild-eyed ruth  
         Kissed grim dissension.

Old John, if in the battle of this life  
     I have not sought your precepts to fulfil,  
 If ever I have stirred ignoble strife,  
     If ever struck foul blow, as bent to kill,  
     Not conquer, by the love you bear me still,  
 O ! intercede that I may be forgiven  
     Stern Protestant—not pray to saints ? I will  
         To you in Heaven

Old John, you must have much to do indeed  
     If I am all forgotten from your mind.  
 Ah ! blame me not I cannot hold a creed  
     That would impute you selfish or unkind  
     Ask Luther, Calvin , ask the old man blind  
 That painted Eden , ask the grim Confession  
     Of Augsburg what black error lurks behind  
         Such intercession

Old John, you were an interceder here ,  
     For me you interceded with great cries  
 How have I stood with mingled love and fear,  
     And not a little merriment ! My eyes  
     Beheld you not, Old John ; you groans and sighs  
 And gasps I heard by listening at the gable,  
     Inside of which you knelt, and shook the skies—  
         But first the stable

It was a mighty “wrastling” with the Lord  
     The hot June air was feverish with the heat  
 And agony of that great monochord ,

Our old horse, standing on his patient feet,  
 Ripped from the rack the hay that smelt so sweet ;  
 And, when there came a pause, their breath soft  
     pouring  
 I heard the cows ; while prone upon "the street"  
     Our swine were snoring.

You prayed for all, but for my father most—  
 "The Maister," as you called him—that on rock  
*Of sure foundation he might keep the post,*  
 And (by a change of metaphor) might stock  
*God's heritage with vines to endure the shock*  
*Of time and sense, being planted with his planting;*  
 That so (another trope) of all the flock  
     Not one be wanting

Old John, I think you must have met him there,  
 My father, somewhere in the fields of rest .  
 From doubt enlarged, released from mortal care,  
 Earth's troubles heave no more his tranquil  
     breast  
 O ! tell him what you once to me confessed,  
 That, all the varied modes of rhetorick trying,  
 You ever liked "the Maister's" sermons best  
     When he was crying.

Old John, do you remember how we picked  
 Potatoes for you in the days of old ?  
 Bright flashed the *gref*,<sup>1</sup> and with its sharp prong  
     pricked  
 The pink-fleshed tubers   We were blithe and  
     bold  
 Dear John, what jokes you cracked ' what tales  
     you told !

<sup>1</sup> Fork

So garrulous to cheer your "little midges,"  
 What time the setting sun shot shafts of gold  
 Athwart the ridges'

And when the season changed, and hay was mown,  
 You weighed the balance of our emulous powers,  
 How "Maister" Hugh was strong the ponderous  
 cone  
 To pitchfork, but to build the fragrant towers  
 Was none like "Maister Wulham" Blessed  
 hours!

The empty cart we young ones scaled—glad riders!—  
 And screamed at beetles exiled from their bowers,  
 And homeless spideis

But when the corn was ripe, and truculent churls  
 Forbade us, as we culled the *cushaged*<sup>1</sup> stuck,  
 Your eye flashed fire, your voice was loosed in *skirls*  
 Of rage Old Covenanter, how could you look  
 The very genius of the pastoral crook—  
 Tythe-twined, established, dominant? "In our ashes  
 Still live our wonted fires" You could not brook,  
 You said, "then fashes"

A perfect treasury of rustic lore  
 You were to me, Old John how nature thrives,  
 In horse or cow, their points, if less or more  
 Convex the gunter's spine, the cackling wives  
 Of Chanticleer how marked, the bird that dives,  
 And he that gobbles reddening—all the crises  
 You told, and venturies of their simple lives,  
 Also their prices

<sup>1</sup> *Cushag* (ragwort)

The matchless tales your own great Wizard penned  
 To us were patent when you gave the key  
 I knew Montrose ; stern Clavers was my friend ,  
 I carved the tombs with Old Mortality ;  
 I sailed with Hatterick on the stormy sea ,  
 Curled Cavalier, and Roundhead atrabiliar,  
 The shifts of Caleb Balderstone, to me  
 Were quite familiar.

But most of all, where all was most, I liked  
 To hear the story of the martyrs' doom  
 The camp remote by stubborn hands bedyked ,  
 The bones that bleached amid the heathel bloom ;  
 The gray-haired sire , the intrepid maid for whom  
 Old Solway piled his waters monumental ,  
 And gave that glorious heart a glorious tomb  
 Worth Scotia's rental

Old John, such stories were to me a proof  
 That 'neath the dimpling of the temporal tides  
 A power is working still in our behoof ,  
 A primal power that in the world abides  
 In virgins' hearts it lives , and tender brides  
 Confess it Veil your crests, ye powers of evil !  
 It is an older power, and it deides  
 Your vain upheaval.

Old John, do you remember Injebieck ,  
 And that fine day we went to get a load  
 Of perfumed larch ? From many a ruddy fleck  
 The resin oozed and dropped upon the road ,  
 And ever as we trudged you taught the code  
 Traditional of woodcraft Night came sparkling  
 With all her gems, and devious to Tiomode  
 The stream ran darkling.

But we the westward height laborious climb,  
 Then from Mount Rule descended on the Strang,  
 And saw afar the pleasant lights of home,  
 Whereat your cheering speech—"We'll nae be  
     lang"!  
 Also a wondrous chirp of old you sang,  
 Till, when we came to Biaddan Bridge, the clinging  
 Of that inveterate awe enforced a pang  
     That stopped the singing

Yet when we gained the vantage of the hill,  
 And breathed moe freely on the gentler slope,  
 Then quickly we recovered, as men will  
 For Life's sweet buoyancy with Death can cepe,  
 Being strung by Nature for that genial scope  
 And so, when you had ceased from your dejection,  
 You talked with me of God, and faith, and hope,  
     And resurrection

'Twas thus I learned to love the various man,  
 Rich patterned, woven of all generous dyes,  
 Like to the tartan of some noble clan,  
 Blending the colours that alternate rise  
 So even 'tis refreshing to mine eyes  
 To look beyond convention's flimsy trammel,  
 And see the native tints, in anywise,  
     Of God's enamel

t  
 Old John, you were not of the Calvinists;  
 "The doctrine o' yElaction," you declared—  
 You gentlest of all gentle Methodists—  
 "A saul-destroying doctrine" Whoso dared  
 God's mercy limit, he must be prepared  
 For something awful, not propounded clearly,  
 But dark as deepest doom that Dante bared,  
     Or very nearly

On Sunday morning early to the "class,"  
 Then Matins, as it's called in ritual puff  
 Correct, then Evensong—but let that pass  
 Our curate frowns Nor then had you enough,  
 But, with your waistcoat pocket full of snuff,  
 You scorned the flesh, suppressed the stomach's  
 clamour,  
 And went where you could get "the rael stuff"  
 Absolved from grammar

And who shall blame you, John? Our prayers are  
 good—  
 Compact of precious fragments, passion-clips  
 Of many souls, cemented with the blood  
 Of suffering So we kiss them with the lips  
 Of awful love, but when the irregular grips  
 Of zeal constrain the cleric breast or laic,  
 Into a thousand fiery shieds it rips  
 Our old mosaic.

And so it was with you, Old John! The form  
 Was excellent, but you were timely nursed  
 Upon a Cameonian lap, the storm  
 Of that great strife inherited the thirst  
 For God was in you from the very first!  
 The rushing flood, the energy ecstatic,  
 O'erwhelmed you that you could not choose but  
 burst  
 All bonds prelatic

No gentler soul e'er took its earthward flight  
 From Heaven's high towers, or clove the ethereal  
 blue  
 With softer wings, or full of purer light—

Sweet Saint Theresa, bathed in virgin dew,  
 Your sister was, but Jenny Geddes was too !  
 The false Archbishop feared the accents surly  
 Of your firm voice—you were John Knox, and you  
 Balfour of Burley

Then is it wonderful in me you found  
 Disciple apt for every changing mood ?  
 I also had a root in Scottish ground  
 No tale of ancient wrong my spirit wooed  
 In vain I loved the splendid fortitude,  
 Although we served in different battalions—  
 You folk were Presbyterians, mine were lewd  
 Episcopahians

What joy it was to you the day I came  
 To visit that dear home, no longer mine !  
 I sat belated, having seen the flame  
 Of sunset flash from well-known windows. Nine  
 Was struck upon the clock, and yet no sign  
 Of my departure, then some admiration  
 Of what I purposed, then I could divine  
 A consultation

That I should sleep with you was then intent,  
 And so we slept, being comrades old and tried  
 It was to me a very sacrament,  
 As you lay hushed and reverent at my side  
 Your comely portance filled my soul with pride  
 To think how human dignity surpasses  
 The estimate of those who “can’t abide  
 The lower classes ”

And, severed by a curtain on a string,  
 Slept Robert, and his wife, your daughter, slept ;  
 Slept little Beenie, and the bright-eyed thing

You Maggie called—she to her mother crept  
 And snuggled in the dark The night wind swept  
 “Aboon the thatch”, came dawn, and touched each  
 rafter  
 With tongue of gold, then from the bed I leapt  
 As light as laughter!

But I must “break my fast” before I went  
 And so I sat, and shared the pleasant meal,  
 And all were up, and happy, and content,  
 And last you prayed May Fashion ne’er repeal  
 That self-respect, those manners pure and leal!  
 My countrymen, I charge you never stain them  
 • But, as you love your Island’s noblest weal,  
 Guard and maintain them

O faithfullest! my debt to you is long  
 Life’s grave complexity around me grows  
 From you it comes if in the busy throng  
 Some friends I have, and have not any foes;  
 And even now, when purple morning glows,  
 And I am on the hills, a night-worn watchman,  
 I see you in the centre of the rose,  
 Dear, brave, old Scotchman!

## CHALSE A KILLEY

## TO CHALSE IN HEAVEN

So you are gone, dear Chalse!  
 Ah! well it was enough—  
 The ways were cold, the ways were rough—

O Heaven ! O home !  
 No more to roam—  
 Chalse, poor Chalse

And now it's all so plain, dear Chalse !  
 So plain—  
 The wildered brain,  
 The joy, the pain—  
 The phantom shapes that haunted,  
 The half-born thoughts that daunted—  
 All, all is plain  
 Dear Chalse !  
 All is plain

Yet where you're now, dear Chalse,  
 Have you no memory  
 Of land and sea,  
 Of vagrant liberty ?  
 Through all your dreams  
 Come there no gleams  
 Of morning sweet and cool  
 On old Barrule ?  
 Breathes there no breath,  
 Far o'er the hills of Death,  
 Of a soft wind that dallies  
 Among the Curiagh sallies—  
 Shaking the perfumed gold-dust on the streams  
 Chalse, poor Chalse !

Or is it all forgotten, Chalse ?  
 A fever fit that vanished with the night—  
 Has God's great light  
 Pierced through the veiled delusions,  
 The errors and confusions ,

And pointed to the tablet, where  
 In quaint and wayward character,  
 As of some alien clime,  
 His name was given all the time ?  
 All the time !  
 O Chalse ! poor Chalse

Such music as you made, dear Chalse !  
 With that crazed instrument  
 That God had given you here for use—  
 You will not wonder now if it did loose  
 Our childish laughter, being withen and bent  
 From native function—was it not, sweet saint ?  
 •But when such music ceases,  
 'Tis God that takes to pieces  
 The inveterate complication,  
 And makes a restoration  
 Most subtle in its sweetness,  
 Most strong in its completeness,  
 Most constant in its meetness,  
 And gives the absolute tone,  
 And so appoints your station  
 Before the throne—  
 Chalse, poor Chalse

And yet while you were here, dear Chalse  
 You surely had more joy than sorrow  
 Even from your weakness you did borrow  
 A strength to mock  
 The frowns of fortune, to decline the shock  
 Of rigorous circumstance,  
 To weave around your path a dance  
 Of “airy nothings,” Chalse, and while your soul,  
 Dear Chalse ! was dark

As an o'erwanèd moon from pole to pole,  
 Yet had you still an air  
 Fairborn, a silvery rim  
 Of the same light wherein the cherubim  
 Bathe their glad brows, and veer  
 On circling wings above the starry sphere—  
 Chalse, poor Chalse

Yes, you had joys, dear Chalse ! as when foisooth,  
 Right valiant for the truth,  
 You crossed the Baldwin hills,  
 And at the Union Mills,  
 Inspired with sacred fury,  
 You helped good Parson Dury  
 To "put the *Romans* out,"  
 A champion brave and stout—  
 Ah ! now, dear Chalse, of all the radiant host,  
 Who loves you most ?  
 I think I know him, kneeling on his knees—  
 Is it Saint Francis of Assise ?  
 Chalse, poor Chalse.

Great joy was yours, dear Chalse ! when first I  
 met you  
 In that old Vicarage  
 That shelters under Biadda we did get you  
 By stratagem most sage  
 Of youthful mischief—got you all unweeting  
 Of mirthful toys—  
 A merry group of girls and boys,  
 To hold a missionary meeting ;  
 And you did stand upon a chair,  
 In the best parlour there ;  
 And dear old Parson Corrin was from home,  
 And I did play a tune upon a comb ,

And unto us  
 You did pronounce a speech most marvellous,  
 Dear Chalse ! and then you said  
 And *strooghed*<sup>1</sup> the head—  
 “ If there’ll be no objection,  
 We’ll now *purseed*<sup>2</sup> to the collection ”—  
 Chalse, poor Chalse !

And do you still remember, Chalse,  
 How at the Dhoo<sup>3</sup>—  
 Near Ramsey, *to be sure*—  
 I got two painters painting in the chapel  
 To make with me a congregation ?  
 And you did mount the pulpit, and did grapple  
 With a tremendous text, and wain the nation  
 Of drunkenness , and in your hand  
 Did wave an empty bottle, so that we,  
 By palpable typology,  
 Might understand—  
 Dear Chalse, you never had  
 An audience more silent or more sad !

And have you met him, Chalse,  
 Whom you did long to meet ?  
 You used to call him *dear and sweet*—  
 Good Bishop Wilson—has he *taken you*  
*In hand*, dear Chalse ? And is he true,  
 And is he kind,  
 And do you tell him all your mind,  
 Dear Chalse—  
 All your mind ?  
 And have you yet set up the press ,  
 And is the type in readiness,

<sup>1</sup> Stroked

<sup>2</sup> Proceed

<sup>3</sup> A well of “ black water ” on the Andreas Road.

Founded with gems  
 Of living sapphire, dipped  
 In blood of molten rubies, diamond-tipped?  
 And, *with the sanction of the Governor,*  
 Do you, a proud compositor,  
 Stand forth, and *print the Hymns*?<sup>1</sup>—  
 Chalse, poor Chalse!

## THE PEEL LIFE-BOAT

Of Charley Cain, the cox,  
 And the thunder of the rocks,  
 And the ship *St George*—  
 How he balked the sea-wolf's gorge  
 Of its prey—  
 Southward bound from Norway,  
 And the fury and the din,  
 And the horror and the roar,  
 Rolling in, rolling in,  
 Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore!

See the Harbour-master stands,  
 Cries—"Have you all your hands?"  
 Then, as an angel springs  
 With God's breath upon his wings,  
 She went,  
 And the black storm robe was rent  
 With the shout and with the din

And the castle walls were crowned,  
 And no woman lay in swoon,

<sup>1</sup> Print the Hymns

But they stood upon the height  
Straight and stiff to see the fight,  
For they knew  
What the pluck of men can do  
With the fury and the din

“ Lay aboard her, Charley lad ! ”  
“ Lay aboard her ! —Are you mad ?  
With the bumping and the scamper  
Of all this loose deck hamper,  
And the yards  
Dancing round us here like cards,”  
With the fury and the din

So Charley scans the rout,  
Charley knows what he’s about,  
Keeps his distance, heaves the line—  
“ Pay it out there true and fine !  
Not too much, men !  
Take in the slack, you Dutchmen ! ”  
With the fury and the din

Now the hauser’s fast and steady,  
And the traveller rigged and ready  
Says Charley—“ What’s the lot ? ”  
“ Twenty-four ” Then like a shot—  
“ Twenty-three,”  
Says Charley, “ ‘s all I see ”—  
With the fury and the din .

“ Not a soul shall leave the wreck,”  
Says Charley, “ till on deck  
You bring the man that’s hurt ”  
So they brought him in his shirt—  
O, it’s faint  
I am for you, Charles Cain—  
With the fury and the din. .

## THE PEEL LIFE-BOAT

And the Captain and his wife,  
 And a baby! Odds my life!  
 Such a beauty! Such a pine,  
 And the tears in Charley's eyes  
 Aims of steel,  
 For the honour of old Peel  
 Haul away amid the din

Sing ho! the seething foam!  
 Sing ho! the road for home!  
 And the hulk they've left behind,  
 Like a giant stunned and blind  
 With the loom  
 And the boding of his doom—  
 With the fury and the din .

“Here's a child! don't let it fall!”  
 Says Charley, “Nurse it, all!”  
 O the tossing of the breasts!  
 O the brooding of soft nests,  
 Taking turns,  
 As each maid and mother yearns  
 For the babe that 'scaped the din

See the rainbow bright and broad!  
 Now, all men, thank ye God,  
 For the marvel and the token,  
 And the word that He hath spoken'  
 With Thee,  
 O Lord of all that be,  
 We have peace amid the din,  
 And the horror and the roar,  
 Rolling in, rolling in,  
 Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore

## CATHERINE KINRADE

NONE spake when Wilson stood before  
The thone—  
And He that sat thereon  
Spake not, and all the presence-floor  
Burnt deep with blushes, as the angels cast  
Their faces downwards Then at last,  
Awe-stricken, he was 'ware  
How on the emerald ston  
A woman sat, divinely clothed in white,  
And at her knees four cherubs bright,  
That laid  
Their heads within her lap Then, trembling, he  
essayed  
To speak —“Christ's mother, pity me!”  
Then answered she —  
“Sir, I am Catherine Kinrade  
Even so—the poor dull brain,  
Drenched in unhallowed fire,  
It had no vigour to restrain—  
God's image trodden in the mire  
Of impious wrongs—whom last he saw  
Gazing with animal awe  
Before his harsh tribunal, proved unchaste,  
Inconceivable, woman's form defaced  
To uttermost ruin by no fault of hers—  
So gave her to the torturers,  
And now—some vital spring adjusted,  
Some faculty that rusted  
Cleansed to legitimate use—  
Some undeveloped action stirred, some juice

Of God's distilling dropt into the core  
 Of all her life—no more  
 In that dark grave entombed,  
 Her soul had bloomed  
 To perfect woman—swift celestial growth  
 That mocks our temporal sloth—  
 To perfect woman—woman made to honour,  
 With all the glory of her youth upon her  
 And from her lips and from her eyes there flowed  
 A smile that lit all Heaven , the angels smiled ,  
 God smiled, if that were smile beneath the state  
 that glowed  
 Soft purple—and a voice —“Be reconciled !”  
 So to his side the children crept,  
 And Catherine kissed him, and he wept  
 Then said a seraph —“ Lo ! he is forgiven ”  
 And for a space again there was no voice in Heaven.

## GOB-NY-USHTEY

(WATER'S MOUTH)

I SAW a little stream to-day  
 That sprang right away  
 From the cornice of rock—  
 Sprang like a deer, not slid ;  
 And the Tritons to mock—  
 Old dissolute Tritons—“ Huroo ! ”  
 They said, “ We'll teach him a thing or two,  
 This upland babe.” And I've no doubt they did  
 But, as he lightly fell, midway  
 His robe of bright spray

He flung in my face,  
 Then down to the soles and the cods  
 With his sweet young grace  
 Ah, what will the stiupling learn,  
 From those iude mates—that mountain burn,  
 What manners of th' extiemely early gods ?

## FAILAND

HA, little one !  
 Would'st like a torrent run  
 That spuins the mountain steep,  
 And falls in thunder ? O, brave leap ! brave leap !  
 'Twas excellently done  
 Nay, I am not in fun !  
 You silly thing, that you should slink  
 And hide among the ciesses ! only think !  
 Pooh ! 'tis a very Nile ! there, there ! that's right !  
 Flash out again into the light !  
 Have at the biggest stone—O, nobly meant !  
 I swear it was magnificent !

And thus I chaffed the stream, but I was wrong  
 He never dreamt of fountains  
 Rock-scooped in mighty mountains ,  
 He never made pretence  
 To power ; but in his own sweet innocence  
 He danced, and sang thereto a simple song ,  
 And after that one frolic,  
 To sneer at which were well-nigh diabolic,  
 He sang it all day long.

## PORTBURY

YES, you are weary, and it is most night—  
 This is a blessed light  
 Wherein you ask to sleep  
 How soft it falls ! How delicately creep  
 The perfumed airs upon your breast !  
 Sleep on ! sleep on ! rest ! rest !

Ah, it was glorious fun up there,  
 You little devil-may-care !  
 Such flowers to kiss, such pebbles to chide,  
 Such crabbed old carls of roots to decide,  
 Flouting them with your saucy riot !  
 Yes, yes ! But now be quiet !

For after all the stones were rough,  
 And you've had fun enough  
 See ! it is O, so peaceful here !  
 Ah ! feel this lily—is it not most dear ?  
 Coax it with curling of your liquid limbs !  
 And, as it delicately swims,  
 Let nothing but its shadow cumber  
 The lightness of your slumber !

The great sea calls—be still !  
 And fear not any ill !  
 For all the Loves will pet you,  
 Not kindly Jove forget you,  
 When those bold Tritons with the rush  
 Of many arms seize you and make you blush !  
 Ah, hush ! hush ! hush !

## THE DHOON

“LEAP from the crags, brave boy !  
The musing hills have kept thee long,  
But they have made thee strong,  
And fed thee with the fulness of then joy,  
And given direction that thou might’st return  
To me who yearn  
At foot of this great steep—  
Leap ! leap !”

So the stream leapt  
Into his mother’s arms,  
Who wept  
A space,  
Then calmed her sweet alarms,  
And smiled to see him as he slept,  
Wrapt in that dear embrace  
And with the brooding of her tepid breast  
Cherished his mountain chillness—  
O, then—what rest !  
O, everywhere what stillness !

## WASTWATER TO SCAWFELL

I LOVE to kiss thy feet  
With tend’iest lip of wave ,  
To feel that thou art big and brave,  
And beautiful and strong ,  
Nor any glare of lightning-sheet,  
Nor thunder-crash, nor all the storms that  
Combined, avail to do thee wrong.

Bare-breasted to the blast,  
 Thou art at grips with him  
 Steadfast, yet through each awful limb  
 I feel the rock-veins start,  
 And muscular thrillings darkly passed,  
 And rigid throes, and a pulsation dim,  
 And all the working of thy heart

Me too he smites—I quiver,  
 Yet, 'neath the scourge, to thee  
 I cling, and kiss thee in an agony,  
 Of thy great love secure  
 Love that is helpless to deliver,  
 Only it strengthens, whispering unto me —  
 “Endure, O friend !” and I endure

Dear thus, but even dearest  
 When on my waveless breast,  
 Smoothed glassy in a mirrored trance of rest,  
 Thy perfect shadow sleeps,  
 And, waxing clearer still and clearer,  
 Limns its fine edge till, all of thee possessed,  
 I faint within my yearning deeps

Once, when the world was young,  
 To us at least unknown  
 All law of severance that dooms thee lone,  
 And me forbids to rise,  
 When first I felt thy shadow flung,  
 I thought thyself descended from thy throne  
 To bless me with a swift surprise

Fond thought ! but mine no more,  
 Ah, no ! it was not thou !  
 The beldame years have preached me that enow.

But O, if thou couldst glide  
Into my arms, how I would pour  
Around thee sleeping, side, and breast, and brow—  
Storm-furrowed brow, and breast, and side !

What would I do,  
O God ! if that were true !  
With wreaths of diamond spray  
I would bind thee every way—  
O ! I'd crown thee, and I'd drown thee,  
And I'd bathe thee, and I'd swathe thee  
With the swirling and the curling,  
And the splashing and the flashing  
Of my arms ,  
And I'd float to thee in bubbles,  
And I'd woo thee in sweet troubles  
Of a gurgling soft and ready,  
Of a rippling foamed and beady,  
Till with a refluent sliding  
Till with a hushed subsiding,  
I would hold thee in the hollows  
Where the storm-trump never follows,  
Never pierces with the clang of its alarms.

Be still, my heart, be still !  
Dreams are but dreams, they say ;  
The ordered world is one both night and day,  
And we are but the gear,  
Nor have we aught of voice or will,  
But, borne on her great zones, we must obey,  
Nor move but with the moving sphere

So, when in meek compliance,  
I hear the distant roar

That comes of jubilant waves on ocean's shore,  
 When on the nethe<sup>r</sup> plain  
 The iron monster sno<sup>t</sup>s defiance,  
 And boasts himself the slave of fate no more,  
 Exulting in his fiery pain,  
 I heed the challenges of change  
 Not once, nor once would leave  
 The dale, like that proud st<sup>e</sup>am so proud t'achieve  
 His course of giddy mirth  
 We ask not for such chartered range  
 We a<sup>e</sup> content with hei to joy and grieve  
 Who is our mother, and did us conceive,  
 The children of the earth

## THE WELL

I AM a spring—  
 Why square me with a keib?  
 Ah, why this measuring  
 Of marble limit? • Why this accurate vault  
 Lest day assault,  
 Or any breath disturb?  
 And why this regulated flow  
 Of what 'tis good to feel, and what to know?  
 You have no ight  
 To take me thus, and bind me to your use,  
 Screeing me from the flight  
 Of all great wings that are beneath the heaven,  
 So that to me it is not given  
 To hold the image of the awful Zeus,  
 Nor any cloud or star  
 Emprints me from afar.

O cruel force,  
 That gives me not a chance  
 To fill my natural course,  
 With mathematic rod  
 Economising God,  
 Calling me to pre-ordained circumstance  
 Nor suffering me to dance  
 Over the pleasant gravel,  
 With music solacing my travel—  
 With music, and the baby buds that toss  
 In light, with roots and snippets of the moss !  
 A fount, a tank  
 Yet through some sorry gate  
 A nibblet faulters, till around the flank  
 Of burly cliffs it creeps, then, silver-shooting,  
 Threads all the patient fluting  
 Of quartz, and violet-dappled slate  
 A puny thing, on whose attenuate nipples  
 No satyr stoops to see  
 His broken effigy,  
 No naiad leans the languor of her nipples  
 One faith remains—  
 That through what ducts soe'er,  
 What metamorphic stains,  
 What chymic filt'nings, I shall pass  
 To where, O God, Thou lov'st to mass  
 Thy rains upon the crags, and dim the sphere.  
 So, when night's heart with keenest silence thrills,  
 Take me, and weep me on the desolate hills !

## ROMAN WOMEN

## I

CLOSE by the Mamertine  
Her eyes swooped into mine  
O Jove supreme !  
What gleam  
Of sovereignty ! what hate—  
Large, disproportionate !  
What lust  
August !  
Imperial state  
Of full-orbed throbings solved  
In vast and dissolute content—  
Love-gluts revolved  
In lazy illumination, rent,  
As then, by urgēce of the immediate sting  
The tiger spring  
Is there , the naked strife  
Of sinewy gladiators, knife  
Slant-winged, Locusta drugs,  
Suburban hangings, Messalina hugs ,  
Neonnic crapula-pangs  
I' the dizzy morning , gangs  
Of captives —“ Pretty men enough,  
Eh, Livia ? ” Puff  
Of lecherous touches , ooze  
Of gutter-creeping goie , the booze  
Gnathic, Trimalchial , hot hiss  
Of *leno* in the lobby—This,  
And more No wonder if her brow  
Is arched to empire even now !

No wond'r  
 If bated thunder!  
 Sleeps in her silken lashes!  
 If flashes  
 Of awful splendour light the purple mud  
 That clogs the sphe'rièd depths palatial!  
 No wonder if a blotch of blood  
 Lies mud'rous in the centie of the ball!

## II

That look was Heaven or Hell,  
 As you shall please to take it—  
 Enormity of love, or lust so fell  
 The Devil could not slake it—  
 And so—and so—  
 She passes—I shall never know

## III

Ah' now  
 I have you, Julia, Biutus' mate,  
 Such lip, such blow,  
 Such poit, such gait  
 A body, where the act of every sense  
 Compounds a final excellency—  
 Ah, glorious woman! Whence  
 This perfect good,  
 If not from juice  
 Of finer blood,  
 Perfumed with use  
 Of arduous pure, intense  
 With strains of sweet control?  
 Clear soul,  
 If unpropitious starri'd,

You wear the fitting vesture,  
 You have the native gesture,  
 And your most wanton thought mounts guard  
 On chastity's fall fence

## IV

Woman, a word with you !  
 Round-ribbed, large-flanked,  
 Broad-shouldered (God be thanked !),  
 Face fair and free,  
 And pleasant for a man to see—  
 I know not whom you love , but—haik ! be true  
 Partake his honest joys ,  
 Cling to him, grow to him, make noble boys  
 For Italy

## V

Pomegranate, orange, rose,  
 Chewed to a paste  
 (Her flesh) ;  
 A miscellaneous nose,  
 No waist ,  
 Mouth ript and ragg'd,  
 Ears nipt and jagg'd,  
 As fresh  
 From bull-dog grapplings ; tongue  
 Beet-root, crisp, strong,  
 Now curled against the teeth,  
 Lip-cleaving now, like flower from sheath.  
 Now fix'd, now vibrant, blowing spray  
 Of spittle on the King's highway

## VI

Pretty ? I think so ;  
 I admit it, and crumpled and bruised,

And smashed out of shape,  
 The poor little ape,  
 And sorely and sadly abused  
   Yes, I should say so—  
 Like a streamlet defiled at the source,  
   Condemned in advance—  
   Not a ghost of a chance—  
 Invertebrate morals, of course !

Pretty ? yes, pretty—  
 For the sighs and the sobs and the tears  
   Have got mixed with the mesh  
   Of her wonderful flesh,  
 And leavened the growth of the years.

Pretty, and more—  
 For she sighs not, and sobs not, nor weeps ,  
   But the sobs and the sighs  
   And the tears of her eyes  
 Dissolve in the physical deeps  
 And they soften and sweeten the whole,  
   And in abject submission  
   To any condition  
 She fashions the ply of her soul

## VII

Good wife, good mother—yes, I know.  
 But what a glow  
 Of elemental fires '  
 What breadth, what stately flow  
 Of absolute desires—  
 How bound  
 To household task  
 And daily round,  
 It boots not ask '

Good mother, and good wife—  
 These women seem to live suspended life  
 As lakes, dark-gleaming till the night is done,  
 Expect the sun,—  
 So these,  
 That wont to hold Jove's offspring on their knees,  
 Take current odds,  
 Accept life's lees,  
 And wait returning Gods

## VIII

Ah! naughty little girl,  
 With teeth of pearl,  
 You exquisite little brute,  
 So young, so dissolute —  
 Ripe orange brushed  
 From an o'erladen tree, chance-crushed  
 And bruised and battered on the street,  
 And yet so merry and so sweet!  
 Ah, child, don't scoff—  
 Yes, yes, I see—you lovely wretch, be off!

## IX

This is the Forum of Augustus—see  
 The continuity  
 Of all these Forums, and the size—  
*(By Jove, those eyes!)*

Three pillars of the peristyle—that's all,  
 A fragment of the wall,  
 Some doubtful traces of the cella—  
*(Down the Bonella!)*

Couinthian capitals—observe how fine  
 The helices entwine—  
 Your Badeker a *minutino*—  
 (*Ha' the Baccino'*)

The Aico de' Pantani shows the ground  
 Has risen all around.  
 Of course you know we're far above the level  
 Of—(*Gone? The Devil'*)

Badekei tells how many feet we stand  
 Above old Rome He's grand!  
 He is so plain, is Badeker—  
 (*Again she's there'*).

I really—pon my word, you know, this book  
 This Badeker—(*Look' look'*)—  
 This English Badeker's so plain—  
 (*She's there again'*)

You don't seem quite to—(*What a heavenly  
 boddice'*)—  
 You don't—(*A perfect goddess'*)—  
 I mean, you seem a bit *distract*—  
 (*O, blue! O, green! O—blazes—Fire away'*)

## X

“You seem so strange to me,  
 You merman from the Northern sea”—  
 “A brunacle from Noah's ark?”  
 “Well—yes—a sort of shark!”  
 “Ah, blow then, darling, blow!  
 Blow in my ears, and let the warm breath flow,

And search the inmost vault  
 Of my sad brain Blow, love—  
 Blow *in* the cooing of the dove,  
 Blow *out* the singing of the salt ””

## XI

A little maiden, fifteen years or under—  
 And, as the curtain swings with heavy lurch,  
 Behold, she stands within St. Peter's Church—  
 O wonder! wonder! wonder!

And yet not so—her birthright rather seems it  
 She claims, whose breast the bleeding sunshine  
 warms  
 To absolute sense of colouris and of forms—  
 Her birthright 'tis she deems it.

Or nothing deems—but, very sweet and grave,  
 Yet proud withal to be at last in Rome,  
 And see the shops, and see St. Peter's Dome,  
 She passes up the nave

And if some angel spreads a silver wing  
 I know not—Visibly accompanying her  
 Are but her mother and her grandmother—  
 The lovely little thing '

Such soil, such children, representing clearly  
 The land they live in, so that if this pet  
 Of subtlest variance had the alphabet,  
 You'd think it nature merely

And if, where stemming crags the torrent shatter,  
 She stood before the sunlit waterfall,  
 And wrapp'd the rainbow round her like a shawl,  
 It were a simple matter.

Now Mary and her dead Son—she has seen them —

“ Yes, darling, wrought by Michael Angelo ” !

And now, too short to reach to Peter’s toe,  
They lift her up between them ,

And, having kissed, she soft unclasps her mother,  
As graduated woman from to-day ,

And blushing thinks, how Seppe’s sick till they  
Shall marry one another!

And when to-night her Seppe comes to meet her,  
And, for the one poor kiss she gave to Peter,  
Exacts a vengeful twenty, if she can  
For kisses, she will tell him all the plan  
Of Peter’s Church, and *What a tiny kiss*  
*It was*, “ Seppino , not like this, or this ! ”  
And how, haid by, the hungry Englishman  
Looked just as if he’d eat her !

## XII

Why does she stare at you like that ? The glow  
Flew sheeted,  
As from the furnace seven-times heated  
For Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego.  
Is it immediate sense  
Of difference ?  
Of complement ? And so—  
While we want sun and grapes,  
This burning creature gapes  
For ice and snow !

## XIII

O Englishwoman on the Pincian,  
I love you not, nor ever can—  
Astounding woman on the Pincian !

I know your mechanism well-adjusted,  
 I see your mind and body have been trusted  
 To all the proper people  
 I see you straight as is a steeple ,  
 I see you are not old ,  
 I see you are a rich man's daughter ,  
 I see you know the use of gold,  
 But also know the use of soap-and-water ,  
 And yet I love you not, nor ever can—  
 Distinguished woman on the Pincian !

You have no doubt of your preeminence,  
 Nor do I make pretence  
 To challenge it for my poor little slatein,  
 Whose costume dates from Saturn—  
 My wall-flower with the long, love-draggled fringes :  
 But then the controversy hinges  
 On higher forms , and you must bear  
 Comparisons more noble    Stare, yes, stare—  
 I love you not, nor ever can,  
 You peerless woman on the Pincian

No, you'll not see her on the Pincian,  
 My Roman woman, wife of Roman man !  
 Elsewhere you may—  
 And she is bright as is the day ,  
 And she is sweet, that honest workman's wife  
 Fulfilled with bounteous life  
 Her body balanced like a spring  
 In equipoise of perfect natural grace ;  
 Her soul unquestioning  
 Of ought but genial cares , her face,  
 Her frock, her attitude, her pace  
 The confluence of absolute harmonies—

And you, my Lady Margaret,  
 Pray what have you to set  
 'Gainst splendouris such as these ?  
 No, I don't love you, and I never can,  
 Pretentious woman on the Pincian !

But morals--beautiful serenity  
 Of social life, the sugar and the tea,  
 The flannels and the soup, the coals,  
 The patent recipés for saving souls,  
 And other things the chill dead sneer  
 Conventional, the abject fear  
 Of form-transgressing freedom—I admit  
 That you have these, but love you not a whit  
 The more, nor ever can,  
 Alarming female on the Pincian !

Come out, O woman, from this blindness !  
 Rome, too, has women full of loving-kindness,  
 Has noble women, perfect in all good  
 That makes the glory of great womanhood—  
 But they are Women ! I have seen them bent  
 On gracious errand ; seen how goodness lent  
 The glaive, ineffable charm  
 That guards from possibility of harm  
 A creature so divinely made,  
 So softly swayed  
 With native gesture free—  
 The melting-point of passionate purity  
 Yes—soup and flannels too,  
 And tickets for them—just like you --  
 Tracts, books, and all the innumerable channels  
 Through which your bounty acts -  
 Well—not the tracts,  
 But certainly the flannels—

He! I must love, but you I never can,  
Unlovely woman on the Pincian

And yet—  
Remarkable woman on the Pincian!—  
We owe a sort of debt  
To you, as having gone with us of old  
To those bleak islands, cold  
And desolate and grim,  
Upon the Ocean's rim,  
And shared their horrois with us—not that then  
Our poor bewildered ken  
Could catch the further issues, knowing only  
That we were very lonely'  
Ah well, you did us service in your station,  
And how the progress of our civilisation  
Has made you quite so terrible  
It boots not ask, for still  
You gave us stalwart scions,  
Suckled the young sea-lions,  
And smiled infrequent, glacial smiles  
Upon the sulky isles—  
For this and all His mercies—stay at home!  
Here are the passion-flowers!  
Here are the sunny hours!  
O Pincian woman, do not come to Rome!

## IN MEMORIAM

HALF-MAST the flag by sweet St Mary's shore,  
Half-mast the schooner in Port Erin bay  
Death has been with us in the night, of prey  
Insatiate from a fold thrice robbed before,

And now he climbs to me upon the hoar  
 And ruminous rock, and shrouds the gladsome day  
 With sullen gloom, nor any word will say  
 That might to strengthen my sinking heart restore  
 Speak, Death, O, speak ! What high command  
 restrains  
 The dark disclosure ? Is it thine own will  
 Thou woolest, I adjure thee, shape of fear ?  
 Then from the awful face a shadow wanes,  
 And, clad in robes of light unspeakable,  
 God's loveliest angel sits beside me here.

## SONG

LOOK at me, sun, ere thou set  
 In the fair sea ,  
 From the gold and the rose and the jet  
 Look full at me !

Leave on my bhow a trace  
 Of tenderest light ,  
 Kiss me upon the face;  
 Kiss for good-night.

## DUNOON

LITTLE Maggie sitting in the pew,  
 Eyes of light and lips of dew !  
 What is that to you ? what is that to you—  
 Little Maggie sitting in the pew ?  
 Grindung like a saw-mill,  
 Worthy Doctor “Cawmill,”

What has he to do,  
He so lank and prosy,  
With Maggie plump and rosy—  
Little Maggie sitting in the pew,  
Is build Maggie stupid?  
No, by sweet Saint Cupid!  
Rhythmic little sinnei,  
All that is within her  
Chiming like a psalm  
In the stellar calm,  
Gracious warmth of blood  
Making fancies bud  
With a tender folly  
Into belled corollæ;  
Radiating gleams  
Of half-conscious dreams,  
Floating hei on blisses  
Of potential kisses,  
Filling all the presence  
With a balmy'pleasance,  
With a kind confusion,  
With a quick elusion  
Of all ponderous matter  
That would fain come at hei—  
What is that to you,  
Little Maggie, little Maggie, sitting in the pew?  
Cubic, orthodox,  
Sink the ordered blocks  
Doctrinal adamant,  
Riven with the fiery riant  
And hammeied with the hammer of John Knox,  
Cemented with the cant  
Of glutinous emotion,  
Riveted with logic  
Hard-gripped, presbyterious,

Something, mayhap, to us !  
 But Maggie, with a "mawgic"  
 Of which we have no notion,  
 Upborne upon the tide  
 Of her young life, has power to hide,  
 With unbroken sweetness  
 With a soul-completeness,  
 All the rock and rubble,  
 Knowing of no trouble,  
 Flecked only  
 With shadows of those lofty things and lonely,  
 That from the seventh sphere  
 Pencil their diamond traces  
 Nowhere but on the mere  
 Of hearts that stir not from their places

## THE LAUGH

AN empty laugh, I heard it on the road  
 Shivering the twilight with its lance of mirth.  
 And yet why empty ? Knowing not its birth,  
 This much I know, that it goes up to God,  
 And if to God, from God it surely starts,  
 Who has within Himself the secret springs  
 Of all the lovely, causeless, unclaimed things,  
 And loves them in His very heart of hearts.  
 A girl of fifteen summers, pure and free,  
 Aeolian, vocal to the lightest touch  
 Of fancy's winnowed breath—Ah, happy such  
 Whose life is music of the eternal sea !  
 Laugh on, laugh loud and long, O merry child,  
 And be not careful to unearth a cause  
 Thou art serenely placed above our laws,  
 And we in thee with God are reconciled

## “NE SIT ANCILLÆ”

POOR little Teignmouth slavey,  
 Squat, but cosy !  
 Slatternly, but cosy !  
 A humble adjunct of the British navy,  
 A fifth-rate dabbler in the British gravy—  
 How was I mirrored ? In what spiritual diess  
 Appeared I to you struggling consciousness ?

Thump ! bump !  
 A dump  
 Of first a knife and then a foik !  
 Then plump  
 A mustaid-pot ! Then slump, stump, fiump,  
 The plates  
 Like slates—  
 And lastly fearful wiestling with a cork !  
 And so I thought —“ Poor thing !  
 She has not any wing  
 To waft her from the grease,  
 To give her soul irelease  
 From this dull spheie  
 Of baccy, beef, and beer ”

Büt, as it happed,  
 I spoke of Chagford, Chagford by the moor,  
 Sweet Chagford town. Then, puie  
 And bright as Burton tapped  
 By master hand,  
 Then, red as is a peach,  
 My little maid found speech—  
 Gave me to understand

She knew "them parts",  
 And to our several hearts  
 We stood elate,  
 As each revealed to each  
 A mate—  
 She stood, I sate,  
 And saw within her eyes  
 The folly of an infinite surprise.

## WHITEHAVEN HARBOUR

O, CAN'T she? Listen! There's a volley!  
 Stand to your guns, my Ipswich boy!  
 Chain-shot ahoy!  
 "Ah, ain't she jolly?"  
 (Young Ipswich telegraphing  
 To us upon the quay)!  
 "Some credit chaffing  
 With her!" Decidedly—  
 "The gen'lemen are looking" Yes, we are,  
 My noble Ipswich tar—  
 "Ain't her eyes brown?"  
 (Says telegraph)  
 "Ah, can't she laugh?  
 And ain't she all so nice and peit?"  
 Yes, yes! stand up and flut!  
 Flirt for the honour of your native town!  
 Flint! flut! my man of Ipswich Not so bad!  
 A good sufficient lad!  
 See how the strong young hearts  
 Dance to the tongue-tips; lightning darts  
 From eye to eye  
 The maiden is not shy!

See the two Manxmen on the schooner there,  
 Who stare  
 With all their souls in silent admiration  
 Of such a very excellent flituation !  
 Quite out of it—  
 Those Manxmen—wait a bit—  
 Poor fellows ! Shall we hail them ? No ?  
 Ah well, let's go

## IBANT OBSCURÆ

TO-NIGHT I saw three maidens on the beach,  
 Dark-robed descending to the sea,  
 So slow, so silent of all speech,  
 And visible to me  
 Only by that strange drift-light, dim, forlorn,  
 Of the sun's wreck and clashing surges born  
 Each after other went,  
 And they were gathered to his breast—  
 It seemed to me a sacrament  
 Of some stern creed unblest  
 As when to rocks, that cheerless girt the bay,  
 They bound thy holy limbs, Andromeda.

## ST. BEE'S HEAD

I HAVE seen cliffs that met the ocean foe  
 As a black bison, with his crouching front  
 And neck back-coiled, awaits the yelping hunt,  
 That reck not of his horns protruding low

And others I have seen with calm disdain  
 O'erlook the immediate strife, and gaze afar  
 Eternity was in that gaze, the jar  
 Of temporal broil assailed not its domain

Some cliffs are full of pity. in the sweep  
 Of their bluff brows a kindly tolerance waits,  
 And smiles upon the petulant sea, that rates,  
 And fumes, and scolds against the patient steep

And some are joyous with a hearty joy,  
 And in mock-earnest wage the busy fight  
 So may you see a giant with delight  
 Parrying the buffets of a saucy boy !

Remonstrant others stand—a wild surprise  
 Glares from their crests against the insolent  
 thong :  
 Half frightened, half indignant at the wrong,  
 They look appealing to those heedless skies

And other some are of a sleepy mood,  
 Who care not if the tempest does its worst  
 What is't to them if bounding billows burst,  
 Or winds assail them with then jeerings rude ?

But like not unto any one of these  
 Is that tall crag, that northward guards the bay,  
 And stands, a watchful sentinel, night and day  
 Above the pleasant downs of old St Bee's

Straight-levelled as the bayonet's dead array,  
 His shelves abide the charge. Come one, come  
 all !

The blustering surges at his feet shall fall  
 And with and sob their puny lives away !

## AN OXFORD IDYLL

AH little mill, you're rumbling still,  
     Ah sunset flecked with gold !  
 Ah deepening tinge, ah purple fringe  
     Of lilac as of old !  
 Ah hawthorn hedge, ah light-won pledge  
     Of kisses warm and plenty,  
 When she was true, and twenty-two,  
     And I was two-and-twenty.  
 I don't know how she broke her vow—  
     She said that I was "hoity",  
 And there's the mill a goin' still,  
     And I am five-and-forty  
 And sooth to tell, 'twas just as well,  
     Her aitches were uncertain,  
 Her ways though nice, not point-device,  
     Her father liked his "Burton"  
 But there's a place you cannot trace,  
     So spare the fond endeavour—  
 A cloudless sky, where Kate and I  
     Are twenty-two for ever

## MAGDALEN WALK

## SCARLETT ROCKS

I THOUGHT of life, the outer and the inner,  
     As I was walking by the sea  
 How vague, unshapen this, and that, though thinner,  
     Yet hard and clear in its rigidity

Then took I up the fragment of a shell,  
And saw its accurate loveliness,  
And searched its filmy lines, its pearly cell,  
And all that keen contention to express  
A finite thought And then I recognised  
God's working in the shell from root to rim,  
And said —“ He works till He has realised—  
O Heaven! if I could only work like Him ! ”

## LIME STREET

YOU might have been as lovely as the dawn,  
Had household sweetness nurtured you, and aits  
Domestic, and the strength which love imparts  
To lowliness, and chastened ardour drawn  
From vital sap that burgeons in the brawn  
Around the deadful aims of Hercules,  
And shapes the curvature of Diana's knees,  
And has its course in lilies of the lawn  
Even now your flesh is soft and full, defaced  
Although it be, and bruised Unblenched your eyes  
Meet mine, as misinterpreting their call,  
Then sink, reluctant, forced to recognise  
That there are men whose look is not unchaste—  
O God! the pain! the horror of it all !

## HOTWELLS

IS it her face that looks from forth the glare  
Of those dull stony eyes ?  
Her face ! that used to light with meek surprise,  
If I but said that she was fair !

Can it have come to this, since at the gate  
 Her lips between the bairns  
 Fluttered irresolute to mine, for it was late  
 Beneath the misty stars !

It was our last farewell, our last farewell—  
 O heaven above !  
 And now she is a fearful thing of Hell—  
 My dove ! my dove !  
 A hollow thing caved rigid on the shell  
 Of her that was my love !

Yet, if the soul remain,  
 There crouched and dumb behind the obdurate mask,  
 This would I ask —  
 Kill her, O God ! that so, the flesh being slain,  
 Her soul my soul may be again

### TO K H

O FAR withdrawn into the lonely West,  
 To whom those Irish hills are as a grave  
 Cann-crowned, the dead sun's monument,  
 And this fair English land but vaguely guessed—  
 Thee, lady, by the melancholy wave  
 I greet, where salt winds whistle through the bent,  
 And harsh sea-holly buds beneath thy foot are pressed

What is thy thought ? 'Tis not the obvious scene  
 That holds thee with its grand simplicity  
 Of natural forms Thou musest rather

What larger life may be, what richer sheen  
 Of social gloss in lands beyond the sea,  
 What nobler cult than where, around thy father,  
 The silent fishers pray in chapel small and mean

Yes, thou art absent far—thy soul has slipt  
 The visual bond, and thou art lowly kneeling  
 Upon a pavement with the sacred kisses  
 Of emerald and ruby gleamings lipped,  
 And down the tunnelled nave the organ, pealing,  
 Blows music-storm, and with fair-floating blisses  
 Gives tremor to the bells, and shakes the dead men's  
 crypt

This is thy thought, for this thou heav'st the sigh  
 Yet, lady, look around thee! hast thou not  
 The life of real men, the home,  
 The tribe, and for a temple that old sky,  
 Whereto the sea intones the polyglot  
 Of water-pipes antiphonal, and the dome,  
 Round-arched, goes up to God in lapis lazuli?

## CLIFTON

I'm here at Clifton, grinding at the mill  
 My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod,  
 But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,  
 And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank God!

Aleit, I seek exactitude of rule,  
 I step, and square my shoulders with the squad,  
 But there are blaeberrys on old Barrule,  
 And Langness has its heather still—thank God!

There is no silence here the truculent quack  
 Insists with acrid shriek my ears to prod,  
 And, if I stop them, fumes, but there's no lack  
 Of silence still on Carraghyn—thank God !

Piagmatic fibs surround my soul, and bate it  
 With measured phrase, that asks the assenting nod ;  
 I rise, and say the bitter thing, and hate it—  
 But Wordsworth's castle's still at Peel—thank God !

O broken life ! O wretched bits of being,  
 Unhythmic, patched, the even and the odd !  
 But Biadda still has lichens wroth the seeing,  
 And thunder in her caves—thank God ! thank God !

## FIVES'-COURT

SOMETIMES at night I stand within a court  
 Where I have play'd by day ,  
 And still the walls are vibrant with the sport,  
 And still the air is pulsing with the sway  
 Of agile limbs that now, their labours o'er,  
 To healthful sleep then strength resign—  
 But how of those who play'd with me langsyne,  
 And sleep for evermore ?

## THE LILY-POOL

WHAT sees our mailie<sup>1</sup> in the lily-pool,  
 What sees she with that large surprise ?  
 What sees our mailie in the lily-pool  
 With all the violet of her big eyes—  
 Our mailie in the lily-pool ?

<sup>1</sup> A cow without horns

She sees herself within the lily-pool,  
 Herself in flakes of brown and white—  
 Herself beneath the slab that is the lily-pool,  
 The green and liquid slab of light  
 With cups of silver bright,  
 Stem-rooted in the depths of amber night  
 That hold the hollows of the lily-pool—  
 Our own dear lily-pool !

And does she gaze into the lily-pool  
 As one that is enchanted ?  
 Or does she try the cause to find  
 How the reflection's slanted,  
 That sleeps within the lily-pool ?  
 Or does she take it all for granted,  
 With the sweet natural logic of her kind ?  
 The lazy logic of the lily-pool,  
 Our own bright, innocent, stupid lily-pool !

She knows that it is nice—  
 -pool  
 She likes the water-rings around her knees ,  
 She likes the shadow of the trees,  
 That droop above the lily-pool ;  
 She likes to scatter with a silly sneeze  
 The long-legged flies that skim the lily-pool—  
 'The peaceful-sleeping, baby lily-pool.

So may I look upon the lily-pool,  
 Nor ever in the slightest care  
 Why I am there ,  
 Why upon land and sea  
 Is ever stamped the inevitable me ,  
 But rather say with that most gentle fool —  
 "How pleasant is this lily-pool !"

How nice and cool !  
Be off, you long-legged flies ! O what a spree !  
To drive the flies from off the lily-pool !  
From off this most sufficient, absolute lily-pool !”

## “NOT WILLING TO STAY”

I SAW a fisher bold yestreen  
At his cottage by the bay,  
And I asked how he and his had been,  
While I was far away  
But when I asked him of the child  
With whom I used to play,  
The sunniest thing that ever smiled  
Upon a summer’s day—  
Then said that fisher bold to me—  
And turned his face away.—  
“She was not willing to stay with us—  
She was not willing to stay.”

“But, Evan, she was brave and strong,  
And blithesome as the May ;  
And who would do her any wrong,  
Our darling of the bay ?”  
His head was low, his breath was short,  
He seemed as he would pray,  
Nor answer made in any sort  
That might his grief betray ;  
Save once again that fisher bold  
Turned, and to me did say :—  
“She was not willing to stay with us,  
She was not willing to stay”

Then I looked upon his pretty cot,  
 So neat in its array,  
 And I looked upon his garden-plot  
 With its flowers so trim and gay;  
 And I said —“He hath no need of me  
 To help him up the brae,  
 God worketh in his heart, and He  
 Will soon let in the day”  
 So I left him there, and sought yon rock  
 Where leaps the salt sea-spray;  
 For ah! how many have lost their loves  
 That were “not willing to stay” with them,  
 That were not willing to stay!

## ECCLESIASTES

We came from church, she from the Down was  
 coming,  
 She with a branch of may,  
 We laden with persistence of the humming  
 Wherin men think they pray,  
 She winning to her faded face a beauty  
 From the kissed buds, we having heaid “the duty  
 Performed,” with needful prayer-book thumbing,  
 We proper, she so gay

Yet, as we met, her little joy was dashed  
 By our spruce decency;  
 She hung her head as who must be abashed  
 In her poor liberty,  
 Forgetting how in that damp city cellar  
 The sick child pines, whom none but God did tell her  
 To bring bright flowers Himself has splashed  
 With dew for such as she.

Or was it but the natural rebound  
 To what thou truly art,  
 O woin with life ! whose soul-depths He would sound,  
 And pick upon His chart ?  
 Is this thy “service” ? Stay ! for very grace !  
 One moment stay, and lift the faded face !  
 O woman ! woman ! thou hast found  
 The way into my heart

## INDWELLING

If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,  
 Like to a shell dishabited,  
 Then might He find thee on the Ocean shelf,  
 And say—“ This is not dead,”—  
 And fill thee with Himself instead.  
 But thou art all replete with very *thou*,  
 And hast such shrewd activity,  
 That, when He comes, He says --“ This is enow  
 Unto itself—’Twere better let it be  
 It is so small and full, there is no room for Me ”

## SALVE !

To live within a cave—it is most good  
 But, if God make a day,  
 And some one come, and say —  
 “ Lo ! I have gathered faggots in the wood ! ”  
 E'en let him stay,  
 And light a fire, and fan a temporal mood !

So sit till morning ! When the light is grown  
 That he the path can read,  
 Then bid the man God-speed !  
 His morning is not thine , yet must thou own  
 They have a cheerful warmth—those ashes on the  
 stone

## IN MEMORIAM

PAUL BRIDSON

TAKE him, O Braddan, for he loved thee well—  
 Take him, kind mother of my own dear dead '  
 And let him lay his head  
 On thy soft breast,  
 And rest—  
 Rest

He loved thee well , and thee, my father, thee  
 Also he loved. O, meet him ! reassur'e  
 That heart thou prov'dst so pure--  
 Whisper release '  
 And peace—  
 Peace !

O countrymen, believe me ! here is laid  
 A Manxman's heart the simplest and the truest .  
 O Spring, when thou renewest  
 Thy sunny hours,  
 Bring flowers—  
 Flowers !  
 And bring them of thy sweetest  
 And bring them of thy meetest  
 And, till God's trumpet wake him,  
 Take him, O Braddan, take him '

## IN MEMORIAM. A. F.

*OB OCT. 12, 1879**Aug 1875*

BRIGHT skies, bright sea—  
 All happy things  
 That, borne on wings,  
 Cleave the long distance, glad and free—  
 A boat—swift swirls  
 Of foam-wake—boys and gulls  
 And innocence and laughter—She  
 Was there, and was so happy ; and I said —  
 “God bless the children !”

*Oct. 1879**Dead'*

*Dead*, say you ? “Yes, the last sweet rose  
 Is gathered”—Close, •O close,  
 O, gently, gently, very gently close  
 Her little book of life, and seal it up  
 To God, who gave, who took—O bitter cup !  
 ~ O bell !

O folding grave—O mother, it is well—  
 Yes, it is well He holds the key  
 That opens all the mysteries ; and He  
 Has blessed our children—it is well.

## CANTICLE

WHEN all the sky is pure  
    My soul takes flight,  
Serene and sure,  
    Upward—till at the height  
        She weighs her wings,  
            And sings

But when the heaven is black,  
    And west-winds sigh,  
Beat back, beat back,  
    She has no strength to try  
        The drifting rain  
            Again

So cheaply baffled ' see '  
    The field is bare—  
Behold a tree—  
    Is't not enough? Sit there,  
        Thou foolish thing,  
            And sing '

## WHITE FOXGLOVE

WHITE foxglove, by an angle in the wall,  
Secluded, tall,  
No vulgar bees  
Consult you, wondering  
If such a dainty thing  
Can give them ease  
Yet what was that? Sudden a breeze

From the far moorland sighed,  
And you replied,  
Quiv'ring a moment with a thrill  
Sweet, but ineffable.

Was it a kiss that sought you from the bower  
Of happier flowers,  
And did not heed  
Accessible loveliness,  
And with a quaint distress  
Hinted the need,  
And paused and trembled for its deed,  
And so you trembled, too,  
No roseate hue  
Revealing how the alarmèd sense  
Blushed quick—intense?

Ah me!  
Such kisses are for roses in the prime,  
For braid of lime,  
For full-blown blooms,  
For ardent breaths outpoured  
Obvious, or treasure stored  
In honied rooms  
Of rare delight, in which the looms  
Of nature still conspire  
To sate desire  
Not such are you beside the wall,  
Cloistered and virginal

'Twas your wild purple sisters there that passed  
Unseen, and cast  
The spell. They hold  
The vantage of the heights,  
And in you they have nights,

And they are bold.  
 They know not ever to be cold  
 Or coy, but they would play  
 With you alway  
 Wherefore then little sprites a-wing  
 Make onslaught from the ling

*So spake I to the foxglove in my mood,  
 But was not understood  
 Rather she shrank, and in a tenfold whiteness  
 Condemned what must have seemed to her my  
 lightness.*

## OCTAVES

I KNOW a weaver and his wife,  
 And he is fair, and she is dark—  
 That breeds no strife  
 Within their peaceful aik  
 The fairest man in all our town  
 Is he, light-flaxen, with a plus  
 Of mangold, her brown  
 Is brown of Stradivarius

She keeps the humblest kind of shop,  
 Sells “goodies” to the little ones,  
 The knob, the drop  
 Acidulous, he runs  
 The timely threads, the boding tints  
 He summons in accordant row,  
 Babes buying peppermints  
 Observe the gath’ring purpose glow

Hums the dull loom , I enter ; pauses  
     The shopping, and the weaving   Straight  
 He! loud "O Lawses !"  
     Proclaim me designate  
 The erst beloved   I feel the dribble  
     Of fire volcanic in my soul  
 Long quenched—*Cumean Sibyl*?  
     Nay, but the Delphic auiæole '

*Winkled and wisen'* Every lime  
     Is followed with sweet longings ; flames  
 Disused entwine  
     Our hearts , the once dear names,  
 The ties no fateful force can sunder,  
     Recui. Unthought occasion wiles  
 Our lips ; the children wonder,  
     I hesitate, the weaver smiles

## POETS AND POETS

He fishes in the night of deep sea pools  
     For him the nets hang long and low,  
 Cork-buoyed and strong ; the silver-gleaming schools  
     Come with the ebb and flow  
 Of universal tides, and all the channels glow

Oi, holding with his hand the weighted line,  
     He sounds the languor of the neaps,  
 Oi feels what current of the springing bline  
     The cold divergent sweeps,  
 The throb of what great heart bestirs the middle deeps

Thou also weavest meshes, fine and thin,  
 And leaguest all the forest ways,  
 But of that sea and the great heart therein  
 Thou knowest nought. whole days  
 Thou toil'st, and hast thy end—good store of pies  
 and jays

## OPIFEX

As I was carving images from clouds,  
 And tinting them with soft ethereal dyes  
 Pressed from the pulp of dreams, one comes, and  
 cries —  
 “Forbear!” and all my heaven with gloom enshrouds  
 “Forbear! Thou hast no tools wherewith to essay  
 The delicate waves of that elusive grain  
 Wouldst have due recompense of vulgar pain?  
 The potter’s wheel for thee, and some coarse clay!  
 “So work, if work thou must, O humbly skilled!  
 Thou hast not known the Master, in thy soul  
 His spirit moves not with a sweet control,  
 Thou art outside, and art not of the guild.”  
 Thereat I rose, and from his presence passed,  
 But, going, murmured —“To the God above,  
 Who holds my heart, and knows its store of love,  
 I turn from thee, thou proud iconoclast”

Then on the shore God stooped to me, and said:—  
 “He spake the truth even so the springs are set  
 That move thy life, nor will they suffer let,  
 Nor change their scope, else, living, thou wert dead.

"This is thy life · indulge its natural flow,  
 And carve these forms They yet may find a place  
 On shelves for them reserved In any case,  
 I bid thee carve them, knowing what I know"

## IN MEMORIAM J. MACMEIKIN

DIED APRIL 1883

EXCELLENT Manxman, Scotia gave you birth,  
 But you were ours, being apt to take the print  
 Of island forms, the mood, the tone, the tint,  
 Nor missed the ripples of the largei mirth  
 A lovely soul has sought the silent firth ;  
 Yet haply on our shores you still may hint  
 A delicate presence, though no visible dint  
 Betrays where you have touched the conscious earth.  
 You walk with ouñ loved "Chalse", you help him  
 speak  
 A gracious tongue, to us not wholly clea¡,  
 And sing the "Hymns"—fond dream that wont to  
 dwell  
 In his confusion Friend of all things weak,  
 Go down to that sweet soil you held so dear'  
Go up to God, and joys unspeakable !

## "GOD IS LOVE"

AT Derby Haven in the sweet Manx land  
 A little girl had written on the sand  
 This legend —"God is love." But, when I said —  
 "What means this writing ?" thus she answered —

" It's father that's at say,  
And I come here to pray,  
And . . . God is love " My eyes grew dim—  
Blest child ! in Heaven above  
Your angel sees the face of Him  
Whose name is love

## THE INTERCEPTED SALUTE

A LITTLE maiden met me in the lane,  
And smiled a smile so very fain,  
So full of trust and happiness,  
I could not choose but bless  
The child, that she should have such grace  
To laugh into my face

She never could have known me , but I thought  
It was the common joy that wrought  
Within the little creature's heart,  
As who should say — " Thou art  
As I ; the heaven is bright above us ,  
And there is God to love us  
And I am but a little gleeful maid,  
And thou art big, and old, and staid ,  
But the blue hills have made thee mild  
As is a little child.  
Wherefore I laugh that thou may st see—  
O, laugh ! O, laugh with me ! "

A pretty challenge ! Then I turned me round,  
And straight the sober truth I found  
For I was not alone , behind me stood,  
Beneath his load of wood,

He that of night the smile possessed—  
His father manifest

O, blest be God! that such an overplus  
Of joy is given to us  
That that sweet innocent  
Gave me the gift she never meant,  
A gift secure and permanent!  
For, howsoe'er the smile had birth,  
It is an added glory on the earth

## ΜΕΤΑΒΟΛΗ

THE fashions change, for change is dear to men.  
“Πάντων γλυκύτατον μεταβολή,”  
Opined the Greek who had the widest ken —  
“Change of all things that be  
Is sweetest.” Yet since Leda’s egg swans strive  
To innovate no curvature on that,  
And gannets dive as Noah saw them dive  
O’er sunken Ararat

## JESSIE

WHEN Jessie comes with her soft breast,  
And yields the golden keys,  
Then is it as if God caressed  
Twin babes upon His knees—  
Twin babes that, each to other pressed,  
Just feel the Father’s arms, wherewith they both are  
blessed.

But when I think if we must part,  
 And all this personal dream be fled—  
 O, then my heart ! O, then my useless heart !  
 Would God that thou wert dead—  
 A clod insensible to joys or ills—  
 A stone remote in some bleak gully of the hills !

## A WISH

OF two things one with Chaucer let me abide,  
 And hear the Pilgrims' tales , or, that denied,  
 Let me with Petrarch in a dew-spent grove  
 Ring endless changes on the bells of love

## DANTE AND ARIOSTO

IF Dante breathes on me his awful breath,  
 I rise and go , but I am sad as death—  
 I go , but, turning, who is that I see ?  
 I whisper —“Ariosto, wait for me ! ”

## BOCCACCIO

BOCCACCIO, for you laughed all laughs that are—  
 The Cynic scoff, the chuckle of the churl,  
 The laugh that ripples over reefs of pearl,  
 The broad, the sly, the hugely jocular ,  
 Men call you lewd, and coarse, allege you mar  
 The music that, withdrawn your bald skirl,

Were sweet as note of mavis or of merle—  
 Wherefore they fiown, and rate you at the bar.  
 One thing is proved To count the sad degrees  
 Upon the Plague's dim dial, catch the tone  
 Of a great death that lies upon a land,  
 Feel nature's ties, yet hold with steadfast hand  
 The diamond, you are thiee that stand alone—  
 You, and Lucretius, and Thucydides.

## TO E. M. O.

CHANCE-CHILD of some lone sorrow on the hills,  
 Bach finds a babe instant the great heart fills  
 With love of that fair innocence,  
 Conveys it thence,  
 Clothes it with all divinest harmonies,  
 Gives it sure foot to tread the dim degrees  
 Of Pilate's stair—Hush! hush! its last sweet breath  
 Wails far along the passages of death.



## CAROL

THREE kings from out the Orient  
 For Judah's land were fairly bent,  
     To find the Lord of grace ;  
 And as they journeyed pleasantlie,

A star kept shining in the sky,  
To guide them to the place  
“O Star,” they cried, “by all confess  
Withouten dred, the loveliest ””

The first was Melchior to see,  
The emperour hight of Ahabye,  
An aged man, I trow  
He sat upon a rouncy bold,  
Had taken of the red red gold,  
The babe for to endow  
“O Star,” he cried

The next was Gaspar, young and gay,  
That held the realm of far Cathay—  
Our Jesus drew him thence—  
Yclad in silk from head to heel,  
He rode upon a high cameel,  
And bare the frankincense.  
“O Star,” he cried.

The last was dusky Balthasar,  
That rode upon a dromedai—  
His coat was of the fur  
Dark-browed he came from Samarkand,  
The Christ to seek, and in his hand  
Upheld the bleeding myrrh  
“O Star,” he cried, “by all confess  
Withouten dred, the loveliest ””

## M T W

FAR swept from Lundy, spanned from side to side  
 With heaven's blue arch, the ocean waters flow,  
 Sweet May has piled her pyramids of snow,  
 And the fair land is glorious as a bñde,  
 That chooses summer for her hour of pride  
 The lordly sun, with his great heart a-glow,  
 Is fain to kiss all things that bud and blow,  
 And Maurice sleeps, nor hears the murmuring tide.  
 Fine spirit, wheresoe'er, a quester keen,  
 You mark the asphodel with prints of pearl,  
 Breathing the freshness of the early lawns,  
 O darling, clad in light of tend'rest sheen,  
 Hard by the nest of some celestial merle  
 We yet shall see you when the morning dawns

## THE ORGANIST IN HEAVEN

WHEN Wesley died, the Angelic orders,  
 To see him at the state,  
 Pressed so incontinent that the warden  
 Forgot to shut the gate  
 So I, that hitherto had followed  
 As one with grief o'ercast,  
 Where for the doors a space was hollowed,  
 Crept in, and heard what passed  
 And God said —“Seeing thou hast given  
 Thy life to my great sounds,  
 Choose thou through all the cíque of Heaven  
 What 'most of bliss redounds.”

Then Wesley said —“I hear the thunder  
Low growling from Thy seat—  
Grant me that I may bind it under  
The trampling of my feet ’  
And Wesley said —“See, lightning quivers  
Upon the presence walls—  
Lord, give me of it four great rivers,  
To be my manuals ”  
And then I saw the thunder hidden  
As slave to his desire ,  
And then I saw the space beset by  
With four great bands of fire ;  
And stage by stage, stop stop subtending,  
Each lever strong and true,  
One shape inextricable blending,  
The awful organ grew  
Then certain angels clad the Master  
In very marvellous wise,  
Till clouds of rose and alabaster  
Concealed him from mine eyes  
And likest to a dove soft brooding,  
The innocent figure ran ,  
So breathed the breath of his presiding,  
And then the fugue began—  
Began , but, to his office turning,  
The porter swung his key ;  
Wherefore, although my heart was yearning,  
I had to go , but he  
Played on , and, as I downward clomb,  
I heard the mighty bars  
Of thunder-gusts, that shook heaven’s dome,  
And moved the balanced stars

## TO E. M. O

OAKELEY, whenas the bass you beat  
In that tremendous way,  
I still could fancy at your feet  
A dreadful lion lay.  
Askance he views the petulant scores,  
But, when you touch a rib, he roars.

## A SERMON AT CLEVEDON

## GOOD FRIDAY

Go on ! Go on !  
Don't wait for me !  
*Isaac was Abraham's son—*  
Yes, certainly—  
*And as they climb Moriah—*  
I know ! I know !  
*A type of the Messiah—*  
Just so ! just so !  
Perfectly right, and then the ram  
Caught in the—listening ? Why of course I am !  
*Wherefore, my brethren, that was counted—yes—*  
*To Abraham for righteousness—*  
Exactly, so I said—  
At least—but go a-head !  
*Now mark*  
*The conduct of the Patriarch—*  
“Behold the wood !”  
*Isaac exclaimed—By Jove, an Oxford hood !*

*"But where?"—*

What long straight hair !

*"Where is the lamb?"*

You mean—the ram

No, no ! I beg your pardon !

There's the Churchwarden,

In the Clerk's pew—

Stick tipped with blue—

*Now Justification—*

"By Faith ?" I fancy , Aye, the old equation ;

Go it, Justice ! Go it, Mercy !

Go it, Douglas ! Go it, Percy !

I back the winner,

And have a vague conception of the sinner—

Limbs nude,

Horaian attitude,

Nursing his foot in Sublapsarian mood—

More power

To you my friend ! you're good for half-an-hour

Dry bones ! dry bones !

But in my ear the long-drawn west wind moans,

Sweet voices seem to murmur from the wave ,

And I can sit, and look upon the stones

That cover Hallam's grave.

### A FABLE

FOR HENRICUS D , ESQ , JUN.

IN the old old times

The harebells had their chimes,

I can tell you, and could sing out loud and

But Queen Titania said

That they quite confused hei head,

*And she really must request—  
 And, in short, she gave no rest  
 To her silly Lord and Master,  
 Till his royal word he'd passed her  
 That the little darling harebells,  
 The merry little harebells,  
 Should be for ever silent as the grave.*

Then to each little root  
 Sank down so sad and mute  
 Even the tiniest little tremor of a tinkle  
 But when evening is come,  
 And the noisy day is dumb,  
 And the stars above the vale begin to twinkle,  
 Then, shy as is a fly,  
 Poor Oberon will come,  
 And lean him to the whispers  
 Of the lovely little lispers,  
 And he'll listen, and he'll listen, and he'll sigh.

## THE PESSIMIST

OR

## THE RAVEN AND THE JACKDAW

(Manx pronunciation, *Jäck-däw*)

“CROAK—croak—croak!  
 Life's a pig-in-a-poke”  
 “Indeed!” says the little Jackdaw.

" Croak—croak—croak !  
And a cruel joke ! "  
“ Dear me ! ” says the little Jackdaw

" Croak—croak—croak !  
It's a tyrant's yoke ! "  
“ How ? ” says the little Jackdaw

" Croak—croak—croak !  
We must vanish like smoke.”  
“ Why ? ” says the little Jackdaw

" Croak—croak—croak !  
Ask the elm ! ask the oak ! ”  
“ What ? ” says the little Jackdaw

" Croak—croak—croak !  
Your feelings you cloke ! ”  
“ Where ? ” says the little Jackdaw.

" Croak—croak—croak !  
Do you like your own folk ? ”  
“ Yes ! ” says the little Jackdaw.

" Croak—croak—croak !  
With despair don't you choke ? ”  
“ No ! ” says the little Jackdaw

" Croak—cloak—croak !  
You're a d——d little bloke ! ”  
“ Always was ” says the little Jackdaw.

ON THE SINKING OF THE *VICTORIA*

“HAS NELSON HEARD?”

“HAS Nelson heard?”

Death’s angel spake what time the sea was rent  
With that big plunge Far hand-clap, and the word—  
“Content”

Content, even so,  
Great sailor, let the immortal signal fly—  
Enough! we know our duty, and we know  
To die.

To die. No loud  
Thunder of battle shakes the furious scene,  
And, if we die in silence, are you proud,  
O Queen?

O Queen, ’tis thus  
For you we die, no matter where or when  
Or how we die, the while you say of us—  
“O, nobly died! O glorious Englishmen!”

## XPIΣΜΑ

TO HIS GODSON

CHILDE DAKVNS, I’d have had thee born  
To other heritage than ours,  
To larger compass, nobler scorn,  
Faith, courage, hope than dowers

The old and impotent world. So had thy powers  
 Been tuned to primal rhythms in Noah's ark  
     Thou might'st have dreamed thy dove-bemurmured  
     dream,  
 Or lain and heaid old Nimrod's sleuth-hounds bark,  
     Echoing great Babel's towers,  
 Or played with Laban's teraphim

Oi nearer, yet remote from us,  
     Thou might'st have grown a civic man  
 Protagonist to Aeschylus,  
     Or blocked Pentelican  
 For Phidias, or, foremost in the van,  
 Whose lithe-armed grapplings broke the Orient's pride,  
     Thou might'st have fought on Marathon's red  
     beach,  
 Or, olive-screened by fair Ilissus' side,  
     Surprised the sleeping Pan,  
 Oi heard the martyr-sophist preach  
  
 Perchance, to higher ends devote,  
     A fisher on Gennesareth,  
 Thou might'st have heard him from the boat,  
     And loved him unto death,  
 Who, with the outgoing of his latest breath,  
 Desired the souls of men thy thought to lay  
     His pillow in the stern, when blast on blast  
 Came sweeping from the ridge of Magdala,  
     Thy charge to ward all scathe  
 From that supreme enthusiast

Or, still in time for purpose true,  
     Though haply fallen on later years,  
 Thou might'st have stemmed the Cyprian blue  
     With Richard and his peers,  
 Cross-dight as chosen God's own cavaliers,

Oi borne a banner into Ciecy fight,  
 Oi with Earl Simon on the Lewes fields  
 Stood strong-embattled for the Commons' right,  
 Or scattered at Poitiers  
 The wall of Gallic shields

Or, borne with Raleigh to the West,  
 Thou might'st have felt the glad emprise  
 Of men who follow a behest  
 Self-sealed, and spurn the skies  
 Familiar, leaving to the woulde wise  
 These seats, as wondering not in any zone  
 If some sweet island bloom beneath their prow  
 "Let the daft Stuart maunder on his thione !  
 Let slack-knee'd varlets bow !  
 We will away !—the world has room enow !"

Childe Dakyns, it may not be so !  
 The long-breathed pulse, the aim direct  
 The forces that concurrent flow,  
 Charged with theni sure effect—  
 Sure joy, childe Dakyns, must thou not expect ;  
 But fever-throb, but argues of desire,  
 Like zig-zag lightnings scrabbled on a cloud ,  
 Irresolute execution ; paling fire  
 Of Hope , life's springs by cold Suspicion bowed—  
 All these thou needs must know ,  
 And I will meet thee somewhere in the crowd

Ah then, childe Dakyns, what of generous ire,  
 Of Honour, Truth, of Chastity's bright snow,  
 The pitying centuries have allowed  
 To us forlorn, thou child elect,  
 Grant me to see it on thy forehead glow !

## II LYRICAL

(ENGLISH)



### “STAR OF HOPE”

STAR of hope, star of love,  
Did you see it from heaven above ?  
Love was sleeping, hope was fled—  
Did you see what Nelly did ?  
I know it was only the back of my head—  
But did you, did you, did you, did you,  
Did you see what Nelly did ?  
You're my witness, star of joy !  
Was it a girl that kissed a boy ?  
Was it a boy that kissed a girl ?  
Oh, happy wo !  
    I don't know !  
    Let it go !

I thought I'd have died, and nobody missed me,  
But Nelly has kissed me ! Nelly has kissed me !

Come down ! come down !  
Put on your brightest crown !  
Slip in with me among the clover  
Now tell me all about it—I'm her lover !  
Did you see it ? Are you sure ?  
Is she lovely ? Is she pure ?  
Smell these buds ! Is that her breath ?  
Will I love her unto death ?

Ah, little star ! I see you smiling there  
Upon heaven's lowest star !

I know, I know

It's time to go

But I'm only waitin' till you have blessed me,  
For Nelly has kissed me ! Nelly has kissed me

### “APPLE-TREE”

“APPLE-TREE, apple-tree,  
Cover me, cover me,  
Branches of the apple-tree !  
While night's shadows drift and flee,  
Fall on me, fall on me,  
Blossoms of the apple-tree—  
Pink-tipt snowflakes tenderly  
Gliding from the apple-tree !”

### SPES ALTERA

#### TO THE FUTURE MANX POET

O POET, somewhere to be born

’Twixt Calf and Ayie before the century closes,  
Cain, Kallan, Kewish, or Skillicorn,  
Soft-lapt serene ’mid antenatal roses,  
Abide until I come, lest chance we miss  
Each other as we pass, nor any kiss  
Be planted on your blow thine dea!,  
Nor any spell of mine be murmured in your ear !

For I will seek you in the bowers  
 Where Plato marked the virgin souls desiring  
 The birth-call of the opening hours,

And Spenser saw old Genius attiring  
 The naked babes And I will help to dress  
 The awful beauty of your nakedness ;  
 And from that moment you shall be  
 The Poet of the Isle, a Poet glad and free.

Yet haply should the search be vain,  
 For that I am not worthy—*you* are coming  
 Heaven holds you promised ! Kairan, Cain,

Kewish, Skillicoin, revealed the absolute summing  
 Of cherished hopes. So may the Gods enlarge  
 Your wings to flight immortal as the charge  
 You keep to sing the perfect song  
 Pent in your Mother's inmost heart, and pent so long !

Nor lacking you of scholarship  
 To guide the subtle harmonies soft-flowing  
 From rugged outward-seeming lip,

By vulgar minds not relished, all unknowing  
 Of gentle arts Trench deep within the soil  
 That bore you fateful toil, and toil, and toil !  
 'Tis deep as Death , dig, till the rock  
 Clangs hard against the spade, and yields the central  
 shock.

No mincing this Be nervous, soaked  
 In dialect colloquial, retaining  
 The native accent pure, unchoked  
 With cockney balderdash Old Manx is waning,  
 She's dying in the *tholthan*.<sup>1</sup> Lift the latch,  
 Enter, and kneel beside the bed, and catch

<sup>1</sup> Ruined cottage

The sweet long sighs, to which the clew  
Trembles, and asks then one interpreter in you.

Then shut the *tholthan* Strike the lyre,  
Toward that proud shore your face reluctant turning,  
With Keltic force, with Keltic fire,  
With Keltic tears, let every string be burning  
And use the instrument that we have wrought,  
Hammered on Saxon stithies, to our thought  
Alien, unapt, but capable of modes  
Wherein the soul its treasured wealth unloads

And, for the wayward thing is law,  
Capricious, guard against the insidious changing  
Of pitch, that makes more tense, or slacks  
Our diatonics. See there be no ranging  
*Ad libitum*, but moor the wand'rer fast,  
And fix him where two sev'ring ages cast  
Then secular anchoris Matteis not,  
If arbitrary, when o'er where one single jot

But come, come soon, or else we slide  
To lawlessness, or deep-sea English soundings,  
Absorbent, final, in the tide  
Of Empire lost, from homely old surroundings,  
Familiar, swept. O excellent babe, arise,  
And, ere a decade fail from forth the skies,  
Unto our longing hearts be born,  
Cain, Karran, Kewish supreme, supremest Skillicorn !

"TO SING A SONG SHALL PLEASE MY  
COUNTRYMEN"

To sing a song shall please my countrymen,  
 To unlock the treasures of the Island heart,  
 With loving feet to trace each hill and glen,  
 And find the ore that is not for the mairt  
 Of commerce this is all I ask  
 No task,  
 But joy, GOD wot!  
 Wheiewith "the stranger" intermeddles not—

Who, if perchance,  
 He lend his ear,  
 As caught by mere romance  
 Of nature, traveising  
 On viewless wing  
 All parallels of sect  
 And race and dialect,  
 Then shall he be to me most dear

Nathelss, for mine own people do I sing,  
 And use the old familiar speech  
 Happy if I shall reach  
 Their inmost consciousness  
 One thing  
 They will confess  
 I never did them wrong,  
 And so accept the singer and the song.

“DEAR COUNTRYMEN, WHATE’ER IS  
LEFT TO US”

DEAR COUNTRYMEN, whate’er is left to us  
 Of ancient heritage—  
 Of manners, speech, of humours, polity  
 The limited horizon of our stage—  
 Old love, hope, fear,  
 All this I fain would fix upon the page,  
 That so the coming age,  
     Lost in the empire’s mass,  
 Yet haply longing for their fathers, here  
     May see, as in a glass,  
 What they held dear—  
 May say, “‘Twas thus and thus  
 They lived”, and, as the time-flood onward rolls,  
 Secure an anchor for their Keltic souls

1887.

CLEVEDON VERSES

I

HALLAM’S CHURCH, CLEVEDON

A GRASSY field, the lambs, the nibbling sheep,  
 A blackbird and a thorn, the April smile  
 Of brooding peace, the gentle ains that wile  
 The Channel of its moodiness, a steep  
 That brinks the flood, a little gate to keep

The sacred ground—and then that old gray pile,  
 A simple church wherein there is no guile  
 Of oïnament , and heïe the Hallams sleep.  
 Blest mouineï, in whose soul the grief giew song,  
 Not now, methinks, awakes the slumbering pain,  
 While Joy, with busy fingeïs, weaves the woof  
 Of Spring. But when the Winter nights are long,  
 Thy spirit comes with sobbing of the rain,  
 And spreads itself, and moans upon the roof.

## II

## DORA

She knelt upon her brother's grave,  
 My little girl of six years old—  
 He used to be so good and brave,  
 The sweetest lamb of all our fold ,  
 He used to shout, he used to sing,  
 Of all our tribe the little king—  
 And so unto the tuif her ear she laid,  
 To hark if still in that daik place he played  
 No sound ! no sound !  
 Death's silence was profound ;  
 And horror crept  
 Into her aching heart, and Dora wept  
 If this is as it ought to be,  
 My God, I leave it unto Thee

## III

## SECUTURUS

Each night when I behold my bed  
 So fair outspread,

And all so soft and sweet—  
 O, then above the folded sheet  
 His little coffin grows upon mine eye,  
 And I would gladly die

## IV

## CUI BONO?

What comes  
 Of all my grief? The Arabian grove  
 Is cut that costly gum  
 May float into the nostrils of great Jove  
 My heart resembles more a desert land  
 Who cuts it cuts but rock, or digs the sapless sand

## V

## STAR-STEERING

O, will it ever come again  
 That I upon the boundless main  
 Shall steer me by the light of stars?  
 Now, locked with sandy bars,  
 Life's narrowing channel bids me mark  
 Each serviceable spark  
 That Holm or Lundy flings upon the dark.  
 Thus man is more to me—  
 But O, the gladness of the outer sea!  
 O Venus! Mars!  
 When shall I steer by you again, O stars?

## VI

## PER OMNIA DEUS

What moves at Cardiff, how a man  
 At Newport ends the day as he began,  
 At Weston what adventure may befall,  
 What Bristol dreams, or if she dream at all,  
 Upon the pier, with step sedate,  
 I meditate—  
 Poor souls ! whose God is Mammon—  
 Meanwhile, from Ocean's gate,  
 Keen for the foaming spate,  
 The true God ushers in the salmon.

## VII

## NORTON WOOD (Dora's birthday)

In Norton wood the sun was bright,  
 In Norton wood the air was light,  
 And meek anemones,  
 Kissed by the April breeze,  
 Were trembling left and right  
 Ah, vigorous year !  
 Ah, primrose dear  
 With smile so arch !  
 Ah, budding larch !  
 Ah, hyacinth so blue,  
 We also must make free with you !  
 Where are those cowslips hiding ?  
 But we should not be chiding—  
 The ground is covered every inch—  
 What sayest, master finch ?

I see you on the swaying bough !  
 And very neat you are, I vow !  
 And Dora says it is "the happiest day "  
*Her birthday, hers !*  
 And there's a jay,  
 And from that clump of firs  
 Shoots a great pigeon, purple, blue, and gray.  
 And, coming home,  
 Well-laden, as we climb  
 Sweet Walton hill,  
 A cuckoo shouted with a will—  
 "Cuckoo ! cuckoo !" the first we've heard !  
 "Cuckoo ! cuckoo !" God bless the bird !  
 Scarce time to take his breath,  
 And now "Cuckoo !" he saith—  
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! three cheers !  
 And let the welkin ring !  
 He has not folded wing  
 Since last he saw Algiers

## VIII

## THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

## I

The sulky old gray brute !  
 But when the sunset strokes him,  
 Or twilight shadows coax him,  
 He gets so silver-milky,  
 He turns so soft and silky,  
 He'd make a water-spaniel for King Knut.

## II

This sea was Lazarus, all day  
 At Dives' gate he lay,

And lapped the crumbs  
 Night comes,  
 The beggar dies—  
 Forthwith the Channel, coast to coast,  
 Is Abraham's bosom, and the beggar lies  
 A lovely ghost.

## IX

## THE VOICES OF NATURE

This cluck of water in the tangles—  
 What said it to the Angles?  
 What to the Jutes,  
 This wave siph-sopping round the salt sea-roots?  
 With what association did it hit on  
 The tympanum of a Damnonian Briton?  
 To tender Guinevere, to Britomart,  
 The stout of heart,  
 Along the guarded beach  
 Spoke it the same sad speech  
 It speaks to me—  
 This sopping of the sea?

Surely theplash  
 Of water upon stones,  
 Encountering in their ears the tones  
 Of dominant passions masterful,  
 Made but a boudon for the choid  
 Of a great key, that rested lord  
 Of all the music, straining not the bones  
 Of Merlin's scull,  
 And in the ear of Vivian its frets  
 Were silver castanets,

That tinkled 'mong the vanities, and quickened  
 The free, full-blooded pulse,  
 Nor sickened  
 Her soul, nor stabbed her to the heart.  
 Strange ! that to me this gurgling of the dulse  
 Allays no smart,  
 Consoles no nerve,  
 Rounds off no curve—  
 Alack !  
 Comes rather like a sigh,  
 A question that has no reply—  
 Opens a deep misgiving  
 What is this life I'm living—  
 Our fathers were not so—  
 Silence, thou moaning wack !  
 And yet           do not know.  
 And yet           would go back

## LYNTON VERSES

## I

MAY MARGERY of Lynton  
 Is brighter than the day,  
 Her eye is like the sun in heaven—  
 Was ne'er so sweet a May !

May Margery has learnt a tune  
 To which her soul is set—  
 The voices of all happy things  
 Are in its cadence met—  
 The voices of all happy things  
 In air, and earth, and sea,  
 Make music in the little breast  
 Of sweet May Margery.

And has May Margery a heait?  
 Nay, child, God give thee grace!  
 He made it for thee years ago,  
 And keeps it in a place—  
 The heart of gold that shall be thine—  
 But who shall have the key  
 That opens it—Ah, who? ah, who?  
 Ah, who, May Margery?

## II

At Malmsmead, by the river side  
 I met a little lady,  
 And, as she passed, she sang a song  
 That was not Tate or Brady,  
 Or any song by ait contiued  
 Of minstrel or of poet,  
 For baron's hall, or chanter's desk,  
 And yet I seemed to know it  
 Good sooth! I think the song was mine—  
 The all unthinking sadness—  
 She read it from my longing eyes,  
 And gave it back in gladness  
 And yet it was a challenge too,  
 As plain as she could make it,  
 So petulant, so innocent,  
 And yet I could not take it  
 A breath, a gleam, and she is gone—  
 Just half a minute only—  
 So die the breaths, so fade the gleams,  
 And we aie left so lonely

## III

Milk! milk! milk! . . .  
 Straight as the Paision's bands,

Streaming like silk  
 Under and over her hands—  
 What is Mary scheming?  
 What is Mary dreaming?

Swish! swish! swish!  
 Pressing her sweet young bairn,  
 Smooth as a dish,  
 To the side of the sober cow—  
 Can she tell no tale then?  
 Nought but milk and pail then?

Strip! strip! strip!  
 Far away over the sea  
 Comes there a ship,  
 The ship of all ships that be?  
 Ah, little fairy!  
 Ah, Mary, Mary!

## IV

## LYNTON TO PORLOCK (Exmoor)

From Lynton when you drive to Porlock,  
 Just take old Tempus by the forelock—  
 In any case, don't hurry, time and tide—  
 Of course—I know But, where the roads divide,  
 Upon the moor,  
 Be sure  
 To shun the *via dextra*,  
 And choose the marvellous ride  
 (One half-hour extra)  
 That zigzags to a gate  
 Nigh Porlock town—O, it is great,

That strip of Channel sea,  
 Backed with the prime of English Alcadry !  
 It is not that the heather pushes  
 In mad tumultuous flushes  
 (*Trickling's* the word I'd use),  
 But O, the greens and blues  
 And browns whereon the crimson dwells ,  
 The buds, the bells ;  
 The drop from arch to arch  
 Of pine and larch ;  
 The scented glooms where soft sun-fainting culvers  
 Elude the eye,  
 And fox-gloves, like innumerous-celled revolvers  
 Shoot honey-tongued quintessence of July !

## V

Sweet breeze that sett'st the summer buds a swaying,  
 Dear lambs amid the primrose meadows playing,  
 Let me not think !  
 O floods, upon whose brink  
 The merry birds are maying,  
 Dream, softly dream ! O blessed mother, lead me  
 Unsevered from thy girdle—lead me ! feed me !  
 I have no will but thine ;  
 I need not but the juice  
 Of elemental wine—  
 Perish remoter use  
 Of strength reserved for conflict yet to come !  
 Let me be dumb,  
 As long as I may feel thy hand—  
 This, this is all—do ye not understand  
 How the great Mother mixes all our bloods ?  
 O breeze ! O swaying buds !  
 O lambs, O primroses, O floods !

## VI

## (SYMPHONY)

*Adagio*

We saw her die, and she is dead—  
 Our little sister—  
 A March wind came and kissed her,  
 And sighed and fled—  
 Beyond the hill,  
 Far in the East we hear him sighing still  
 But she is dead,  
 Our little sister's dead !  
 Ah, chill ! chill ! chill !  
 Ah, see the drooping head !  
 Our sister's dead—  
 We know that she is dead

*Andante con moto*

*Talitha cumi !* O Thou Christ,  
 Hast kept the tyest ?  
 Laugh not, O maidens ! this is He  
 Of Galilee,  
 Of Nazareth,  
 The Christ that conquers Death—  
 Dost catch a breath,  
 O Christ ? O, Life !  
*Talitha cumi !* See  
 The tumult as of some sweet strife  
 Strained tremulous up, up—  
 “Give her to drink !” He saith—  
 Yea, Lord, behold, a cup !

*Scherzo*

O gentle airs of Spring,  
 Come to the hills and the valleys,

From the South, from the West,  
 As seems you best,  
 Rocked in your golden galleys !  
 Bring the bread, bring the wine,  
 Bring the smell that's fine,  
 Bring the scaif and the bright green wimple !  
 See, she dips ! see, she sips ! put your oozy lips  
 To the curve of each nascent dimple—  
 To her head, to her feet  
 So warm and sweet  
 Bring the rain and the sunshine after ;  
 To the ordered limbs  
 Where the new life swims,  
 To the kneaded mesh  
 Of the soft pink flesh,  
 Bring baths of dew,  
 Bring skies of blue—  
 Bring love, and light, and laughter !

*Trio*

Goldfinch underneath the bough  
 Chirping, swinging,  
 You are happy now.

Blackbird, as you fly along,  
 Staying, swaying,  
 Sing her but one song !

Dove, when twilight wakes unrest,  
 Yearning, burning,  
 Lean to her your breast !

*Finale*

O God of Heaven !  
 These are Thy gifts, to all Thy creatures given—

Love, laughter, light—  
 Establish the ancient right,  
 O God, and bend above them all Thy brooding  
 aich—  
 Dove, blackbird, goldfinch, laich !

## THE EMPTY CUP

FLY away, bark,  
 Over the sea !  
 Take thou my grief,  
 Take it with thee !  
 Bear it afar  
 Unto the shoen  
 Where the old griefs are  
 For evermore !  
 O, it was hard !  
 Take it away—  
 Pressed on my heart  
 By night and by day.  
 I will not have it,  
 Let it go, let it go !  
 Shall I have nothing  
 But wailing and woe ?

Let it be, let it be !  
 O, bring it again !  
 Bring my sorrow to me,  
 Bring weeping and pain !  
 Bring my sorrow to me—  
 After all, it is mine  
 O God of my heart,  
 I will not repine

For I feel such a lack,  
 And I am such a stone—  
 Bring it back, bring it back !  
 It is better to groan  
 With my old, old load  
 Than to search within,  
 And find nothing there  
 But folly and sin  
 O, I cannot bear  
 This empty cup  
 If it must be with gall,  
 Fill it up ! fill it up !  
 Fill my soul, fill my soul !  
 And I will bless  
 The hand that filleth  
 Mine emptiness.

## PAIN

THE man that hath great griefs I pity not ;  
 Tis something to be great  
 In any wise, and hint the larger state,  
 Though but in shadow of a shade, God wot !

Moreover, while we wait the possible,  
 This man has touched the fact,  
 And probed till he has felt the core, where, packed  
 In pulpy folds, resides the ironic ill

And while we others sip the obvious sweet—  
 Lip-licking after-taste  
 Of glutinous rind, lo ! this man hath made haste,  
 And pressed the sting that holds the central seat

For thus it is God stings us into life,  
 Provoking actual souls  
 From bodily systems, giving us the poles  
 That are His own, not merely balanced strife

Nay, the great passions are His veriest thought,  
 Which whoso can absorb,  
 Nor, querulous halting, violate their orb,  
 In him the mind of God is fullest wrought

Thrice happy such an one ! Fair other he  
 Who dallies on the edge  
 Of the great vortex, clinging to a sedge  
 Of patent good, a timorous Manichee ,

Who takes the impact of a long-breathed force,  
 And fritters it away  
 In eddies of disgust, that else might stay  
 His nerveless heart, and fix it to the course

For there is threefold oneness with the One ,  
 And he is one, who keeps  
 The homely laws of life , who, if he sleeps,  
 Or wakes, in his true flesh God's will is done

And he is one, who takes the deathless forms,  
 Who schools himself to think  
 With the All-thinking, holding fast the link,  
 God-invited, that bridges casual storms

But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains  
 Not partial, knowing them  
 As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem,  
 Wherewith God's galley onward ever strains

To him the sorrows are the tension-thills  
 Of that serene endeavour,  
 Which yields to God for ever and for ever  
 The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

## THE PITCHER

OFTEN at a wayside fountain  
 You may see a pitcher stand,  
 Stooped beneath the mossy channel,  
 Purple slate on either hand

And the streamlet, never heeding  
 If the pitcher's brimming o'er,  
 With an innocent persistence  
 Lavishes its silver store

And the crystal-beaded bubbles  
 Burst upon its lazy lip,  
 But the well-contented pitcher  
 Does not even care to sip,

Does not even know that o'er him  
 There is flowing from the hill  
 What would fill a thousand pitchers,  
 And a thousand pitchers still

Wasted on his quivering fulness  
 All its fretting soft and faint,  
 Wasted all its pretty urging,  
 All the music of its plaint!

But the streamlet, ever patient,  
 Ceaseless laves his churlish sides,

For the streamlet has the patience  
 That in Nature's heart abides

Even so at God's sweet fountain  
 Some one left me long ago,  
 Left my shallow soul expectant  
 Of the everlasting flow

And it came, and poured upon me,  
 Rose and mantled to the brim,  
 And I knew that God was filling  
 One more soul to carry Him

So He filled me—then I lost Him,  
 Lost Him in His own excess ;  
 For He could not but transcend me  
 In my very nothingness

Wretched soul, that could'st not hold Him !  
 Soul incapable and base !  
 Hardly 'waie that He doth bathe thee  
 Steeped in largess of His grace !

Puny soul, that could'st not take Him !  
 Torpid soul—that feel'st no need !  
 Perish from before the Godhead,  
 Let a larger soul succeed !

“Not so !” saith the God of goodness ;  
 “I have many souls to fill ,  
 From this soul a while desisting,  
 I will tarry in the hill

“Then, when it is dry and dusty,  
 I will seek the thirsty plain ,  
 I will wet the mossy channel,  
 And the purple slate again ”

## SONG

“WEARY wind of the West  
Over the billowy sea—  
Come to my heart, and rest !  
Ah, rest with me !  
Come from the distance dim  
Bearing the sun’s last sigh ;  
I hear thee sobbing for him  
Through all the sky ”

So the wind came,  
Purpling the middle sea,  
Crisping the ripples of flame—  
Came unto me ,  
Came with a rush to the shore,  
Came with a bound to the hill,  
Fell, and died at my feet—  
Then all was still.

## VERIS ET FAVONI

SING, Zephyr, sing,  
Shed from your dusky wing  
The violets  
Make music with your golden frets—  
Sing, Zephyr, sing !

Sigh, Zephyr, sigh !  
Give passion to the sky !

The tawny south  
Has no such odorous mouth—  
Sigh, Zephyr, sigh !

Sue, Zephyr, sue !  
Bring earth the sunny blue,  
The pearly mist  
With new-born love-fie kissed—  
Sue, Zephyr, sue !

Sip, Zephyr, sip !  
The primrose lends her lip,  
The crocus thrills,  
Love hides among the daffodils—  
Sip, Zephyr, sip !

Seek, Zephyr, seek !  
The vermeil of my lady's cheek !  
So seeking, sipping, suing, sighing, singing,  
While old Time his flight is winging,  
Tell her to be  
Most kind to me

“COME unto God !” I heard a preacher call  
Immediate God to me,  
Who in His bosom lay—“Mind not at all  
Such accidents as he—  
Mechanical alarum, sightless seer,  
Who bids thee come, and knows not thou art here”

## EXILE

IN sorrow and in nakedness of soul  
 I look into the street,  
 If haply there mine eye may meet,  
 As up and down it ranges,  
 The servants of my Father bearing changes  
 Of raiment sweet—  
 Seven changes sweet with violet and moly,  
 Seven changes pure and holy

\*But nowhere 'mid the thick entangled throng  
 Mark I their proud sad paces ;  
 Nowhere the light upon their faces,  
 Serene with that great beauty  
 Wherein the singly meditated duty  
 Its empire traces :—  
 Only the fateful merchants stand and cry —  
 “Come buy ! come buy ! come buy !”

And the big bales are dunk with all the purple  
 That wells in vats of Tyre,  
 And unrolled damasks stream with golden fire  
 And broderies of Ind,  
 And, piled on Polar furs, are braveries wonned  
 From fair Gadire  
 And I am waiting, abject, cold, and numb,  
 Yet sure that they will come

O naked soul, be patient in this stead !  
 Thrice blest are they that wait  
 O Father of my soul, the gate  
 Will open soon, and they

Who minister to Thee and Thine alway  
 Will enter straight,  
 And speak to me, that I shall understand  
 The speech of Thy great land

And I will rise, and wash, and they will dress me  
 As Thou wouldest have me dressed,  
 And I shall stand confest  
 Thy son ; and men shall falter —  
 "Behold the ephod of the unseen altar !  
 O God-possessed !  
 Thy raiment is not from the looms of earth,  
 But has a Heavenly birth.'

## CLIMBING

WHEN I would get me to the upper fields,  
 I look if anywhere  
 A man be found who cleaves what joyance yields  
 The keen thin air,  
 Who loves the rapture of the height,  
 And fain would snatch with me a perilous delight

I wait, and linger on the village street,  
 And long for one to come,  
 And say — "The morning's bright, it is not meet  
 That thou the hum  
 Of vulgar life shouldst leave, and seek the view  
 Alone from those great peaks, I surely will go too"

But not to me comes ever any man ;  
 Or, if he come, dull sleep  
 Still thickens in his eyes, so that to scan  
 The beckoning steep

He has no power , and of its scornful one  
Unconscious sits him down, and I go on alone

Yet children are before me on the slope,  
Their dew-bedabbled prints  
Press the black fern-roots naked , sunny hope  
Darts red, and glints  
Upon their hair ; but, devious, they remain  
Among the bilberry beds, and I go on again.

And so there is no help for it, no mate  
To share the arduous way .  
Nevertheless I must ascend ere it grow late,  
And, dim and gray,  
The final cloud obstruct my soul's endeavour,  
And I see nothing more for ever and for ever.

## RISUS DEI

METHINKS in Him there dwells alway  
A sea of laughter very deep,  
Where the leviathans leap,  
And little children play,  
Then white feet twinkling on its crisped eage ,  
But in the outer bay  
The strong man drives the wedge  
Of polished limbs,  
And swims  
Yet there is one will say --  
“ It is but shallow, neither is it broad ”—  
And so he frowns ; but is he nearer God ?

One saith that God is in the note of bird,  
 And piping wind, and brook,  
 And all the joyful things that speak no word  
 Then if from sunny nook  
 Or shade a fair child's laugh  
 Is heard,  
 Is not God half?  
 And if a strong man gud  
 His loins for laughter, stured  
 By trick of ape or calf—  
 Is he no better than a cawing rook?

Nay 'tis a Godlike function ; laugh thy fill !  
 Mirth comes to thee unsought ,  
 Mirth sweeps before it like a flood the mill  
 Of languaged logic ; thought  
 Hath not its source so high ,  
 The will  
 Must let it by  
 For though the heavens are still ,  
 God sits upon His hill ,  
 And sees the shadows fly ;  
 And if He laughs at fools, why should He not ?

" Yet hath a fool a laugh"—Yea, of a sort ,  
 God careth for the fools ,  
 The chemic tools  
 Of laughter He hath given them, and some toys  
 Of sense, as 'twere a small retort  
 Wherein they may collect the joys  
 Of natural giggling, as becomes their state .  
 The fool is not inhuman, making sport  
 For such as would not gladly be without  
 That old familiar noise  
 Since, though he laugh not, he can cachinnate—  
 This also is of God, we may not doubt

“ Is there an empty laugh ? ” Best called a shell  
 From which a laugh has flown,  
 A mask, a well  
 That hath no water of its own,  
 Part echo of a groan,  
 Which, if it hide a cheat,  
 Is a base counterfeit ;  
 But if one borrow  
 A cloak to wrap a sorrow  
 That it may pass unknown,  
 Then can it not be empty God doth dwell  
 Behind the feigned gladness,  
 Inhabiting a sacred core of sadness

“ Yet is there not an evil laugh ? ” Content—  
 What follows ?  
 When Satan fills the hollows  
 Of his bolt-riven heart  
 With spasms of unrest,  
 And calls it laughter, if it give relief  
 To his great grief,  
 Judge not the dreadful jest.  
 But if the laugh be aimed  
 At any good thing that it be ashamed,  
 And blush thereafter,  
 Then it is evil, and it is not laughter

There are who laugh, but know not why  
 Whether the force  
 Of simple health and vigour seek a course  
 Extravagant, as when a wave runs high,  
 And tips with crest of foam the incontinent curve,  
 Or if it be reserve  
 Of power collected for a goal, which had,  
 Behold ! the man is fresh So when strung nerve,

Stout heait, pent breath, have brought you to the  
 souice  
 Of a great river, on the topmost stic  
 Of cliff, then have you bad  
 All heaven to laugh with you , yet somewhere nigh  
 A shepheid lad  
 Has wondering looked, and deemed that you were mad.

## DARTMOOR

## SUNSET AT CHAGFORD

## HOMO LOQVITVR

Is it ironical, a fool enigma,  
 This sunset show ?  
 The purple stigma,  
 Black mounturin cut upon a saffion glow—  
 Is it a mammoth joke,  
 A riddle put for me to guess,  
 Which having duly honoured, I may smoke,  
 And go to bed,  
 And snore,  
 Having a soothing consciousness  
 Of something red ?  
 Or as it more ?  
 Ah, is it, is it more ?  
  
 A dole, perhaps ?  
 The scraps  
 Tossed from the table of the revelling gods ?—  
 What odds !  
 I taste them—Lazarus  
 Was nouished thus !

But, all the same, it surely is a cheat—  
 Is this the stuff they eat ?  
 A cheat ! a cheat !  
 Then let the garbage be—  
 Some pig-wash ! let it vanish down the sink  
 Of night ! 'tis not for me  
 I will not drink  
 Then draff,  
 While, throned on high, they quaff  
 The fragrant sconce—  
 Has Heaven no cloaca for the nonce ?

Say 'tis an anodyne—  
 It never shall be mine  
 I want no opiates—  
 The best of all their cates  
 Were gross to balk the meanest sense ;  
 I want to be co-equal with their fates ,  
 I will not be put off with temporal pretence  
 I want to be awake, and know, not stand  
 And stare at waving of a conjuror's hand

But is it speech  
 Wherewith they strive to reach  
 Our poor inadequate souls ?  
 The round earth rolls ,  
 I cannot hear it hum—  
 The stars are dumb—  
 The voices of the world are in my ear  
 A sensuous murmur Nothing speaks  
 But man, my fellow—him I hear,  
 And understand , but beasts and birds  
 And winds and waves are destitute of words  
 What is the alphabet  
 The gods have set ?

What babbling ! what delusion !  
 And in these sunset tints,  
 What gay confusion !  
 Man prints  
 His meaning, has a letter  
 Determinate I know that it is better  
 Than all this cumbrous hieroglyph—  
 The *For*, the *If*  
 Are growth of man's analysis  
 The gods in bliss  
 Scibble a baby-jargon on the skies  
 For us to analyse '  
 Cumbrous? nay, idiotic—  
 A party-coloured symbolism,  
 The fragments of a shivered prism  
 Man gives the swift demotic

'Tis good to see  
 The economy  
 Of poor upstiving man !  
 Since time began,  
 He has been sifting  
 The elements , while God, on chaos drifting,  
 Sows broadcast all His stuff  
 Lavish enough,  
 No doubt , but why this waste ?  
 See ! of these very sunset dies  
 The virgin chaste  
 Takes one, and in a harlot's eyes  
 Another 1ots They go by billion billions .  
 Each blade of glass  
 Ignores them as they pass ,  
 The spiders in their foul pavilions,  
 Behold this vulgar gear,  
 And snee! ;

Dull fogs  
In bogs  
Catch 10sy gleams through 1ushes,  
And know that night is near ,  
Wrong-headed th1ushes  
Blow bugles to it ;  
And a wrong-headed poet  
Will stut, and strain the cogs  
Of the machine, he blushes  
To call his Muse, and maundei ,  
And, maivellous to relate !  
These pseudo-messengers of state  
Will wande1  
Where there is no intelligence to meet them,  
Nor even a sensoum to greet them  
The very finest of them  
Go where there's nougt to love them  
Or notice them to cairns, to rocks  
Where ravens nurse their young,  
To mica-splints from granite-boulders wiung  
By channels of the marsh, to stocks  
Of old dead willows in a pool as dead  
Can anything be said  
To these ? The leech  
Looks from its muddy lau,  
And sees a silly something in the air—  
Call you this *speech* ?  
O God, if it be speech,  
Speak plamer,  
If Thou would'st teach  
That I shall be a gainer !  
The age of picture-alphabets is gone  
We aie not now so weak ;  
We are too old to con  
The ho1n-book of ou1 youth. Time lags—

O, rip this obsolete blazon into rags !  
And speak ! O, speak !

But, if I be a spectacle  
In Thy great theatre, then do Thy will  
Arrange Thy instruments with circumspection ;  
Summon Thine angels to the vivisection !  
But quick ! O, quick !  
For I am sick,  
And very sad.  
Thy pupils will be glad  
“See,” Thou exclaim’st, “this ray !  
How permanent upon the retina !  
How odd that purple hue !  
The pineal gland is blue  
I stick this probe  
In the posterior lobe—  
Behold the cerebellum  
A smoky yellow, like old vellum !  
Students will please observe  
The structure of the optic nerve  
See ! nothing could be finer—  
That film of pink  
Around the hippocampus minor  
Behold !  
I touch it, and it turns bright gold  
Again !—as black as ink  
Another lancet—thanks !  
That’s Man—  
Yes, the delicate pale sea-green  
Passing into ultra-marine—  
A little blunted—in fact  
This brain seems packed  
With sunsets Bring  
That battery here, now put your

Negative pole beneath the suture—  
That's just the thing  
Now then the other way—  
I say ! I say !  
More chloroform !  
(A little more will do no harm)  
Now this is the most instructive of all  
The phenomena, what in fact we may call  
The most obvious justification  
Of vivisection in general  
Observe (once ! twice !  
That's very nice)—  
Observe, I say, the incipient relation  
Of a quasi-moral activity  
To this physical agitation !  
Of course, you see . . .”  
Yes, yes, O God,  
I feel the prod  
Of that dissecting knife  
*Instructive*, say the pupil angels, *very*  
And some take notes, and some take sandwiches  
and sherry ,  
And some are prying  
Into the very substance of my brain--  
I feel their fingers !  
(My life ! my life !)  
Yes, yes ! it lingers !  
The sun, the sun—  
Go on ! go on !  
Blue, yellow, red !  
But please remember that I am not dead,  
Nor even dying

## RESPONDET ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ

YES, it is hard, but not for you alone  
 You speak of cup and throne,  
 And all that separates Me from you  
 It is not that you don't believe  
 It is but that you misconceive  
 The work I have to do

No throne, no cup,  
 Nor down, but likest up,  
 As from a deep black shaft, I look to see  
 The fabric of My own immensity  
 You have the temporal activity, and rejoice  
 In sweet articulate voice—  
 Tunes, songs.  
 To Me no less  
 Belongs  
 The fixed, sad fashion of productiveness  
 You think that I am wise,  
 Or cunning, clever as a man is clever  
 You think all knowledge with Me lies,  
 From Me must flow  
 I know not if I know—  
 But this I know, I will work on for ever.  
 You fret because you are not this and that,  
 And so you die,  
 But I,  
 Who have not sat  
 Since first into the void I swam,  
 Obeying Mine own laws,  
 Persist, because  
 I am but what I am

I am old and blind,  
I have no speech  
“Wherewith to reach”  
Your quick-selecting ears.  
And yet I mark your tears,  
And yet I would be kind  
And so I strain  
To speak, as now,  
And, in more cheerful vein,  
You haply will allow  
I make My meaning fainly plain  
Therefore it is I store  
Such beauty in the clouds, and on the shore  
Make foam-flakes glisten, therefore you have seen  
This sunset; therefore 'tis the green  
And lusty grass  
Hath come to pass,  
And flame  
Lies sparkling in the dews—  
And yet I cannot choose  
But do the same!  
I am no surgeon,  
I have no lancet, but I mingle  
Sap for the buds, that they may burgeon,  
And tingle  
With soft sweet thioes  
Of parturition vegetal  
And so to all  
The surfaces  
I outward press,  
And hold the very brink  
Of speech, that I would think  
Speech must come next  
But I can do no more wherefore I am not vexed  
But you are, being perplexed

With suppositions, scribbling o'er the text  
Of natural life And, seeing that this is so,  
And that I cannot know  
The innumerable ills,  
Therefore I strew the hills  
And valles with delight,  
That, day or night,  
In sad or merry plight,  
You may catch sight  
Of some sweet joy that thrills  
Your heart  
And what if I impair  
The same to frog or newt,  
What if I steep the root  
Of some old stump in bright vermilion,  
And if the spider in his quaint pavilion  
Catches a sunbeam where he thought a fly,  
Ah, why  
Should I not care for such ?  
I, Who make all things, know it is not much  
And, by analogy I must suppose  
They have their woes  
Like you  
Therefore I still must strew  
Joys that may wait for centuries,  
And light at last on Socrates,  
Or on the frog, whose eyes  
You may have noticed full of bright surprise—  
Or have you not ? Ah, then  
You only think of men !  
But I would have no single creature miss  
One possible bliss  
And this  
Is certain · never be afraid !  
I love what I have made

I know this is not wit,  
 This is not to be clever,  
 Or anything whatever  
 You see, I am a servant, that is it  
 You've hit  
 The mark—a servant, for the other word—  
 Why, you are Lord, if any one is Lord

## THE PRAYERS

I WAS in Heaven one day when all the prayers  
 Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs  
 Unto a place where he  
 Who was ordained such ministry  
 Should sort them so that in that palace bright  
 The presence-chamber might be duly dight,  
 For they were like to flowers of various bloom,  
 And a divinest fragrance filled the room.

Then did I see how the great sorte chose  
 One flower that seemed to me a hedgehog rose  
 And from the tangled press  
 Of that irregular loveliness  
 Set it apart—and—"This," I heard him  
 "Is for the Master" so upon his way  
 He would have passed, then I to him —  
 "Whence is this rose? O thou of cherubim  
 The chiefest?"—"Know'st thou not?" he said and  
 smiled,  
 "This is the first prayer of a little child"

## POIHMATION

FOR J. P.

IT was in pleasant Derbyshire,  
 Upon a bright spring day,  
 From a valley to a valley  
 I sought to find a way,  
 And I met a little lad,  
 A lad both blithe and bold,  
 And his eyes were of the blue,  
 And his hair was of the gold  
 "Ho! little lad, of yonder point  
 The name come quickly tell ' "  
 Then, prompt as any echo,  
 Came the answer — "Tap o' th' hill"  
 "But has it any other name  
 That a man may say—as thus—  
*Kinderscout, or Fairbrook Naze?*"  
 Then said the child, with constant gaze —  
 "Tap o' th' hill it gets with us."  
 "Yes, yes!" I said, "but has it not  
 Some other name as well?  
 Its own, you know?" "Aye, aye!" he said,  
 "Tap o' th' hill! tap o' th' hill!"  
 "But your father, now? how calls it he?"  
 Then clear as is a bell  
 Rang out the merry laugh — "Of course,  
 He calls it *Tap o' th' hill!*"  
 So I saw it was no use;  
 But I said within myself —  
 "He has a wholesome doctrine,  
 This cheerful little elf."

And O, the weary knowledge !  
 And O, the hearts that swell !  
 And O, the blessed limit—  
 “ Tap o’ th’ hill ! tap o’ th’ hill ! ”

## JUVENTA PERENNIS

IF youth be thine,  
 Spake not to drink its wine ,  
 If youth be fled,  
     Hold up  
     The golden cup—  
 God’s grapes are always red

## VESPERS

O BLACKBIRD, what a boy you are !  
 How you do go it !  
 Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star—  
 How you do blow it !  
 And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far ?  
 Or is it wasted breath ?  
 “ Good Lord ! she is so bright  
 To-night ! ”  
 The blackbird saith

I BENDED UNTO M<sup>L</sup>

I BENDED unto me a bough of May,  
 That I might see and smell  
 It bore it in a sort of way,  
 It bore it very well

But, when I let it backward sway,  
 Then it were hard to tell  
 With what a toss, with what a swing,  
 The dainty thing  
 Resumed its proper level,  
 And sent me to the devil  
 I know it did—you doubt it?  
 I turned, and saw them whispering about it.

IS IT *AMAVI* OR IS IT *AMO*?

SIT on the rocks and watch the tide  
     And which is ebb and which is flow,  
 And over to the other side.—  
     Is it *amavi* or is it *amo*?  
 Kneel at the altar of the years,  
     Take heart, and haply you shall know—  
 Look down into the fount of tears  
     Is it *amavi* or is it *amo*?

## A FRAGMENT

YON bird is strong to fly—  
 How straight the balanced pinions scoop  
 Twin scimitars, that cleave the cloudy group,  
 Or, rigid as a die,  
 Print their sad cypher on the polished sky!

## TO W. E. HENLEY

HENLEY, what mark you in the sunset glare ?  
 The year is dying is that the crimson splash  
 Wherewith he seals his testament ? the cash,  
 To some conveying of all things good and fair,  
 To others unutterable emptiness ? the stare  
 Of folly at a bubble tressed with tress,  
 Or at a flame, whose unsubstantial ash  
 Falls in a gaping darkness and despair ?  
 Friend, scholar loved, look longer : how it glows,  
 Not glares ! God opes a perspective to see  
 The chambers of the ivory palaces  
 And who is that within its encircling rose ?  
 Is it my Love that fondles some one ? Yes !  
 Some one ! O, yes ! Your darling ? Is it she ?

## WHEN LOVE MEETS LOVE

WHEN love meets love, breast urged to breast,  
 God interposes,  
 An unacknowledged guest,  
 And leaves a little child among our roses

O, gentle hap !  
 O, sacred lap !  
 O, brooding dove !  
 But when he grows  
 Himself to be a rose,  
 God takes him—where is then our love ?  
 O, where is all our love ?

## BETWEEN OUR FOLDING LIPS

BETWEEN our folding lips  
God slips  
An embryon life, and goes ,  
And this becomes your rose  
We love, God makes in our sweet mirth  
God spies occasion for a birth  
*Then is it His, or is it ours?*  
I know not—He is fond of flowers

## EX-ORE INFANTIS

HER husband died before her babe was born  
Two years ago *Converted?* Doubt and grief,  
Poor soul ! she felt. Her Methodist creed forsook  
Gave but a lenten substance of relief  
To-day, beneath the piteous gaze of morn,  
Her child is dying On his little brow  
Descends the veil, and all is over now—  
Not yet ! not yet ! For suddenly he springs,  
As who perceived the gleam of golden wings  
“Dada !” he cries, he knows his father’s face  
Never seen before O God, Thou giv’st the grace !  
O widowed heart ! They live in Heaven’s fair light,  
Your husband with his boy. The child was right

## O GOD TO THEE I YIELD

O GOD to Thee I yield  
 The gift Thou givest most precious, most divine !  
 Yet to what field  
 I must resign  
 His little feet  
 That wont to be so fleet,  
 I muse O, joy to think  
 On what soft bink  
 Of flood he plucks the daffodils,  
 On what empurpled hills  
 He stands, Thy kiss all fresh upon his brow,  
 And wonders, if his father sees him now !

## TO G. TRUSTRUM

GEORGE TRUSTRUM, ere the day be done,  
 I send a word to you  
 Pale primrose masked the rising sun,  
 The setting bids adieu  
 In roseate veil to all the fears  
 And all the hopes of bygone years.

And I look back to joys long fled—  
 The boat, the “yain,” the height  
 Of Biadda’s crown ; but you, instead,  
 Look forward with delight  
 God bless you ! may each sun that goes  
 Give you the primrose and the rose !

## AN AUTUMN TRINKET

Why does she burn  
These colours on my soul—where'er I turn,  
Splashes of flame and pyramids of fire  
That fill me with insatiate desire,  
Making me yearn  
For that which, with its own intensity  
Death-poisoned, hastens not to be ?

Even so, even so  
It is—the brightest and the dearest go .  
The thift of our great Mother calling back  
Her forces, that the Spring may have no lack  
Of customed show  
Not less to us the things that most we cherish  
Fade from our eyes, and perish, perish, perish !

## RECONCILIATION

THERE is a place where He hath split the hills ,  
No water fills  
The gap—  
A bow-shot wide  
Side stands to side,  
Indenture perfectly opposed,  
The outlet closed  
By seeming overlap—  
So severed are our hearts, so rent our wills ,  
And yet the old correlatives remain—  
Ah ! brother, may we not be joined again ?

SAD ! SAD !

O, SAD when grass is green,  
 O, sad when blue-bells blow,  
 Sad, sad 'mid lily sheen,  
 Laburnum's rippled glow,  
 And all the things that grow,  
 And are not sad—  
 Sad ! sad !

O, sad when lambkins skip,  
 O, sad when children play,  
 Sad, sad, when to my lip  
 Is pressed the dewy may,  
 And all the bright things say —  
 “Why art thou sad ?”  
 Sad ! sad !

Is it some tricksy Puck  
 That makes me causeless dole ?  
 Or does some vampire suck  
 The blood from out my soul ?  
 Or is it joy diviner,  
 Joy echoing in a minor,  
 Joy vibrant to its pole,  
 That seems but sad?—  
 Sad ! sad !

Is it the ebbing ghost  
 Of God that leaves me dry  
 Upon a weary coast,  
 Beneath a burning sky ?

Is it His voice afar  
 That booms upon the bair,  
 And makes me sigh,  
 And makes me sad ?  
 Sad ! sad !

Or does the old travail-pain  
 Resume the mother-grief ?  
 In some far orb again  
 Is boundless ransom priced  
 For others than for us ?  
 In Mars, or Uranus,  
 They crucify the Christ ?  
 So am I sad—  
 Sad ! sad !

One thing appears to me—  
 The work is not complete ;  
 One world I know, and see  
 It is not at His feet—  
 Not, not ! Is this the sum ?  
 Not, not ! the Heaven is dumb—  
 I bear His stigmata  
 Or not—ah, who shall say ?  
 Only it is most meet  
 That I be sad—  
 Sad ! sad !

IN a fair garden  
 I saw a mother playing with her child,  
 And, wrth that chance beguiled,  
 I could not choose but look

How she did seem to harden  
His little soul to brook  
Her absence—reconciled  
With after boon of kisses,  
And sweet irrational blisses  
For she would hide  
With loveliest grace  
Of seeming craft  
Till he was wae of none beside  
Himself upon the place,—  
And then he laughed,  
And then he stood a space  
Disturbed, his face  
Prepared for tears,  
And half-acknowledged fears  
Met would-be courage, balancing  
His heart upon the spring  
Of flight—till, waxing stout,  
He gulped the doubt  
So up the pleached alley  
Full swift he ran.  
Whence she,  
Not long delayed,  
Rushed forth with joyous sally  
Upon her little man  
Then was it good to see  
How each to other made  
A pretty rapture of discovery

Blest child! blest mother! blest the truth ye  
taught—  
God seeketh us, and yet He would be sought

## THE SCHOONER

JUST mark that schooner westward fair at sea—  
 'Tis but an hour ago  
 When she was lying hoggish at the quay,  
 And men ran to and fro,  
 And tugged, and stamped, and shoved, and pushed,  
 and swole,  
 And ever and anon, with ciapulous glee,  
 Gunned homage to viagoes on the shore

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled  
 Then one the tiller took,  
 And chewed, and spat upon his hand, and bawled ,  
 And one the canvas shook  
 Forth like a mouldy bat , and one, with nods  
 And smiles, lay on the bowsprit-end, and called  
 And cursed the Harbouri-master by his gods

And, rotten from the gunwale to the keel,  
 Rat-riddled, bilge-bestank,  
 Slime-slobbered, horible, I saw hei reel,  
 And diag hei oozy flank,  
 And sprawl among the deft young waves, that laughed,  
 And leapt, and turned in many a sportive wheel,  
 As she thumped onward with hei lumbering diaught.

And now, behold ' a shadow of repose  
 Upon a line of gray,  
 She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose—  
 She sleeps, and dreams away,  
 Soft-blended in a unity of rest  
 All jars, and stufes obscene, and turbulent thioes  
 'Neath the broad benediction of the West—

Sleeps, and methinks she changes as she sleeps,  
 And dies, and is a spirit pure  
 Lo' on her deck an angel pilot keeps  
 His lonely watch secure,  
 And at the entrance of Heaven's dockyard waits,  
 Till from Night's leash the fine-breath'd morning leaps,  
 And that strong hand within unbars the gates.

## EUROCLYDON

SCARCE loosed from C<sup>r</sup>e<sup>t</sup>e—  
 Then, borne on wings of flame  
 And sleet,  
 The Euroclydon came

Strained yard, bent mast,  
 With fury of his mouth  
 The blast  
 Compels us to the South

Canst see, for spume  
 And mist, and writhen air,  
 A loom  
 Of Claudi<sup>a</sup> anywhere?

Balked hopes, fooled wit!  
 Ah soul, to gain this loss,  
 Didst quit  
 The shelter of His cross?

Dear Lord, if Thou  
Wouldst walk upon the sea,  
My prow  
Unblenched should turn to Thee

Wind roars, wave yelps—  
To Thy blest side I'd slip,  
Use helps,  
And undergird the ship

## DISGUISES

HIGH stretched upon the swinging yard,  
I gather in the sheet ,  
But it is hard  
And stiff, and one cries haste  
Then He that is most dear in my regard  
Of all the crew gives aidance meet ;  
But from His hands, and from His feet,  
A glory spreads wherewith the night is staired  
Moreover of a cup most bitter-sweet  
With fragrance as of nard,  
And myrrh, and cassia spiced,  
He proffers me to taste  
Then I to Him —“Art Thou the Christ ? ”  
He saith—“Thou say'st ”

Like to an ox  
That staggers 'neath the mortal blow,  
She grinds upon the rocks —  
Then straight and low

Leaps forth the levelled line, and in our quarter  
 locks  
 The cradle's rigged ; with swerving of the blast  
 We go,  
 Our Captain last—  
 Demands  
 “Who fired that shot ?” Each silent stands—  
 Ah, sweet perplexity !  
 This too was He

I have an arbour wherein came a toad  
 Most hideous to see—  
 Immediate, seizing staff or goad,  
 I smote it cruelly  
 Then all the place with subtle radiance glowed—  
 I looked, and it was He !

## MY GARDEN

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot !  
 Rose plot,  
 Fringed pool,  
 Ferned grot—  
 The veriest school  
 Of peace ; and yet the fool  
 Contends that God is not—  
 Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?  
 Nay, but I have a sign ,  
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

## LAND, HO'

I KNOW 'tis but a loom of land,  
 Yet is it land, and so I will rejoice,  
 I know I cannot hear His voice  
     Upon the shore, nor see Him stand,  
     Yet is it land, ho ! land

The land ! the land ! the lovely land !  
 "Far off" dost say ? *Far off*—ah, blessed home  
 Farewell ! farewell ! thou salt sea-foam !  
     Ah, keel upon the silver sand—  
     Land, ho ! land.

You cannot see the land, my land,  
 You cannot see, and yet the land is there—  
 My land, my land, through murky air—  
     I did not say 'twas close at hand—  
     But—land, ho ! land.

Dost hear the bells of my sweet land,  
 Dost hear the kine, dost hear the meiny birds ?  
 No voice, 'tis true, no spoken words,  
     No tongue that thou may'st understand—  
     Yet is it land, ho ! land

It's clad in purple mist, my land,  
 In regal robe it is apparellèd,  
 A crown is set upon its head,  
     And on its breast a golden band—  
     Land, ho ! land.

Dost wonder that I long for land?  
 My land is not a land as others are—  
 Upon its crest there beams a staī,  
     And lilies grow upon the strand—  
     Land, ho' land.

Give me the helm! there is the land!  
 Ha' lusty maīneis, she takes the bīeze!  
 And what my spirit sees it sees—  
     Leap, bark, as leaps the thunderbiānd—  
     Land, ho' land.

## PRAESTO

EXPECTING Him, my dooī was open wide  
 Then I looked round  
 If any lack of service might be found,  
 And saw Him at my side  
 How entered, by what secret stair,  
 I know not, knowing only He was therē.

## EVENSONG

EASTWARD the valley of my soul was lit  
 This morning now the West hath laid  
 Upon its fields the festal robe,  
 And East hath shade  
 Full soon the night shall fit  
 Her staī-bespinkled serge  
 On hill, and rock, and bay,  
 But even then behind the mounting globe  
 God makes a verge  
 Of dawn that shall be day

## ABER STATIONS

## STATIO PRIMA

*WHY do I make so much of Aber Fall?*  
 Four years ago  
 My little boy was with me here—  
 That's all—  
 He died next year  
 He died just seven years old,  
 A very gentle child, yet bold,  
 Having no fear  
 You have seen such?  
 They are not much?  
 No . . . no.  
 And yet he was a very righteous child,  
 Stood up for what was right,  
 Intolerant of wrong—  
 Pure azuie light  
 Was cisterned in his eyes,  
 We thought him wise  
 Beyond his years—so sweet and mild,  
 But strong  
 For justice, doing what he could—  
 Poor little soul—to make all children good  
 I almost think—and yet I am to blame—  
 He was a different child from others,  
 He had three sisters and two brothers  
 He seemed a little king  
 Among the children—ah! 'tis a common thing—  
 Parents are all the same—  
 You've seen those kings—yes, yes—

Of course . . . and yet . . . the righteousness  
 The . . . Never mind ! he came  
 With me to Aber Fall—  
 That's all, that's all.

## STATIO SECUNDA

Just listen to the blackbird—what a note  
 The creature has ! God bless his happy throat !  
 He is so absolutely glad  
 I fear he will go mad.  
 Look here ! this very grit  
 I crush beneath my boot  
 His little foot  
 Trod crisp that day—  
 That's it ! that's it !  
 O, what is there to say ?  
 The little foot so warm and pink !  
 O, what is there to think ?  
 His mother kissed it every night  
 When she put out the light—  
 And where ?  
 What is it now ? a fascicle  
 Of crumbling bones  
 Jammed in with earth and stones.  
 You say that this is old,  
 A tale twice-told—  
 Say what you will  
 Old, new, I swear  
 That it is horrible—  
 Horrible, blackbird, howsoe'er  
 The Spring rejoice you with its budding bloom—  
 Yes, horrible, most horrible ! .  
 Though you should carol to the crack of doom,

Poor blackbird! being so absolutely glad—  
I hope he won't go mad

## STATIO TERTIA

The stream is very sweet  
To-day      Just see the swallow dart!  
How fleet!  
It sent a shiver to my heart  
*If he had lived,* you say—  
Well, well—if he had lived, what then?  
Some men  
Will always argue—yes, I know      of course  
The argument has force  
*If he had lived, he might have changed—*  
From bad to worse?  
Nay, my shiewd balance-setter,  
Why not from good to better?  
Why not to best? to joy  
And splendour? O, my boy!  
I did not want this argument in the least,  
My soul had ceased  
From doubt and questioning—  
That swallow's wing!  
What a transcendent rush!  
Hush! hush!  
Or, if you talk, talk low  
For      do you know  
Just as the swallow dipt,  
I felt as if a soft hand slipt  
Its fingers into mine      he's near  
He's with us . . . 'tis not right the child should  
hear  
This jangling . . . low then, low!  
Or this is better . . . go,

Go, darling, play upon the bank,  
 And prank  
 Your hair with daisy and with buttercup,  
 And we will meet you higher up  
 Now then      *If he had lived?* if my sweet  
                   son  
*Had lived?*      You state . . .  
 There! there!  
 'Tis gone, 'tis gone—  
 It was the swallow's dart  
 That sent a shiver to my heart.

## STATIO QUARTA

We have not seen the sun for many days,  
 But now through East-wind haze  
 He makes a shift  
 To send a luminous drift,  
 To which, as to his full unclouded splendor,  
 The meek, contented earth makes glad surrender  
 God bless the simple earth  
 That gave me birth!  
 God bless her that she looks so pleased—  
*The soul that is diseased*  
*With this world's sorrow*—Well, sin? ought to  
 look?  
*Beyond, and yet beyond not in this narrow nook*  
*Of His creation*  
*Will God make up His book*  
*The whole is one great scheme*  
*Of compensation—*  
*The net result*  
*Is all I too have had my dream,*  
 As from my nonage dedicate a μόστης  
 Of that great cult.

I saw Lord Love upon his galley pass  
 Westward from Cyprus, smooth as glass  
 The sea was all before him He, as κελαιστής,  
 Stood at the stern, and piped  
 The rhythms, but, ever and anon,  
 As worked upon  
 By some familiar Fury, grasping a scourge  
 (An amethyst  
 Fastened it to his wrist . . . Love's wrist !,  
 He ran along the *transīa*, and did urge  
 The oarsmen, and striped  
 Their backs with blood, whereat they leapt  
 Like maddened hounds, and swept  
 The sea until it hissed  
 Then I —  
 "Lord Love, what means this cruelty ?"  
 But he to me  
 Deigned no reply  
 Only I saw his face was wet with tears,  
 And he did look "beyond, and yet beyond"  
 But those men, fond  
 And fatuous, never turned  
 Their eyes from his, but yearned  
 With an insensate yearning, having confidence  
 That so it must be, but on what pretence  
 I know not—Ah, most cruel lord !  
 Ah, knotted cord !  
 Dullplash  
 Of livid tissues' flash  
 Of oars that smote the water to a hum  
 Come, come !  
 You've had enough of this—  
 But what I meant, and what you seemed to miss,  
 Was simply how the meek, contented earth,  
 That gave me birth,

Was pleased . . .  
 Then you of *soul diseased*,  
 And what not . . . excellent !  
 But that is what I meant.

## STATIO QUINTA

The shepherd calls—  
 How these great mountain walls  
 Re-echo ! See his dog  
 Come limping from the bog !  
 How far he holds him  
 With that thin clamour ! Scolds him ?  
 Or cheers him—which ?  
 Say both—most like The pitch  
 Is steep, poor fellow !  
 And still that bellow—  
 Ya, ya !  
 Whoop ! tittiva !  
 And Echo from her niche  
 Shrieks challenged Shout,  
 O shepherd ! flout  
 The irritable Echo till she raves !  
*As man behaves,*  
*So God apportions, doing what is best*  
*For you, and for the rest*  
*As man behaves ?* You do not help me much,  
 Nay, sir, nor touch  
 The central point at all—  
 Retributive, mechanical—  
 I see it But outside all this  
 I miss I miss  
 Sir, know you Death ? Permit me introduce . . .  
 No ? *What's the use ?*  
 The use ! . . . One thing I can collect,

You have but scant respect  
 For Death Why, sir, he made a feint  
 That very minute at you—quaint '  
 The way he grins and skips—  
 Whips ! whips !  
 Down ! down ! good dog ! good Death !  
 To heel, you rogue !  
 Good Death ! good dog !  
 You'd rather not behold him ?  
 I've told him—  
 I' faith,  
 He'd fighthen you, would Death.  
*Provoked me*—yes, you did—  
 The shepherd chid  
 His lagging hound—  
 I had no other thought  
 But how mad Echo caught  
 The sound  
 Of that exasperiant call,  
 And made it bound  
 Back from the mountain wall.

## STATIO SEXTA

Ha ! snow  
 Upon the crags !  
 How slow  
 The winter lags !  
 Ha, little lamb upon the crags,  
 How fearlessly you go !  
 Take care  
 Up there,  
 You little woolly atom ! On and on  
 He goes — 'tis steep Hillo !  
 My friend is gone,

Friend orthodoxy-logical—  
 He could not argue with a waterfall !  
 And here it is—my Abel        Stay !  
 I'll cross  
 This way .  
 The moss  
 Upon these stones is dripping with the spray—  
 And now one turn, left hand,  
 And I shall stand  
 Before the very rock    not yet .    not yet !  
 O let me think !   No, no !   I don't forget  
 (Forget!)—but this is sacred . . . peace, then,  
 peace !

\*Release

From all dead things, that serve not to present  
 At my soul's grate the lovely innocent  
 He had heard some idle talk  
 Of how his father had great strength to walk  
 And climb ;  
 And so he thought that he must lose no time,  
 But instantly addressed  
 His little breast  
 To that tall cliff,  
 Smooth, perpendicular, too stiff  
 For cragsman from the wildest Hebrides,—  
 But he did bend his knees,  
 And spread his little arms, and laid  
 His body to the work, and made  
 Such genuine effort of ascent  
 As though he meant  
 To reach the top, of course, and had no doubt  
 Of what he was about—  
 So serious—no passing whim—  
 O, no ! 'Twas thus his father clomb  
 And he had come

To climb like him  
And is he here ?  
O Biaddan, are you here ?  
O darling, have no fear !  
Speak to me ! breathe some fond thing in my ear !  
But what should Biaddan know  
Of me, and what I am,  
And what I want—the little lamb !  
What should he know,  
Who foun brief years ago  
Knew only what a little child should know !  
Should some kind angel, who doth teach my child,  
Some angel with the love-deep eyes,  
Some angel charged to keep him undefiled,  
Hear my sad cries,  
And bring him unto me,  
Is my whole heart a thing for him to see ?  
Am I prepared that his sweet honesty  
Should search it through and through ?  
O, eyes of honest blue !  
O, fearless eyes !  
O, mild surprise !  
O, is there one, one chamber of my heart  
That's fit  
For him to sit  
Therein, till it is time to part ?  
O! could I come to him ?  
No matter where—  
Swim,  
Swim the dark river, and be there ?  
Could a deep acquiescence  
Convey me to his presence ?  
And if it could,  
What were it after all  
But as a young prince stood

Upon the city wall,  
 And saw his foster father at the gate,  
 And wondered at his mean estate,  
 And made no sign  
 Unto the warders? But my Braddan's mine!  
 Mine! mine! and none's beside!  
 O helpless men, has everything been tried?  
 Where does the secret bide?  
 Is it a simple thing perhaps?  
 Yea, after all, a very simple thing,  
 That through the lapse  
 Of all the ages any tide  
 Might bring,  
 Nay, every tide has brought  
 Up to the level of our thought?  
 Is the blest converse that I crave  
 The function of a faculty we have,  
 But know not how to use, being, by some dark  
 mischance,  
 Time-prisoned in a rooted ignorance?  
 A faculty which, if no God forbade it,  
 An accident might bring to light,  
 And some one, somewhere, waking in the night,  
 Would know he had it.  
 But we are cumbered with our egotisms,  
 A thousand prisms,  
 Hung round our souls, refraint the single ray,  
 That else would show us instantly the way  
 So even now, when my sad heart aspires  
 To height of paramount desires,  
 These verses mock it  
 With their rhyme-jangles, frustrate as a rocket,  
 That mounts, and breaks, and falls in coloured  
     fading fires  
 A curse

Upon the impotent verse '  
 Yet, no !  
 Not so—  
 It may be that in these  
 The soul shall yet win something more than ease,  
 For song is of the essence, and who sings  
 Touches the central springs—  
 Ah, vain imaginings !  
 Let be ! let be !  
 O Braddan, pity me !  
 Yes, yes !  
 I know there is another way—press, press,  
 And I will press, sweet Braddan  
 Sink, thought ! sink, sink !  
 To think  
 Is but to madden  
 Stop, heart !  
 You have no part  
 In this—die, soul,  
 Die, die ! it must be soon—  
 The barrier's but a film, one gasp, and I shall swoon  
 Into his arms—  
 Braddan ! why, Braddan ! see, I keep my tryst—  
 O God ! O Christ !  
 That snow  
 Is very slow  
 To disappear how winter lags !  
 I see the dam  
 Upon the crags,  
 But nowhere can I see the little lamb.

## STATIO SEPTIMA

The heavens are very blue  
 Above the western hill,

The earth is very still—  
 I will draw near, and view  
 The spot  
 Where he is      not  
 But O dear cliff, O big, good-natured giant,  
 I think some delicate dint must still remain  
 On your broad surface, from the stain  
 Of limbs so sweetly plant.  
 Behold !  
 The lamb ! the lamb ! fallen from the very rock !  
 Cold ! cold !  
 Dead ! dead !  
 His little head  
 Rests on the very block  
 That Braddan trod—  
 Dear lambs ! twin lambs of God !  
 Old cliff, such things  
 Might move some stubborn questionings—  
 But now I question not—  
 See, see ! the waterfall  
 Is robed in rainbows—what !  
 Our lambs ? My Braddan shall have charge  
 Of him, and lead him by the maige  
 Of some bright stream celestial.  
 Braddan shall be a happy shepherd boy ,  
 No trouble shall annoy  
 That soft green pasture—Ah, Murillo, saint !  
 Kind friend ! that for all sorrowing hearts didst  
     paint  
 John Baptist and the Lamb—those arms thrown  
     round  
 That neck ! Forgive me, God, that I have found  
 Some comfort in this little parable—  
 It gives me strength to climb the hill,  
 And humbly so return—

God bless the merry bairn !  
 I have no will  
 But thine, O God ! I know that Thou art true—  
 Be blue, O heavens, be blue !  
 Be still, O earth, be still !

LLANFIRIELCHYN,  
*April 17, 1879*

## A MORNING WALK

"Lie there," I said, "my Sorrow ! lie thou there !"  
 And I will drink the lissome air,  
 And see if yet the heavens have gained their blue."  
 Then rose my Sorrow as an aged man,  
 And stared, as such a one will stare,  
 A querulous doubt through tears that freshly ran,  
 Wherefore I said —"Content ! thou shalt go too "

So went we through the sunlit crocus-glade,  
 I and my Sorrow, casting shade  
 On all the innocent things that upward press,  
 And coax for smiles but, as I went, I bowed,  
 And whispered —"Be no whit afraid !  
 He will pass sad and gentle as a cloud—  
 It is my Sorrow ; leave him unto me."

And every floweret in that happy place  
 Yearned up into the weary face  
 With pitying love, and held its golden breath,  
 Regardless seeming he, as though within  
 Was nothing apt for then sweet grace,  
 Nor any sense save such as is akin  
 To charnel glooms and emptiness of death.

Then sung a lusty bird, whose throat was clear  
 And strong with elemental cheer,  
 Till very heaven seemed lifted with the joy .  
 Jet after jet tumultuous music burst  
 Fount-like, and filled the expanding sphere ,  
 Whereat my soul was fain to slake its thirst,  
 Intent, and ravished with that blest employ

The songster ceased —articulate as a bell,  
 The rippling echoes fell and fell

Upon the shore of silence. Then I turned  
 To call upon my Sorrow—he was not ,  
 But O, what splendour filled the dell !  
 There ! there ! O, there ! upon the very spot  
 Where he had been an awful glory burned.

It was as though the mouth of God had kissed  
 And purled into amethyst

Wan lips, as though red-quicken<sup>•</sup> ichor rills  
 Had flushed his heart 'twas he no more, no more !  
 'Twas *she*, my soul's evangelist,  
 My rose, my love, and lovelier than before,  
 Dew-nurtured on the far Celestial hills

"O love," I cried, "I come, I come to thee !  
 Stay ! stay !" But softly, silently,  
 As pales the moon before the assault of day,  
 So, spectral-white against the brighter blue,  
 Faded my darling But with me  
 Walks never more that shadow God is true,  
 And God was in that bird, believe it as ye may

## EPISTOLA AD DAKYNS

DAKYNS, when I am dead,  
Three places must by you be visited,  
Three places excellent,  
Where you may ponder what I meant,  
And then pass on—  
Three places you must visit when I'm gone  
Yes, *meant*, not *did*, old friend !  
For neither you nor I shall see the end,  
And do the thing we wanted  
Nathless three places will be haunted  
By what of me  
The earth and all  
Shall spare,  
And fire and sea  
Let be—  
Three places only,  
Three places, Dakyns

## I

The first is by the Avon's side,  
Where tall rocks flank the winding tide  
There come when morning's virgin kiss  
Awakes from dreams the clematis,  
And every thorn and briar is set  
As with a diamond coronet—  
There come, and pause upon the edge,  
And I will lean in every ledge,  
And melt in grays, and flash in whites,  
And linger in a thousand lights ,

And yield in bays, and urge in capes,  
And fill the old familiar shapes ;  
And yearn in curves, and strain to meet  
The pensive pressure of your feet  
And you shall feel an inner sense,  
A being kindled and intense ;  
And you shall feel a strict control,  
A something drawing at your soul,  
A going out, a life suspended,  
A spirit with a spirit blended.  
And you shall start as from a dream,  
While I, withdrawing down the stream,  
Drift vaporous to the ancient sea,  
A wraith, a film, a memory—  
Three places, Dakyns

## II

The next is where a hundred fells  
Stand round the Lake like sentinels,  
Where Derwent, like a sleeping beauty,  
Girdled with that watchful duty,  
At Skiddaw's foot securely lies,  
And gives her bosom to the skies.  
O, come ! and I will bid the moon  
All subtle harmonies attune  
That live in shadows and in heights,  
A mystic chorus of delights  
O, come where many an island bevels  
Its strand to meet the golden levels !  
O, lay your heart upon each line,  
So diamond-cut and crystalline,  
That seams the marble of the mere,  
And smoothes all trouble, calms all fear,  
With that sweet natural straightness, free

From effort or inconstancy.  
O, draw your thought with all its passion  
Along the melancholy fashion  
Of foims accentuate with the beat  
Of the great Master's rhythmic feet  
But when upon the finest verge  
The sense no further flight can urge,  
When the full orb of contemplation  
Is stretched, a nameless tribulation  
Shall sway the whole, a silent stress  
Borne in upon that loveliness ,  
A burden as of human ills,  
A human trouble in the hills ,  
A quickening pulse in earth and sky,  
And you shall know that it is I—  
Three places, Dakyns.

## III

The next is where God keeps for me  
A little island in the sea,  
A body for my needs, that so  
I may not all unclothed go,  
A vital instrument whereby  
I still may commune with the sky,  
When death has loosed the plaited strands,  
And left me feeling for the lands.  
Ever now between its simple poles  
It has the soul of all my souls.  
But then—whatever I have been,  
Whatever felt, whatever seen,  
Whatever guessed, or understood,  
The tones of right, the tints of good,  
The loves, the hates, the hopes, the feaſs,  
The gathered strength of all my years—

All that my life has in me wrought  
Of complex essence shall be brought  
And wedded to those primal forms  
That have their scope in calms and storms,  
Attuned to the swells and falls  
Of Nature's holy intervals.  
And, old coeval use surviving,  
No need shall be for any striving,  
No need from point to point to press,  
And swell the growing consciousness,  
But in a moment I shall sit  
Sphered in the very heart of it.  
And every hill from me shall shoot,  
And spread as from a central root,  
And every crag and every spur  
To me its attitude refer ;  
And I shall be the living heart,  
And I shall live in every part,  
With elemental cares engrossed,  
And all the passion of the coast.  
Come then, true Dakyns, be the test  
Most meet to make me manifest !  
Come, and immediate recognise  
To all your moods the dumb replies  
Or stretch across a kindly void  
The golden life-chords unalloyed  
With thought, and instant they shall wake  
The music they were made to make  
Thus shall you grow into a sense  
Of islandhood, not taking thence  
Some pretty surfaces and angles,  
Tricking your soul, as with fine spang...  
A savage studs his wampum belt,  
But patient till the whole is felt,  
And you become incorporate

Into an undivided state.  
Then shall your body be as dead ,  
And you shall take to you instead  
The system of the natural powers,  
The heath that blooms, the cloud that lowers,  
The antithesis of things that bide,  
The cliff, the beach, the rock, the tide—  
The lordly things, whose generous feud  
Is but a fixed vicissitude.  
Wherefore, O Maughold, if he come,  
If Dakyns come,  
Let not a voice be dumb  
In any cave ;  
Fling up the wave  
In wreaths of giddy spray ;  
O'er all the bay  
Flame out in gorse around the “kern,”<sup>1</sup>  
And let his heart within him burn,  
Until he gains the slope  
Where, in the “sure and certain hope,”  
Sleep the long rows :  
Then let him quench the fiery gleams  
In Death's gray shadow of repose,  
As one who dreams  
He knows not what, and yet he knows  
I have her there  
That was a bud so rare.  
But, Bradda, if he come to you,  
I charge you to be true !  
Sit not all sullen by the sea,  
But show that you are conscious it is he.  
It is no vulgar tread  
That bends the heath  
Broad be the heavens spread

<sup>1</sup> Cairn

Above, the sea beneath  
 Blue with *that* blue !  
 And let the whispering airs  
 Move in the feirs By those strong prayers  
 Which rent my heart that day as lightning rends a  
 cloud,  
 And tips it till it glares  
 To open view by all the vows I vowed,  
 I charge you, and I charge you by the tears  
 And by the passion that I took  
 From you, and flung them to the vale,  
 And had the ultimate vision, do not fail !  
 Three places only—  
 Three places, Dakyns

CIRTON, December 1869

## NATURE AND ART

## I

I ONCE loved Nature so that man was nought,  
 And nought the works of man  
 Whether the human force that inward wrought  
 My vital needs outran,  
 And, bidden by great Pan,  
 In its all-quickenings arms the visible deadness caught ;  
 Or was it accident of time and place ?  
 For men were few to see  
 Where I was reared, and Nature's copious grace  
 Of form and colour free  
 Eclipsed the piety  
 Of childish social loves, and motions of the race ;

I know not quite · but this to me is known,  
 That, with a soft unrest,  
 Soul unto soul in perfect aptness grown,  
 I drew her to my breast,  
 A personal creature pressed,  
 Full of a passionate will, and moods that were her  
 own.

Her own, yet, modulate and tuned to mine,  
 She shaped her meek replies  
 So that I ne'er bethought me to divine  
 If in her wondrous eyes  
 A light congenial lies,  
 Or, sprung from alien blood, insensate glories shiner

If homogeneous with me or not,  
 The question never tried me,  
 O! when, or wherefore, or of whom begot .  
 She seemed to stand outside me,  
 To soothe me and to guide me,  
 Another, or myself reflex, who cared one jot ?

Thrice blest if I might ram on fell o! shore  
 In exquisite solitude,  
 And uncontroll'd the ὀρυστὸς pour  
 That with its interlude,  
 Far from all discord rude,  
 Comes once to fresh young hearts, and comes not  
 Evermore

O, poet-flush of all-compelling youth !  
 O, great interpreter !  
 O, artist prescient of the higher truth !  
 O, confident Lucifer !  
 O, nobly prone to err !  
 O, shadowless of doubt ! O, innocent of ruth !

O, instinct vast ! O, indiscriminate mind !  
 Not thus, but hesitant long,  
 That sculptor won the marble to be kind ,  
 Thus rather, right or wrong  
 Untaught, Ixion strong  
 Held Nephele in arms a god might not unbind.

Then came the interact of will on will  
 The monad soul to frame ;  
 And I was one of many, passion still,  
 And use, and praise, and blame,  
 The different, the same,  
 Shaping the definite self with change of good and ill

A man with other men I had to dwell ;  
 I had to love and hate,  
 To traffic with my heart, to buy and sell  
 Love's wares at current rate,  
 Mine enemies in the gate  
 With keen-edged sword of speech to harass and to  
 quell

Wherefore I come a being manifold,  
 Nature, to sue thy grace  
 It is not that my heart is growing cold,  
 If, conscious of my race,  
 I look into thy face  
 With a less simple trust than that I felt of old

It is because thou seem'st at our alarms  
 Unmoved the ages fall  
 Helpless from out the rigour of thine aims,  
 Thou heeding not at all  
 If bridal veil or pall  
 Illustrate or obscure the glory of thy charms.

It is because, with all thy loveliness,  
Thou hast no delicate flush  
Of feeling instant in its brimmed excess,  
And rippled at the brush  
Of lightest thought the hush  
Is thine of ordered change, fixed and emotionless

It is because thou canst not apprehend  
Beyond our simplest needs,  
Because, obedient to thy native end,  
Thou knowest only deeds  
Where link to link succeeds,  
And no irrational gaps the golden sequence rend

It is because the tracks of errant souls  
Appear to thee so straight  
Unskilled to mark how latent force controls  
The bias and the rate,  
How inward-grasping fate  
Collects the various lines, and diverse sends the bowls.

Moreover, all the things that men have done,  
The things that men have said,  
Have made another light beneath the sun,  
Another darkness shed,  
Another soul-stream fed,  
To cool in other wells, o'er other wells to run.

I grant thou hast the very notes of prime,  
But of the thousand tunes  
Wherewith our summer loads the growing time,  
The joyaunce of our Junes,  
The full chromatic noons,  
There is no scale to fit thy diapason chime.

No! wilt thou, kindly monished, recognise  
 Of life the complex game.  
 We are not now as when, 'neath kindlier skies  
 Begot, to that great dame  
 Th' auroral offspring came;  
 We are no babes astide upon Eve's awful thighs

So, haply, one has known a foster-sister,  
 And, when the years have gone,  
 Has felt, with all his hopes, as if he missed her,  
 And come, and looked upon  
 Her face, and proved anon  
 Her eyes were meaningless, and, sadly silent, kissed  
 her

## II

O, Heaven! the mannikin! Is this gratitude?  
 "A foster-sister," saidst thou?  
 "A complex game?" What fell Locusta stewed  
 That damnèd fucus? Spread'st thou  
 The stuff upon thee? wed'st thou  
 That specious harlotry from Hell's black bosom  
 Spewed?

Up, up! for shame! She is thy sister—love her,  
 Come to her yet again  
 Think not thine own quintessenced self above her!  
 O, see how she is fair  
 Her shyness to explain!  
 O, understand the blush her virgin cheek doth cover!

*Eve, Adam!* Yes, and all that Eden sap—  
 Is it impossible?  
 'Twould do thee good to lie in her great lap,

To have thy utmost will,  
 To fill thy utmost fill,  
 Creamed from the copious duct of that primeval pap.

Thou talk'st of music, and of tunes accord  
 With specialties to flit—  
 What wouldst thou have? a homily—good lord!  
 A logic malapert,  
 With pretty fence expeit,  
 The play of thy caprice infallible to ward?

O fool! O fool! This is the very acme  
 Far, far within the cells  
 Of winding thought, where man may never track me  
 She takes me, and she tells  
 The quaintest things, and spells  
 Ineffable spirit-tunes, and lulls the cares that rack me.

O, twilight bliss! O, happy even-song!  
 How well I know thy power!  
 O heather bells, that peal you faint ding-dong!  
 O bee, in sunny hour  
 Urging from flower to flower  
 The shrill-resounding brass of thy most patient gong!

O prelude of the windy-wailing morn!  
 O long-drawn moorland whistle!  
 O rustling of the multitudinous corn!  
 O sough of reed or thistle!  
 O holy, holy missal  
 Intoned by hooded clouds! O joy that I was born!

But thou'rt a being manifold—alack!  
 And tak'st the simple sense  
 Into thy crucible, and giv'st it back

Brain-filtered and intense,  
And Nature is too dense,  
Forsooth ! to hit thy scope, and imitate the knack !

Nay, what is this thou of thyself hast made ?  
Is this *development* ?  
O Lord of all the souls ! is this the trade  
For which we here were sent ?  
Is't not an accident,  
By-play of function-work, by casual contact swayed ?

'Tis not essential, though the world is roomy,  
That I should coexist  
With any animal *bipes implume* :  
It is the core and gist  
Of life that I should list  
To Nature's voice alone, and hearken if she woo me.

But, as it is, innumerous bipeds press  
And crowd on one another,  
Nor would I have one animal the less ,  
And I must know my brother,  
Some odd misgivings smother,  
And smile, and chat, and take my commons with the  
mess

Of course, the absolutest slave that crawls  
Is social : so am I  
I have a place, I live within four walls—  
Even horse to horse will try  
Some matter of reply,  
And hear his neighbour munch, and whinny o'er the  
stalls.

But this is accident, casual relation,  
Wholly subordinate  
To the main purport of our earthly station,  
Which is to permeate  
One soul with fullest freight  
Of constant natural forms, not factual complication.

Else were our life both frivolous and final,  
A mere skirmishy,  
Not succulent of growth, not officinal  
To what shall after be,  
But Fortune's devilry  
Of Harlequin with smirk theatro-columbinal—

A changeling life, that to the world's great heart  
Just leans its elfish lips,  
And soon falls off, and dies an imp confest,  
And seeks the void, and skips,  
As the dull Fury whips  
The ineffectual ghosts, and drives it with the rest  
And, if the man has 'scaped such inanition,  
Then why, returning here,  
Does he not speak the language of contrition,  
And strip the base veneer  
From his poor soul, and fear,  
And seek the long-lost love that saved him from  
perdition ?

What means this talk of "complex game," and matters  
That she "cannot divine"?  
I tear this wretched sham of his to tatters.  
O, blessed nature-wine!  
O, sacred anodyne!  
He is fact-poisoned, he! and knows not what he  
chatters.

Let him come humbly, let him make confession  
 It is no fault of hers  
 If he is all too dull to catch th' expression  
 Of her great thought, or blurs  
 Its mobile signatures  
 With mediate glare of self, and balks the true  
 possession

O sweet Titania, bedded in the lilies!—  
 I hate to think of it—  
 Planking that ass's head with daffodillies,  
 That in his puzzled wit  
 Knows not thou art more fit  
 To hold in odorous arms the Peleid Achilles!

And yet he says, his lip fastidious-curled —  
 "She's unappreciative"  
 Take him, good Puck! I pr'ythee have him hauled  
 To where he is more native,  
 To chums communicative—  
 Snout, Snug, the parish club he fondly calls the world!

For me the happiness—my good I find  
 In Nature's energies,  
 And am not frustrate. Nature is not blind  
 In promptings such as these,  
 But holds the secret keys,  
 Wherewith the waids that fence our hope she can  
 unwind.

---

Both wrong, both right. 'Tis God appoints our  
 state—  
 Nature and Art are one—

True art, true nature, never separate  
 In things beneath the sun  
 So is His pleasure done,  
 Who moulds the wills of men, and grasps the bars of  
 fate

## LIFE

O LIFE of man, if life 'tis meet to call  
 This rolling with a rolling ball  
 Some seventy periods round the sun—  
 O life, that only art to have begun  
 A life, then straight art not a life at all

O rigid curve mechanical,  
 If thou wert only absolute,  
 If all our energies were summed in thee,  
 If one great pathos thrilled the iron ring,  
 If, points upon the circle, fixed and mute  
 We felt the dominant spring  
 And strain of power, then were it blest to be'—

Not death would all be death, if, truly free,  
 We had the motion of the sphere,  
 If no quick atom jaded  
 Oblique, and crossed the act divine,  
 And vexed the loyal round with idiot cheer  
 Of self, and scrabbled all the line  
 With zigzags of the will, and kindly oneness  
 marred.

## ALMA MATER

O MOTHER Earth, by the bright sky above thee,  
I love thee, O, I love thee !

And yet they say that I must leave thee soon ,  
    And if it must be so,

Then to what sun or moon

    Or star I am to go,

    Or planet, matters not for me to know

O mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee,  
I love thee, O, I love thee !

O, whither will you send me ?

O, wherefore will you rend me

    From your warm bosom, mother mine ?—

I can't fix my affections

On a state of conic sections,

And I don't care how old Daedalus

May try to coax and wheedle us

With wings he manufactures,

Sure to end in compound fractures,

    Or in headers at right-angles to the brine—

O mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee,

I love thee, O, I love thee !

I cannot leave thee, mother

I love thee, and not another ;

And I can't say " man and brother "

To a shadowy abstraction,

To an uncomfortable fraction,

To the skeletons of quiddities,

And similar stupidities

Have mercy, mother, mercy !  
 The unjustest of *novercae*  
 Sometimes leaves off her snarlings  
 At her predecessor's darlings ;  
 And thou art *all* my mother,  
 I know not any other.

O mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee,  
 I love thee, O, I love thee !

So let me leave thee never,  
 But cling to thee for ever,  
 And hover round thy mountains,  
 And flutter round thy fountains,  
 And pry into thy roses fresh and red ;  
 And blush in all thy blushes,  
 And flush in all thy flushes,  
 And watch when thou art sleeping,  
 And weep when thou art weeping,  
 And be carried with thy motion,  
 As the rivers and the ocean,  
 As the great rocks and the trees are,  
 And all the things one sees are—  
 O mother, this were glorious life,  
 This were not to be dead  
 O mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee,  
 I love thee, O, I love thee !

## TRITON ESURIENS

How cold and hungry is the sea to-day,  
 How clamorous against the thrifty shore,  
 That yields not of her store  
 Save sands, and weeds, and pebbles of the bay !  
 “ Give more ! give more ! ”

Methinks I hear him say ;  
 " And drive the hunger of my heart away !

" Give me of sunny flowers, of golden grain,  
 Of meadows sopped with sippings of the dew ;  
 Small loss it were to you,  
 To me great solace of my endless pain ;  
 For few ! ah, few !  
 And shadowy and vain  
 The joys that haunt my solitary reign !

" Take me for ever to your constant breast,  
 O land, O lovely, most unchanging land !  
 Can you not understand  
 How all my restlessness desires your rest ?  
 What murderer's bland  
 Is stamped by God's behest  
 Upon this brow, that you should loathe my quest ?

" O mute, insensate land ! nor voiceless she,  
 For she can speak, and I have heard her speak,  
 When zephyrs kissed her cheek,  
 Love-whispering in the twilight on the lea ;  
 Then, hushed, and meek,  
 I've heard her gentle glee,  
 And schooled my heart to think 'twas not for me

" Sometimes at evening I have heard you pray,  
 And listened, looking up the misty glen,  
 And only said *Amen*,  
 Else silent, lest one sound uncaught should stray ;  
 And then, O then !  
 ' Our Father,' you did say ,  
 But I have been a wanderer wild alway.

"O, I am hungry, hungry at my heart !  
 Give me, O, give me, even of thy worst !  
 Give, as to one accoust,  
 Dear moorlands, and all rushy fens, where start  
 Black streams, that, nurst  
 In barrenness, must part !  
 Give me but wastes and snippets of the chait !"

Thus speaks the sea, his hue all ashen gray  
 With paleness of inveterate desues ;  
 Then on the ebb retires—  
 Full strange it seems that that cold heart should sway  
 With passionate fires !  
 But ah ! my soul can say  
 How vain it is when she requires  
 The coast, so near, yet on whose absolute spires  
 Looms the sad frown of an eternal "Nay"

## ISRAEL AND HELLAS

I SOMETIMES wonder of the Grecian men,  
 If all that was to them for life appears  
 Simple, full-orbed, they float across our ken,  
 And to their modern feres  
 Present the gathered light of all their years.

But was it all—the utmost of their reach—  
 That unto us the sedulous scribe has passed ?  
 To carve on marble-slabs of that great speech  
 Great thoughts, that so might last—  
 Was that the single aim their copious souls forecast ?

On them, high-strung (for so it seems to us),  
 Did no kind god distil a wholesome ease?  
 Laughed no fair child for good Herodotus?  
 Looked there no maiden of the midland seas  
 Into thy clear gray eyes, Thucydides?

One life, one work—was this to them the all—  
 God's purpose marked, and followed fair and  
 true?  
 Or were they slaves like us, whom doubts enthrall—  
 A hesitant, futile crew,  
 Who know not what our Lord would have us do?

Was mind supreme? Was animal craving nought?  
 Or that the essence? this the accident?  
 Did it suffice them to have nobly thought?  
 And, the whole impulse spent,  
 Did the vexed waters meet in smoothness of content?

They ate, they drank, they married in the prime,  
 And tied their souls with natural, homely needs,  
 They bowed before the beadles of the time,  
 And wore the common weeds,  
 And fed the priests, and managed the creeds.

Or were they happier, breathing social free,  
 No smug respectability to pat  
 And soothe with pledges of equality,  
 Ironical, whereat  
 The goodman glows through all his realms of fat?

And was it possible for them to hold  
 A creed elastic in that lightsome air,  
 And let sweet fables droop in flexible fold  
 From off their shoulders bare,  
 Loose-fitting, jewel-clasped with fancies rare?

For not as yet intense across the sea  
 Came the swart Hebrew with a fiery haste ;  
 In long brown arms entwined Euphrosyne,  
 And round her snowy waist  
 Fast bound the Nessus-robe, that may not be dis-  
 placed.

Yes, this is true , but the whole truth is more :  
 This was not all the burning Orient gave ,  
 Through purple partings of her golden door  
 Came gleams upon the wave ,  
 Long shafts that search the souls of men who crave ;  
 And probings of the heart , and spirit-balm ,  
 And to deep questionings the deep replies  
 That echo in the everlasting calm—  
 All this from forth those skies ,  
 Beside Gehenna fire and worm that never dies .

Yet, if the Greek went straighter to his aim ,  
 If , knowing wholly what he meant to do ,  
 He did it , given circumstance the same ,  
 Or near the same , then must I hold it true  
 That from his different creed the vantage came ,  
 Who , seizing one world where we balance two ,  
 From its great secular heart the readier current drew .

IT looks as if in dreams the soul was free ,  
 No bodily limit checks its absolute play ;  
 Then why doth it not use its liberty ,  
 And clear a certain way  
 To further truth beyond the actual sea ?

It is not so ; for when, with loosened grip,  
     The warder sense unlocks the visible hold,  
 Then will my soul from forth its chamber slip,  
     An idiot blithe and bold,  
 And into vacancy of folly skip ;

Or aimless wander on the poppied floor  
     Of gaudy fields, or, scarce upon the street,  
 Return unto the grim, familiar door,  
     And, coward, crave retreat,  
 As who had never been outside before.

What boots it that I hold the chartered space,  
     If I but fill it with th' accustomed foims,  
 And load its breathless essence with the trace  
     Of casual-risen storms,  
 And drag my chain along the lovely place ?

O, but if God would make a deep suspense,  
     And draw me perfect from th' adhesive sheath ,  
 If all the veils and swathings of pretence,  
     Dropt from me, sunk beneath,  
 Then would I get me very far from hence.

I'd come to Him with one swift arrow-dart,  
     Aimed at the zenith of th' o'erbrooding blue ;  
 Straight to the centie of His awful heart  
     The flight long-winged and true  
 Should bear me rapt through all the spheres that part

But as it is, it is a waste of rest  
     God uses not the occasion on the rock  
 Stands prone my soul, a diver lean undiest,  
     And looks, and fears the shock,  
 And turns and hides its shame with some poor sorry jest.

## PREPARATION

HAST thou a cunning instrument of play,  
'Tis well, but see thou keep it bright,  
And tuned to primal chords, so that it may  
Be ready day and night.  
For when He comes thou know'st not, who shall say —  
“These virginals are apt”; and try a note,  
And sit, and make sweet solace of delight,  
That men shall stand to listen on the way,  
And all the room with heavenly music float

## PLANTING

WHO would be planted chooseth not the soil,  
Or here or there,  
Or loam or peat,  
Wherein he best may grow,  
And bring forth guerdon of the planter's toil —  
The lily is most fair,  
But says not — “I will only blow  
Upon a southern land”, the cedar makes no coil  
What rock shall owe  
The springs that wash his feet,  
The crocus cannot arbitrate the foil  
That for its purple radiance is most meet —  
Lord, even so  
I ask one prayer,  
The which if it be granted,  
It skills not where  
Thou plantest me, only I would be planted.

## OBVIAM

I NEEDS must meet him, for he hath beset  
 All roads that men do travel, hill and plain ;  
 Nor aught that breathes shall pass  
 Unchallenged of his debt  
 But what and if, when I shall whet  
 My front to meet him, then, as in a glass,  
 Darkly, I shall behold that he is twain—  
 Earthward a mask of jet,  
 Heavenward a coronet  
 Sun-flushed with roseate gleams—In any case  
 It hardly can be called a mortal pain  
 To meet whom met I ne'er shall meet again

## SPECULA

WHEN He appoints to meet thee, go thou forth—  
 It matteris not  
 If south or north,  
 Bleak waste or sunny plot.  
 Nor think, if haply He thou seek'st be late,  
 He does thee wrong  
 To stile or gate  
 Lean thou thy head, and long !  
 It may be that to spy thee He is mountin<sup>g</sup>  
 Upon a tower,  
 Or in thy counting  
 Thou has mista'en the hour  
 But, if he come not, neither do thou go  
 Till Vesper chime  
 Belike thou then shalt know . . .  
 He hath been with thee all the time.

## "SOCIAL SCIENCE"

O HAPPY souls, that mingle with your kind,  
 That laugh with laughers, weep with weepers,  
 Whom use gregarious to your like can bind,  
 Who sow with sowers, reap with reapers !  
 To me it is not known,  
 The gentle art to moan  
 With moaners, wake with wakers, sleep with sleepers.

It must be good to think the common thought,  
 To learn with learners, teach with teachers ;  
 To hold the adjusted soul till it is brought  
 To pray with prayers, preach with preachers.  
 But I can never catch  
 The dominant mode, nor match  
 The tone, and whine with whiners, screech with  
 screechers

Yet surely there is warmth, if we combine  
 And loaf with loafers, hunt with hunters ;  
 It is a comfort as of nozzling swine  
 To row with rowers, punt with punters—  
 How is it then that I  
 Am alien to the sty,  
 Nor ever swill with swillers, grunt with grunters ?

I cannot choose but think it is a blessing  
 To fool with fools, to scheme with schemers ;  
 To feel another's arms your soul caressing,  
 To sigh with sighers, dream with dreamers—  
 But I can't hit the span,  
 The regulation man,  
 Ephemer decent with his co-ephemers

Yet, after all, if frustiate of this pleasure,  
 To eat with eaters, drunkeis,  
 If I can't find the Greatest Common Measure,  
 And cheat with cheaters, wink with winkeis,  
 At any rate the struggle  
 My tuer self to juggle,  
 And force my mind to fit  
 The standard ell of wit,  
 Shall never dwarf nor cramp me,  
 Shall never stint nor scamp me  
 So that I bleat with bleaters, slink with slinkers  
 Thus spake I once, with fierce self-gratulation,  
 Nor hoped with hopers, feared with feareis,  
 Yet, discontent, it seemed a mere privation  
 To doubt with doubters, sneer with sneereis  
 It seemed more happiness  
 A brother's hand to press,  
 To talk with talkers, hear with hearers  
 Wherefore, albeit I know it is not great,  
 Mobbing with mobs, believing with believers,  
 Yet for the most it is a snugger state  
 To gain with gainers, grieve with grievers,  
 Than, desolate on a peak,  
 To whet one's lonely beak,  
 And watch the beaver huddling with the beavers.  
 But though this boon denied, my soul, love thou  
 The lover, gibe not with the giber!  
 O ragged soul! I cannot piece thee now  
 That, thread to thread, and fibre unto fibie,  
 Thou with another soul  
 Shouldst make a sentient whole  
 But I am proud thou dost retain  
 Some tinct of that imperial *murex* grain  
 No canack ever boie to Thames or Tiber

## AT THE PLAY

As in a theatre the amused sense  
Beholds the strange vicissitudes of things,  
Young Damon's loves, the fates of clowns and kings,  
And all the motley of the gay pretence—  
Beholds, and on an acme of suspense  
Stands vibrant till the curtain falls, door swings,  
Lights gutter, and the weary murmurings  
Of o'er-watched valets intimate us thence  
Even so we gaze not on the things that are,  
Nor aught behold but what is adumbrate  
The show is specious, and we laugh and weep  
At what is only meant spectacular ;  
And when the curtain falls, we may not wait  
Death takes the lights, and we go home to sleep

### III. NARRATIVE



## MARY QUAYLE

### THE CURATE'S STORY

WE went to climb Barrule,  
Wind light, air cool—  
But when we reached the crest  
That fronts Corraa,  
A black cloud leaned its breast  
Upon the bay—  
And, seeing from Ayre to Maughold Head  
The long wings spread  
Slumb'rous with brazen light,  
Swift dropping from the height  
We follow  
The crags that northward shoot,  
And find ourselves within the hollow  
Of Gob-ny-Scurt—  
Spout-mouth—so named because  
It seems as if a giant's jaws  
Gaped wide—  
Ent'ring, we lay down side by side.

Then Richaid said—  
“ This is the place—  
Long years have fled ;  
But still I see her face.

Just here where you aie she was—yes, just here—  
 I had long thought she loved me , but you know the  
     fear—  
 Had thought,—but now by what sweet word made  
     boldei  
 I cannot tell ;  
 Only her dear head fell  
 Upon my shoulder,  
 And she looked up into my eyes--and this  
 Was our fist kiss ”

As Richard spoke, from out that awful cloud  
 The lightning leaped, and loud  
 The boom  
 Of the long thunder thinned the deep'ning gloom  
 Then Richard spoke again—“ That very day  
 Next year I came this way,  
 But it was different .  
 Yes, God had sent  
 A trial that was hard to bear ,  
 And so I went,  
 And took my care  
 Up to these hills,  
 Alone, alone !  
 And knelt, and prayed to Him who bends our wills,  
 And can subdue them to His own—

“ For ‘ Mary .     Mary [Oh how the lightning  
     flashed !]  
 Oh how the thunder crashed ']  
*Die?* No, she did not die—I thought you knew—  
 Sir, Mary was not true. .  
 Yes, sir, I will be patient—you shall see—  
 Patient—Oh certainly—  
 Patient—God knows I am; God knows I've need to be.

" Mary was ruined, sir ;  
She bore a child that was not mine—  
Nay, do not stir—  
The lightning, is it ? Sir, we may resign  
What's ours, if so we make it happier ;  
But oh ! to see it in the dust,  
Down-trodden, broken—  
Aye, and by one in whom you had full trust,  
Stained and defiled,  
This is the grief that never can be spoken—

" This was my grief The father of her child  
Was a young gentleman, who came to spend  
A summer in the Island Truest friend  
He seemed to me—he had such healthy ways  
With men like us It was his holidays  
At Oxford College—that's where scholars go  
To learn for clergymen—but, sir, you know—  
You were at Oxford—well, well, never mind—  
I loved the lad, so gentle and so kind  
He was , and fond enough he seemed of me,  
And always wishing for my company.

" So he and I were friends, and took delight  
In one another. Hadn't we the right ?  
And yet he never knew that Mary Quayle  
Was anything to me To hand the sail,  
To steer, to haul, he would himself devote ,  
We never talked of sweethearts in the boat  
He wasn't much account when he began,  
But came to be a splendid fisherman—  
I taught him everything, except to swim—  
He beat me there , and I was fond of him

"The days were short, the leaves were thin and brown,  
When Mr. Heibert Dynely left the town  
I rowed him to the steamer when we fetched,  
He jumped upon the paddle-box, and stretched  
His hand for mine, and would not let it go—  
'God bless you, Dick !' he cried ; ' I hardly know  
If ever I shall see your face again.'  
And looked and looked I thought the very strain  
Of truth was in his eye ; and so I yearned  
To him, and could not speak. But, if I'd turned,  
I might have seen a window where a face  
As white as death was glued against the glass—  
Long after, when the talk was everywhere,  
Some people told me who had seen her there.  
It was an early sailing, and the sun  
Shot in upon her, level like a gun—  
And they saw her—  
God in heaven !  
(Forgiven ! yes, forgiven !  
But saw her )  
Stupid, half-naked, so they said,  
Sprung from her bed,  
Her breast  
All pressed,  
Crushed, murdered, on the sill,  
Like a woman that's not respectable

"No, I knew nothing all the time ; nor after,  
For many a week—I've sat with her, and chaffed  
her  
Because she was more silent than she used ,  
And yet she never looked a bit confused,  
But sweet and gentle as a girl could be,  
So sweet and gentle still she was to me.

Indeed, I think that she looked happier  
Than ever she had done—I saw in her  
A deeper joy ; so that our love would seem  
Sometimes a dream within another dream.

"And so it was and what the dreaming meant  
I had no thought, and I was quite content  
I looked into her eyes, and saw as far  
As made me happy—that's the way we are—  
A swimmer tips the tangles, can he know  
The depth of water that there's down below ?  
I don't complain I'm sure she loved me; yes—  
The greater love had swallowed up the less.

" But still she loved me. Ah, sir ! who was I ?  
A candle, when the sun is in the sky,  
Is hardly noticed—did the night, no doubt ;  
But now you even forget to put it out  
He was that sun that rose in heav'n above,  
And burst upon her in a blaze of love.  
Poor candle ! steady, burning to the snuff—  
I know our love is only common stuff  
It's faithful as the mothers were that bore us ;  
It's just the love our fathers loved before us.  
There's nothing fine about it, nothing grand,  
Like fruit or flower that comes from foreign land  
A clover blossom where the bumblebees cling,  
And suck—that's all , you know the sort of thing  
A blackbird to his mate pipes nothing strange,  
A sweet old tune, that has not any change  
So we, when we have told our love, are fain  
To take a kiss, and tell it all again.  
But true it is, the love no power can sunder,  
The strongest love, is love whose root is wonder.

"And Dynely was a wonder over here,  
 Especially with women—far or near  
 You would not see his match—so generous  
 And free, and then so different from us—  
 His talk, his clothes, his way with every limb—  
 We hadn't any chance at all with him.  
 Ah, sir ! compared with such a common clod  
 As me, this Dynely looked a perfect god—  
 There's nothing like it since the world began,  
 The beauty of a noble Englishman.

"And Dynely was no flit, no butterfly,  
 That's always on the wing ; he didn't try  
 To get the girls to gather all around him—  
 But rather serious in his ways I found him.  
 And when she came to know that she was dear  
 To such a man, poor Mary had no fear,  
 But only wonder so that, when the crest  
 Of that great wave of love rose to her breast,  
 She floated off her feet, and drifted out  
 Into love's deep-sea soundings no faint doubt  
 Was in her mind ; through all the depths she clung  
 To that strong swimmer's arm , and, as he flung  
 Around her all the glory of his youth,  
 He seemed to her the very soul of truth

"Ah, sir ! it was a way with perils fraught,  
 If she had thought , but love is not a thought  
 What thought she had was only that he'd take her  
 To some bright land of joy, where he would make  
 her  
 His queen, his . . . God-knobs-what . . . some  
 fruitful land,  
 Where happiness would grow at his command,

Like glass in fields, and none their joys should sever,  
And all her soul be satisfied for ever  
I see you understand—the reason why  
Is plain—ah, who was I, sir? who was I?

“ And yet . . . there’s something bothering my brain—  
Just wait a bit—I’ll make my meaning plain.  
You see, I’ve not the art you scholars learn  
To find the very word for every turn  
Of what you think, and feel within your heart,  
Immediately—ah, sir! that *is* an art!  
But this is it—you’ll see it at a glance—  
The man that paints a picture has a chance  
To make it what he likes—he’ll paint the trees,  
He’ll paint a baby on its mother’s knees.  
He paints the things that give him most delight,  
He paints the things he longs for in the night,  
And things that never were, and never could be,  
He paints them up to what he thinks they should  
be—  
What’s this you call—imagination, ain’t it?  
Why, every yearning of his heart, he’ll paint it.  
He’ll paint the very life, and make it start out  
Straight in your face—the man can paint his  
heart out  
He’s sate enough ; and yet he needn’t brag—  
It’s all between him and a canvas rag.

“ And so you gentlemen that write the poems  
And stories, living in your pleasant homes—  
You’re not content with just the things you see  
Around you, common joy and misery,

And life and death. You set yourselves to listen  
To all the hearts that beat, all eyes that glisten,  
No matter where, you watch, you watch the faces,  
You write as if you lived in fearful places,  
So that, at times, your best friends wouldn't swear  
You are the steady gentlemen you are.

"All right! all right again—no fear of you  
But only tell me what are we to do!  
We also have our dreams—be sue of that.  
We also long, we hardly know for what  
God floods our hearts with all His melting snow,  
And there's no sluice to take the overflow  
And so it often happens that the mill  
Is swept away, or broken. You have skill  
Of books and paints for what your mind contrives,  
But we can only put it in our lives  
There's many a poor man's daughter born with  
wings  
Inside, that fret upon her heart like stings,  
Till some one comes at last, and stands, and  
breathes  
Upon the wings Then from their golden sheaths  
They flash into the light · with some of us  
It's very hard indeed ; it's dangerous.

"But when poor Mary could not hide hei shame,  
And had to speak, it was her mother came  
And told me all. At first, it hardened me—  
But, sir, it was a common misery—  
And who'd be more heart-broken than the mothe? ?  
And so we tried to comfort one another.  
The father was a fine old Methodist—  
They said, when he was told, he clenched his fist,

And trembled like a leaf, and bowed his head.  
But, when he raised it up again, they said  
It was a sad, but still a lovely sight—  
The old man's face was full of heavenly light

"Yes, real pious Methodists they were,  
And that's what made it harder still to bear—  
Being so much looked up to in the place—  
It was a very terrible disgrace.  
But, Methodists or not, we know who sends  
The troubles ; and, except amongst our friends,  
That know us best, we have not much to say—  
We suffer, and are silent—that's our way  
The women, too, with us, are very meek—  
Poor souls ! it isn't for revenge they seek,  
Or law, or money Love is what they sought ;  
And, if that's gone, then all the world is nought.  
Revenge ? That's not the point for which they  
sailed—

For love they ventured, and for love they failed  
And so they'd like to die, if we would let them ,  
And all they ask is just that we'd forget them

"But, when her time was come, the mother sent  
For me, and so I forced myself, and went ;  
And stayed a while outside, and listened there,  
And heard the preacher putting up a prayer,  
And heard a long low moaning in the garret—  
You know what that was, sir—I could not bear it  
And when I saw a woman coming out  
Upon the landing—well, I turned about,  
And started home But, somewhere near the mill,  
I heard a step behind me—it was Phil,  
Her oldest brother—she had three—  
Fine fellows as could be, .

And she . . .  
Was their joy and their pride . . .  
Any one of them would have died  
In a minute for her . . . They loved to see her  
So good, and so sweet ;  
And so she was, my darling, darling dear !  
She was ! she was ! before this awful wreck—  
And Philip took me round the neck,  
And kissed me on the street,  
And off without a word  
Mary ! Mary !  
I feel her in my arms  
Her mouth warms  
Yes then ! press then !  
Where then ? There then !  
Mary ! Mary ! . . .  
The very ground she trod  
My God !”  
[Oh how the lightning flashed !  
Oh how the thunder crashed !]  
Richard fell back, and would have struck his head  
Against the rock ; but I my arms outspread,  
And caught him as he fell. He could not speak,  
Scarce breathe I raised him up, and stroked his  
cheek,  
And cherished him, till, from the viewless bourn  
Of death, the anguished spirit made return.  
Then Richard spoke—  
“ I know that you must wonder  
How Mary’s brothers could be patient under  
Such wrong, and such disgrace perhaps you thought  
They’d kill the man ; perhaps you think they ought.  
Well—that is not our way. Moreover, sir,  
The lads were thinking not of him, but her.  
They hadn’t backed him, and they hadn’t crossed him ;

They hadn't loved him, and they hadn't lost him  
And now they could not hate him. He was just  
A reef that they had split upon, a gust  
Of strong and terrible wind, that had capsized  
The ship in which they'd stored what most they  
prized—

Or as the lightning there, that stoops, and kills,  
And passes—vanishing behind the hills—  
Who's angry with the lightning?

Even so

They never talked of Dynely as a foe,  
Nor talked of him at all; but gathered round  
Their sister in her sorrow—every sound  
And every sight they thought would aggravate  
Her trouble they would screen her from, and wait  
And watch like three big dogs, and keep a ring  
Of love and peace about her. Everything  
They could they did · and when they saw her tearful—  
Poor chaps! they'd try to be a little cheerful  
And, when they could do nothing else, they'd sit  
With her, and leave off talking for a bit,  
And be a comfort to her—thrice of a size,  
All pitying her with those big loving eyes

“She was the loveliest thing they'd ever known ;  
She was the youngest of them ; she had grown  
Among them like a flower among the corn—  
So, from the very minute she was born  
They loved their little sister And to them  
The flower that drooped, and faded on the stem,  
Was still their flower · the lightning-flash had  
scathed it,  
And scorched the tender leaves , and so they bathed it  
With dews of love, and every sweet endeavour—  
She was as beautiful to them as ever,

And twice more precious for her sorrow's need—  
 So God is gentle to the blisèd reed  
 Besides, they hoped for sunshine by and by,  
 If only they could coax her not to die  
 No score but Time will wipe it with his sponge—  
*Too much to lose*, they thought so divers think, and  
 plunge.

“ I wandered all that night upon the shore ,  
 But, when the day broke, I was at the door  
 Again ; and Philip told me that her child  
 Was born, and Mary seemed quite reconciled  
 To nurse it, and they both would live I knew  
 That very minute what I had to do.  
 The packet sailed for Liverpool that day,  
 And I sailed with her. Yes, sir, as you say,  
*To speak to Mr Dynely*, if I could,  
 And bring him home to Mary—God was good  
 That had preserved her, and I thought he might  
 Do his part now, and come and make all right

“ I was most wretched, sir, aboard that craft—  
 Some chaps are very thoughtless ;—and they chaffed  
 And bothered me. They're very different now  
 From fishermen like us , I don't know how,  
 But quite another sort—they hardly seem  
*Like sailors*—maybe something in the steam  
 But Corlett, that was skipper of the boat  
 (A better seaman never was afloat),  
 Reproved them very sharp, and made them cease  
 Their stuff, and then I got a little peace

“ I landed at the Stage, and looked about,  
 And hailed a Runcorn flat, just clearing out,  
 And jumped aboard . the skipper gave a curse ;  
 His wife looked up, and asked if I could nurse,

And handed me the baby ; so I sat,  
 And nursed a baby on a Runcorn flat—  
 And glad enough—God knows that I had need  
 Of something innocent , I had indeed—  
 Poor little things ! But when the night came on,  
 And all the stars, the woman nusied her son,  
 And talked to me of heaven, and of another  
 That she had lost, a little baby brother—  
 And how *the world was full of sin and care*—  
*But God was all, and God was everywhere*—  
 I told her nothing ; but of course she knew  
 Fair more than half my . Well, you know, they  
 do—  
 A woman has an art you'll never shirk,  
 She always knows another woman's work

“ At Runcorn, when I asked for Dynely Hall,  
 The only bearings I could get at all  
 Were just south-east , and so I boie•away ,  
 And, on the morning of the second day,  
 I saw the place befoie me Aien’t they grand ?—  
 Those big old houses rooted deep in land ,  
 And woods and park that stretch fo miles and miles,  
 And meadows like long lakes of grass, and stiles,  
 And paths—and all so open and so free—  
 Ah, what’s our Milntown, and our Nunnery,  
 Or Bishop’s Court ? Just think—the room alone—  
 No cropping every acre to the bone,  
 Like us. There’s money at the back—that’s it !  
 Yes, money : but there’s moie ; there’s noble wit,  
 There’s ancient memories, use of generous ways,  
 And wholesome customs of the bygone days.

“ So when I saw the glory and the strength  
 Of such a place, and when I saw the length

. Of roofs, and spines, and gable-ends, and towers,  
 And high stone-windows cut in fruits and flowers—  
 And glass like thick-napped velvet on the lawn,  
 And all so quiet sleeping in the dawn—  
 I thought two thoughts—What right had I to bring  
 My trouble *there*? and then—What earthly thing  
 Could make it possible for Mary Quayle  
 To be the mistress there?—could love prevail?  
 Could honesty? . . . And then I stood uncertain,  
 Upon the stretch, as one who holds the curtain  
 Of some sound sleeper, knowing that he never  
 Will sleep like that again. And then a shiver  
 Came over me—a long dim driving scud  
 Of horror, and my eyes were burning blood,  
 And the world rose around me, and I fell  
 Forward . . . down to the very bottom of hell.

“Then from the pit I cried a bitter cry—  
 The pit indeed—I swore to God on high  
 This thing was wrong, and always must be wrong—  
 I swore it in the darkness then . . . ding-dong  
 The blood-bells bubbled in my ears like rain,  
 And earth and sky came back to me again,  
 And I was on my knees upon the sod,  
 And praying, and I said—

‘O God, my God!  
 Thou art the Father of all souls from Thee  
 They come, as equally ordained to be  
 The creatures of Thy hand, Thy sovereign might,  
 And they are equal, Father, in Thy sight  
 O God! my God! in that sweet field of morn,  
 Where all the souls were waiting to be born,  
 Were they not equal? and, if not so now,  
 Who makes these differences? God, not Thou!  
 Not Thou! not Thou, my God! and love is Thine,

Thou pourest it into our hearts like wine  
 In golden cups, and Love is just the same  
 As Thou art, God he knows no rank, or name,  
 Or wealth, or place He takes our hearts and binds  
 them

With links of fire—Oh, say not that he blinds them  
 With vain deceits! not *that*, O Heavenly Father!  
 Not that, not that! if truth is truth say rather—  
 Wise Love comes opening our eyes to see  
 The stamp of natural equality

O Lord, I pray Thee, let these two be one,  
 And as for me, O Lord, Thy will be done!  
 I will not say a word, a single word—  
 Thy will be done! Thy will be done, O Lord!  
 I loved her—yes—perhaps I loved her most—  
 It might have been—O Lord, O Lord, Thou know'st  
 And now be with me in this dreadful hour,  
 Subdue the pride of man, and give me power  
 To sacrifice myself right out and through—  
 This much I ask, O Lord, this much I do.

O Lord, I claim to have no part or lot  
 In her, I only ask to be forgot.  
 Make these two happy in their love, and then—  
 I'll manage—giant it, God of love! Amen'  
 [No more the lightning flashed,

No more the thunder crashed—  
 But from the piled jet  
 Gleamed sheeted violet,  
 Which lent such grace  
 To that sad face,  
 My voice was all to seek,  
 And when I tried to speak, I could not speak  
 Then Richard smiled to see how absolute  
 The human tie that bound us—blessed fruit  
 Of strong coequal manhood Then he spoke—]

"Day strengthened [Richard said]; I saw the smoke

Rise from the roofs. the birds began their hymns,  
And all the valley seemed to stretch its limbs,  
And wake It was a lovely spot; and so  
I felt a great deal better,—cheerful—no—  
But better, thinking God had heard my prayer,  
And everything so pleasant and so fair  
And then, for coolness like, and also knowing  
Where *he* would be, if there was fishing going,  
I went and sat me down upon the brink  
Of a fine stream, that had a merry blink,  
And looked, so clear and quick the water ran,  
Like our own rivers in the Isle of Man  
The sound was sweet, the wind came off the moor,  
I might have been in Sulby, or Ballure.

"Then sleep came on me, and I dreamt a dream  
Of Mary skipping to me 'cross the stream  
Upon some stepping-stones, and I was standing  
With arms stretched out to catch her at the landing,  
And her sweet face was just a perfect sun  
Of love and mischief Suddenly—'Run, run !'  
She cried, 'the child !' I looked, and all was dark,  
Only I saw a little baby stark  
Naked as it was born, and over it  
I saw a ball of rosy flame that lit  
Its little body, as it floated there—  
I felt the night-wind whistling through my hair—  
I saw poor Mary leap—I sprang to hold her—  
I woke—and . . . Dynely's hand was on my shoulder.

"Why, Richard, Richard ! what on earth is this ?  
And what is up ? and what has gone amiss ?  
And how in Heaven's name have you come here,

My lusty, trusty, Ancient Mariner !  
Ha ! Richard, you've been spreeing—that's your line '  
You've been among the landsharks, Richard mine.  
You steady chaps are far the worst, they say,  
When once you cut the cable' Just his way—  
*Landsharks*, and *Ancient Marneers*, and that ;  
And gript my arm, and held my hand, and sat  
Beside me

But I turned away my head,  
And . . . 'Sir, the child is born, the child,' I said.  
He dropt me, gript me, dropt and gript again—  
Gript like a vice; and . . . 'Richard ! Richard  
• Craine,'  
He said—'Look here ! look straight ! look straight !'  
and turned me  
Around to look at him full front, and burned me  
With eyes like coals of fire—'Look straight !' says  
he ;  
'There's something in your face I want to see—  
You loved her, Craine !' I gave him look for look—  
Ah sir, the murdering devil has a nook  
In every heait—another move, a breath—  
I might have had him in the grips of death—  
Die him, die me, or die the two of us—  
What matters it ? The thing is thus and thus—  
It's come to *that*—you don't know how or why—  
You don't know anything— oh d— you ' die !

"Die— yes—but Mary— Mary was the  
thing ;  
And why was I at Dynely but to bring  
That man to do the duty of a lover,  
And come and make an honest woman of hei ?  
And who was I to put between them ? No '  
Just let me see hei happy, and I d go,

And never more be heard of, never more—  
 You *can* do that ‘You loved her, Ciane’ I swore  
 I never did . . . I had to do it yes  
 I had—God knows the lie ; but, nevertheless,  
 There was no other way in heaven above  
 Or earth beneath—it was the lie of love.

‘I said that we were friends—that Mary’s father  
 And mine had been old shipmates—that they rather  
 Had trust in me, and thought that I could tell  
 Their grief to him, though knowing him so well—  
 So I had come , and *Mary was as pure*  
*As the unmelted snow*, I said . he knew her,  
 I said—she was a modest woman still,  
*And all her people were respectable*  
 I said a lot of things . but then a cloud  
 Came on his handsome face, and he looked proud  
 And cold at me : again the devil hissed  
 Hot murder in my heart I held his wrist—  
 It felt like paper, cracking in my span—

“ And—‘ Mr Dynely, you’re a gentleman,  
 I said, ‘and so our girls are only toys  
 For you to play with, slaves of lustful joys  
 To you, and such as you, that you may break them  
 For fun and fancy—eh ? that you may make them  
 A desolation, and a shame to utter,  
 And fling them on the cinders or the gutter,  
 As children fling their dolls ; and we must stand  
 Patient—we, fathers, brothers—move no hand  
 To right the wrong It *is* a wrong ! what rule ?  
 What law is this ? who made it ? God ? That’s cool !  
 What God ? whose God ? the God of heaven and  
 earth ?  
 The God that brings all creatures to the birth ?

The God Eve prayed to when she suckled Cain,  
 And Adam saw the milk? Your god is plain,  
 The devil-god, that made him kill his brother,  
 The god that sunders us from one another  
 In jealousy and hate, friend torn from friend—  
 In murder it began, in murder it will end.'

" My grip grew tighte!—'God, and law!' I cried ,  
 'Your god is Moloch, and your law is pride—  
 Hell's pride ; man's law—man therefore can reverse  
 it—

Stand up with me, I say, and curse it ! curse it !  
 Curse it ! it is no part of God's great plan—  
*A gentleman ! stand up, and be a man !*

[While Richaid paused, as if the passionate speech  
 Had overmastered utterance—lo ! a bleach  
 Of purest sky, seaward, diagonal  
 From noith to south , on either side, a wall  
 Black, feather-edged with sheen of silvery bals,  
 And in the interspace were many stais  
 I saw it, but was silent Richaid broke  
 A way for prisoned words, and thus he spoke—]

" If I had not been blind with grief and passion,  
 I could not but have noticed how the fashion  
 Of Dynely's face was changing all the while—  
 But now I saw it—saw the sweet bright smile  
 Spread out through tears , and—'Richard Craine,'  
 he said,  
 'I come on Friday.' Then I fell stone dead—  
 You see, the tramping, and the want of meat,  
 And all—I just fell senseless at his feet.

" He raised me though, and made me take a sup  
 Of brandy from a little silver cup

He had with him, and gave me food he'd brought  
 • For fishing store . and then, like losing thought  
 Of all our cares, as, when a storm has passed,  
 Two vessels, hull to hull, and mast to mast,  
 Lie on the heaving calm—just so we lay,  
 And talked chance talk—of hellings in the bay,  
 And six-foot congers—*did I catch them often?*  
 There's men would talk of congers in their coffin—  
 Chance talk, chance talk—that's it, and very much  
 Like dropping stones in water . . . touch-touch-  
 touch—  
 That's all—and so I said I thought I'd hook it ,  
 And Dynely gave me money, and I took it—  
 I did—you see, I didn't want to lose  
 A minute getting home, and to refuse  
 Seemed foolish pride , and, on the other hand,  
 To take—— but, sir, I see you understand.

“ He showed me where the railway ran aback  
 The hills. I said good-bye, and didn't slack  
 Until I reached the level—then I stopped,  
 And saw him stretched upon his face arm-proppped,  
 Arm-buried from the world of living men—  
 Ah sir, I could have ripped my heart out then,  
 And flung it back to him—‘ He's good ! he's good ! ’  
 I cried, and turned, and sprang into the wood  
 Thank God that that last moment I had grace  
 And power to see that Dynely was not base,  
 To feel that he was good, sound at the core—  
 Because      because . . . I never saw him more !

“ How sweet the night is getting ! [Then said I—  
 ‘ It is a lovely night ’—whereat a sigh  
 Came trembling to our feet, then paused, as failing  
 Against the rock, then fluttered into wailing,

And wheeled adown the farthest bourn of west—  
 ‘The thunder-wind is dying in its nest,’  
 Said Richaid: but I knew not what to think,  
 So human was the sorrow, to the brink  
 Of syllabled utterance urging awful cares—  
 I followed it with wishes and with prayers  
 Then Richard said—

“The boat was late, the evening air was cool,  
 The sun’s last light was creeping up Barrule;  
 The place looked very happy, very sweet,—  
 And I was happy Up Kirk Maughold Street  
 I met the brothers Heavy with distress,  
 They looked at me but all I said was ‘Yes,  
 He’s coming’, for they knew where I had gone—  
 I saw they did—they nodded, and passed on,  
 Suspicious, whispering, or seemed to be,  
 And all the people stood and stared at me

“But I went up to Mary’s Mrs. Quayle  
 Was standing at the door. I told my tale—  
 She couldn’t speak, she hardly raised her head,  
 But fell against the door—‘Come in,’ she said.  
 Old Quayle had got the preacher, Mr King,  
 A Bible gript between them arguing;  
 And, just as I was standing at the sill,  
 The preacher snatched the Bible from him, till  
 He’d find a text to pin him. Low, quite low,  
 Says Mrs Quayle, ‘He’s seen him—*him*, you know.’  
 The Bible straddled somewhere in their laps,  
 Old Quayle heaved back his head, and sighed;  
 perhaps  
 It was the waking up of all the grief  
 Had slept awhile, perhaps it was relief

From preachers' talk, because there are, no doubt,  
 Some preachers that you'd rather do without,  
 When you're in trouble ; and old Quayle was all  
 For peace and holy joy, like John, like Paul,  
 For quietness, and prayer, and meditation—  
 Though Paul—I think—but smelling provocation  
 Was King's delight ; but still I've understood  
 He was a man that did a deal of good.

"And now I told them what I'd seen and heard,  
 How I had met with Dynely—every word  
 He'd said to me ; but not, of course, what I  
 Had said, and Mis Quayle began to cry  
 But all the time that I was speaking there,  
 I saw the preacher working in his chair,  
 And now a sniff, and now a snuff—'I know,'  
 He seemed to say, 'what you're a coming to.'  
 And when I told how Dynely had agreed  
 To come next boat—'Indeed,' he said, 'indeed !—  
 And sniffed But now an argument began  
 Between himself and Mis Quayle—*What plan,*  
*He said, should be adopted in this case—*  
 And—how astonishing it was to trace  
*The hand of Providence, how human ill*  
*Was overruled for good,—unsearchable,*  
 The preacher said, it was, past finding out,  
*Like all God's ways See how He'd brought about*  
*A full conviction ! see the sinner's sin*  
*A cause of grace ! but not to walk therein—*  
 He said—No, no ! And Mary's change was deep,  
 He said, and highly promising—a sheep,  
 He doubted not, brought home upon the shoulder  
 Of the Good Shepherd Now then, if they told her  
 About this Dynely, where was all his wrestling ?  
 This work would be disturbed, this lamb, a-nestling

*Upon the Saviour's bosom, would give ear  
To wolves without the fold; and so, one dear  
To him by precious ties would fall away,  
And God would question at the Judgment Day*

"Poor Mis. Quayle had not the slightest chance  
With King—indeed, she hardly made advance  
Beyond some simple words, like—'Surely ' surely'  
They're better married'—'That's a point maturely  
To be considered, ma'am, and on your knees.  
Just think of all the pomps and vanities,  
And sinful lusts You know how Mary stands  
At present—Could she be in better hands?  
A state's a state, regard it as you will—  
Disturb that state, and who's responsible?"

"'Ah but,' she said, 'if Mr. Dynely come,  
And want to marry her?' He looks as glum  
As thunder—'When did Mr. Dynely say  
He'd marry her at all?' and—'Let us pray!'  
He says, and knelt But those were words to pierce  
The woman to the heart She stood up fierce  
And stiff—she would not kneel I got beside her,  
And held her hand in mine. The old man eyed her  
With sad and wondering look The preacher  
frowned,  
But prayed—when suddenly we heard a  
sound,  
A sweet low tune——'twas in the room above—  
O sir, my heart filled over—Love! love! love!  
O love! O death!

But, sir, the preacher stayed,  
He rose, he listened—'Yes, it's sweet,' he said,  
'It's sweet; she often sings like that, poor thing'  
And hardly knows——'I felt the mother spring,

Although she didn't move—‘Oh, is she crying?’  
 I said—‘Oh, is she, Mis. Quayle? or dying?  
 Oh, dying! dying! Mrs. Quayle!’—‘She may be,  
 The woman said, ‘*that's* singing to her baby,  
 At any rate,’ she said. You see, she knew  
 The sort of sound, as if a baby drew  
 The song and suck at once—Ah, trust a mother  
 To tell that tune of tunes! There is no other  
 Like that, of all the tunes—‘She hasn't nursed  
 Her baby for a week we feared the worst,’  
 The mother said. ‘But now—oh why, oh why  
 Are you so cruel? Sir, she need not die;  
 She need not, Mr. King!’

She stopped; the song  
 Continued—All at once—‘I think we're wrong,’  
 The old man said, ‘this lies beyond our power,’  
 And all his face was like a lovely flower—  
 ‘We'll go and tell her’ Then he rose, and went,  
 And with him went his wife The preacher bent  
 His head, and mutteried something—didn't speak,  
 I saw the tears were rolling down his cheek  
 We left together—‘In your prayers to-night  
 Remember me,’ he said; ‘good-night! good-night!’  
 They're hard on human nature, bound to be,  
 But still they can't get over it, you see.

“I heard next morning, when I gave a call  
 Up-street, that Mary wasn't pleased at all  
 With what I'd done—it took her unawares—  
*If people just would mind their own affairs,*  
 She said, *it would be better—mind their own;*  
*She only wanted to be left alone!*  
 She wanted nobody to come and see her—  
 It was as Death had whispered in her ear  
 And spat into her mouth, and sucked her breath—

There is a kind of drunkenness of death  
 She'd got ; she'd bathed her feet in death so long  
 That it had lost the chill . and Death is strong,  
 But Hope is stronger——bully Hope ! heart's ease !  
 Sweet Hope, young Hope, that climbs upon the knees  
 Of Death, and hangs upon his neck ! and so  
 I knew that it would be with her No, no !  
 We're not so fond of Death

That very day

She nursed and nursed the little one, that lay  
 Upon her breast, a helpless snuggling bit  
 Of innocence They said her face was lit  
 With pride, if any one could call it pride—  
 Poor thing ! and when she laid it at her side,  
 And raised herself, she kissed the little foot,  
 And talked of flowers, and where they should be put  
 To make the room look nice , and kissed her mother

“ Next day was Friday ; then she couldn't smother  
 Her longing any more , she couldn't rest  
 A minute with them , wanted to be drest ,  
 Sang to the baby, danced it, held it off  
 At arm's-length from hei, till she made it cough  
 And blink , and then she nursed it for a while ;  
 And then she lay quite peaceful—such a smile,  
 The mother said, and such a lovely bloom,  
 To see her tidyng about the room !  
 And she would have the window open—yes—  
 The window—begged her mother with a kiss  
 To have the window open, so that she  
 Might hear the tug of paddles out at sea.

“ The steamer came—I waited till the last—  
 No Dynely—no ! I made the painter fast,  
 And jumped aboard the boat . I went below,

To see if he was there—but—Dynely?—no!  
 .He hadn't come I went ashore again,  
 I saw the brothers standing at the lane,  
 And, when they saw me by myself, they turned,  
 And walked away, they did My head, sir, burned  
 With misery—O God of Israel!  
 And then . . . and then . . . I had to go and tell.  
 I made it look as likely as I could,  
*He hadn't come, but then of course he would—*  
*Next boat, no doubt* And so they thought it better  
 That Mary should be told—*No doubt, a letter*  
*Had come by post—they'd have it in the morning*  
 And so, without the smallest bit of warning,  
 They told her—‘Shut the window now,’ she said,  
 And then her mother wrapt her in the bed,  
 And felt her all a-tremble

Morning came—

No letter, but the paper, and a name  
 That made me start—‘Births, Marriages,’ you know,  
 ‘Deaths . . . Heirloom Dynely, Dynely Hall’—just so—  
 And, in another place, ‘Sad accident’  
 It seems, soon after I had left, he went  
 Far up the river to a place where rocks  
 Run out, and make a gully two big blocks  
 Lean from each side, as if inclined to meet,  
 One higher than the other—fifteen feet  
 Of slant apart The downward jump was hard,  
 The up was worse, and yet the man who dared  
 The one must dare the other from the ledge  
 On which he stood the cliff was like a hedge  
 Behind him, six good fathoms, smooth as glass.  
 Below him, from the throttle of the pass,  
 Half choked with churning stones, the water slid  
 Into a deep black pool. The jump was called the  
*Strid.*

"They found him in the pool, and people thought  
 He must have had a salmon on, and brought  
 His fish into the narrows Then, you see,  
 He couldn't play him there, so jumps to free  
 His running tackle, doesn't do to jerk him—  
 Jump back again's the only way to work him—  
 Jumps, misses, strikes the crags, back, front, good  
 God !

Stunned, bleeding, helpless, still he holds the rod,  
 And held it when they found him—dead enough—  
 Just where the water shoaled the gear was tough ;  
 The salmon was below him, fast as glue—  
 The rascal—sulking, wondering what to do

"So that's how Dynely died. This news was broke  
 To Mary very gently No one spoke  
 But what they had to speak, and all combined  
 To be as helpful, and as good and kind  
 As ever they could be But that strong love  
 Of Death came back upon her now, and strove  
 Against our kindness Most of us, indeed,  
 Knew what must be the end such strains exceed  
 The strength of human hearts Before she died,  
 She sent for me. I stood at her bedside . . .  
 Bedside . . . bedside . O sir, the other hopes '  
 The other thoughts' . O sir, man only gropes,  
 At best, through darkness here, at last, was light—  
 But not of this world.

'Twas a lovely sight,  
 But terrible poor darling little bed—  
 Poor lamb! poor dear! But how I stooped my head  
 Against her lips to hear her whispering,  
 And what she said, that was not anything  
 But sweet low sighs—and what I could not say,  
 No matter how I tried, and came away,

And left hei, when they told me . . . Wait a bit . . .  
 That is . . . that must be. . . O sun, *this* is it . . .  
 Young Dynely lies in Dynely church, and she  
*Lies there!*"

He pointed where above the sea  
 Saint Maughold's Church lay girt with cross and rune  
 And grave      Just then forth sailed the stately  
 moon

Full-orbed, and, from a vista of retreat  
 Cloud-caverned, lo! a face divinely sweet  
 Looked forth, and, every fold distinct with light,  
 Soft garments floated on the field of night  
 "Behold!" I cried, "O Richard mine, behold  
 The robe of silver, and the crown of gold!  
 See, see! she smiles!" Straightway the vision  
 passed.

But Richard spoke not, only held me fast  
 By hand and arm—We rose, and down the slope  
 Walked silently— O Love! O Death! O Hope!

## BELLA GORRY

## THE PAZON'S STORY

WESTWARD to Jurby, eastward if you look,  
 The coast runs level to the Point of Ayre,  
 A waste of sand, sea-holly, and wild thyme—  
 Wild thyme and bent. The Mull of Galloway  
 Is opposite. Adown the farthest west,  
 Not visible now, lie stretched the hills of Morne.

*A cottage, did you say? Yes, once it was,*  
 A ruin now—the naked gables stand

Roofless—the walls are clay, save where round stones,  
 Picked from the beach, supply the mason's art  
 With base Cyclopean See the narrow hole  
 That served for window' see the poor dead heath  
 This was the home of one whom, for the wealth  
 And strength of her great love, I call not poor—  
 Else, poor indeed The story of her life  
 You'd like to know? So far as known to me,  
 You shall—a simple story 'tis in sooth,  
 And somewhat sad Yet in the simple fact  
 God often speaks · and, as for sadness, sir,  
 I think such sadness is a thing most sweet

The marriage tie, the household ordinance,  
 The regulated decencies, the home,  
 Are God's appointment—so to train a race  
 Healthy and strong ; yet can He nurture strength  
 And beauty in mere wildings—grace and joy,  
 Nay, goodness, and the firmest bond of love—  
 Fairest, it may be, for the sense in both  
 Of helplessness, of grave neglect, and scorn—  
 Fairest, as fastened in the absolute root  
 Of sheer maternity, where fatherhood  
 Is but the remnant of a weary dream  
 So, while our gardens bloom, a humble flower,  
 Flung o'er the wall, may take the dews of God,  
 And breathe His air, and, in the wilderness,  
 Unfold the lovely splendour of a rose.

When Bella Gorry came to dwell amongst us,  
 She was not young. Full thirty years, at least,  
 She'd seen she was a stranger to us here,  
 A south-side woman We were harvesting  
 When first she came, and joined the shearers · none  
 Knew where she lived, or how , until, one night,

Passing among the bents, I heaid a cry  
 As of a child, and heaid the murmured song  
 Wherewith the mother sought to quiet it—  
 And this was Bella Gorry Round her rose  
 The swelling sand-heaps , it was in September,  
 A stait night A fence of sods upturn  
 Encompassed her , and she had hollowed out  
 The sand, and made such shelter as she could.  
 But it was cold, and she had bowed hei head  
 Over her babe, herself to sleep inclined—  
 And still the cry, and still the drowsy croon

I stood amazed ; for in the Isle of Man  
 Our poor are not neglected You indeed  
 Must know such sights familiar . in the streets  
 And puiieus of great towns, the homeless wetch  
 Is never wanting, nor the country-side  
 Lacks its appropiate vagabond—the *tramp*,  
 Is't not ? you ca'y him—who in hedge or ditch  
 Lies hungry, gazing upward to the stars  
 To him the state assigns a scanty dole,  
 Which he rejects Not so with us—our poor  
 We deem God's charge, an individual care  
 To every Christian man, which whoso slight  
 God's ordinance slight—

Therefore I stood amazed ;  
 And asked her who she was, and where hei home  
 She did not stir, but answered moodily—  
 “ My name is Bella Gorry ; and I have  
 No home but this ”—“ Then come with me,” I said ,  
 “ The little one is cold . it is not fit  
 That you should lodge like this.’ But she no word  
 Replied ; only she tightened that close grasp  
 Wherewith she held the child ; and I could hear  
 Deep breathings of her breast, that seemed like sighs—

So that I knelt, and prayed Then to my prayer  
 I knew that she attended Nay, I prayed  
 In all humility for now I felt  
 I was confronted with the deepest wrong  
 That man can do to woman, cause for shame  
 To me and all men So I prayed that God  
 Would pity us, and, in His wisdom, make  
 This wrong thing right, give comfort to this heart  
 Nigh broken, and dispose her to remit  
 Her grief to Him, and to regard in me  
 His minister for such relief designed

But vain my prayer, or seeming vain, for she  
 All proffered aid refused, and lifted up  
 At last her head, and, with unloving words,  
 Bade me be gone I went, but firm resolved  
 What I should do The earliest light of morn  
 Found me upon the field, where, one by one,  
 The shearers entered, till the field was full  
 And Bella sheared—but she had left her babe  
 In that dry hollow fair among the bents,  
 And ranged her with the shearers Then I spoke  
 To some I knew most apt, but chief to him,  
 The master of the farm, a soul full fraught  
 With love and active goodness. He for me  
 A willing band detached I led them where  
 The child lay sleeping—in its little hands  
 Blue-bells fast clasped, and 'neath its head soft moss,  
 Plucked from the mooragh Then a little girl,  
 The farmer's daughter, took the child, and fed it  
 With milk, and nursed and danced it till it crowed

But we with spade and pick unceasing worked  
 Till we had cleared the framework of this cot  
 You see Nor did the mother know, before

Noon glowed, and, stealing from the ha'kest field,  
She sought hei child . and she was well content  
And when, oī e'er the week was out, the iooft  
Stood thatched and necessary furniture  
Of bed and board, by kindly hands supplied,  
Was stored within, she saw, and the dull cloud  
Broke ; and her soul was lightened, and she came  
To me, and, with the rush of many tears,  
Yet gauided by a fence of dignity,  
How found I know not, she pouied forth hei thanks  
And blessings. So it was that Bella came  
To dwell within my parish, and to be  
My friend most loved, and worthy of my love.

This was her home ; for many quiet years  
She lived within these walls, and had such peace  
As theis may be, whose purpose is to guaid  
One precious treasue, being all that's left  
It was a little girl that made hei glad—  
For she could yet be glad—a very stai  
To light her life and well she tended it,  
And saw it grow in beauty and in strength ;  
And took it with hei to the ha'kest field,  
Or otheri woik, as needs she must, who lived  
A lonely woman. I have seen the babe  
Against a stuck soft piopped of drooping sheaves  
Asleep, oī, wakeful, gazing on the clouds ;  
And I have noted how the field was hushed  
In s'lence. Only, evei and anon,  
Some woman's heart would yearn for veiy love,  
And make her quit her sheaing rank a space,  
To kiss this flower that smiled amid the corn.  
Then would some strong man say—" Let me kiss  
too "— ,  
But otheris said that it was naught, and murmured

Of *evil ways*, and *lightness not rebuked*,  
 And *sin encouraged*. Still the baby smiled ;  
 And Bella reaped, and answered not a word

So 'twas one day I came into the field  
 Where she was reaping, and I heaid the voice  
 Of strong contention—it was Henry Tear,  
 My tenant—but you do not know the man—  
 He rents the glebe—a worthy soul enough,  
 And not ill-natured What had angered him  
 They did not tell me ; possibly some slackness  
 About the work, and how the women lost  
 Their time. He did not see me hot and fierce,  
 I heaid his last words only Bella stood  
 Before him, pale and trembling—"Take the child  
 Away!" he said, "and bring it not again !  
 I will not have this bastard in my field."  
 And no one spoke

Then from behind the stool

I stepped, and took the little one, embraced,  
 As in the church I hold them at the font,  
 So by the altar of the golden sheaves  
 I held the child, and signed her with the cross,  
 And said Christ's words—ah, blessed, blessed words !  
*How we should suffer them to come to Him,*  
*And not forbid them, for of such God makes*  
*His kingdom.* And I turned to Tear, and said—  
 "You must become even as this little child,  
 If you would enter heaven at the last  
 Then let it lie, a little piece of heaven  
 Upon your field."

But he was much rebuked,  
 And leaned his arms upon the hedge, and leaned  
 His face upon his arms, and strove to hide  
 His shame—and I remember it so well—

That is the field, high up upon the b<sup>row</sup>,  
 Near the cliff's edge—it was a lovely day,  
 But hot with hum of bees, and glare of sand,  
 And thunder, and the trouble of the sheaung,  
 And Tear was angry ; but I conquered him  
 You smile—ah well—you are quite right—I'm not  
 A man to conquer—anything, perhaps—  
 Nay, sir, the thing is so—and yet we have  
 Our little triumphs—little vanities,  
 No doubt, were better said , but God knows all—  
 Knows all—knows all—knows all    But think not,

sii,

The little one was not baptized before,  
 And dedicate to God with holy rite  
 'Twas but my parable, a way to reach .  
 The good man's heart, for he was really good,  
 And felt it. So our little Saiah grew

Now, as she grew, she lacked not, as beseemed  
 Her age, for sweet, or toy, or cap, or flock,  
 Gay ribbon, cloak as gay. Good Bella's store  
 Sufficed for all ; nor would she have her child  
 Stinted of aught. It seemed as if, beside  
 Her love, she had a need of some delight  
 In form and colour, some embodiment  
 Of dreams, ideals, nurtured in the waste  
 Of hope forlorn, and purpose unfulfilled—  
 Imperfect turned to perfect, dark to dawn—  
 God's magic for great sorrows

So she wrought,  
 Instinctive artist, coveting the grace  
 Of utmost finish for the one pure gem  
 Saved from her life-wreck . so it seemed to me,  
 Much pondering how the sweet fantastic joy  
 Expanded to an outlet of constraint—

Uncertain—certain, simple recompense  
 Ordained of God for women who have loved  
 And lost, yet cherish beauty, knowing it  
 A good, although it has not been to them  
 A good To them a little child becomes  
 The glory of the prime, the incarnation  
 Of that which should have been, nay was, and is  
 For ever glowing in the secret depths  
 That feed the springs of action—from what type  
 Of mean inadequate idol caught, what hero  
 Proved unheroic, matters not, it seems,  
 Since love transfigures baseness

You have seen them  
 Doubtless, these mothers—and you have observed  
 How fierce they often are, what stern regard,  
 What fine ascetic jealous, watchful, burns  
 In her poor eyes, *who holds her babe a trophy*  
*Snatched fearful from the vanquished field of love,*  
*And, as a trophy, decked* No words of mine,  
 Dear sir, I beg to say—I mean, that flight  
 About the *trophy* 'Twas Professor Jones  
 Of Oxford, reinforcing my poor speech  
 One day—Professor Jones—Professor Jones—  
 A very clever man But I rebuked him,  
 For, though we pity, we should not encourage,  
 Nor clothe with specious names what God has  
 cursed  
*Professor Jones was here? Oh yes—you know  
 him?*

You are from Oxford? really! ah then  
 You'll understand how the Professor smiled  
 His weary Oxford smile, and said no more

But I apologise. I loved the child  
 I loved her very much. And I have gone

And watched the mother playing with her child,  
 Myself unseen, and marked the greediness  
 Of her great love ; until, one Saturday,  
 My sermon finished, ere the sun had set,  
 I went to Bella's cottage. She had washed  
 The little one, and laid it like a pearl  
 Upon her breast. Then I entranced beheld  
 The glory and the splendour of the babe,  
 And Bella lifted her upon the bed,  
 And asked that I would pray. Then side by side  
 We knelt and prayed : and, as I prayed, I saw  
 The crimson flush that entered at the door  
 Pass straight between us to the sleeping child,  
 As it had been its angel. When I rose,  
 Bella remained upon her knees, her face  
 Deep hidden in the coveylet, nor moved  
 Before I left. O sir, what strange sweet throb  
 Surprised my heart ! — but these are difficult  
 things

So little Sarah grew, till she could run  
 Upon the shore, and gambol at my side  
 And often, when her mother was a-field,  
 I'd find her all alone, but well content,  
 As trusted now to "keep the house," yet free,  
 At my proposal, to relax her care,  
 And scurry on the sand, and see my dog  
 Rush open-mouthed upon the waves, and bark,  
 And bark again—she loved to hear him bark

And Sarah grew, and was no more a babe,  
 But a great girl. Then more conspicuous seemed  
 Poor Bella's taste fantastic—certainly,  
 Fantastic—that was it—a string of beads,  
 Wreathed cunningly, a bow, a belt, the hair—

The everything so different, and then  
The subtler difference that lay behind  
And she wore shoes the daintiest that aie made,  
And stockings—violet, or, haply, pink,  
Or blue—whereas our children here go barefoot.  
And this gave much offence . our farmers' wives  
Were angry at these *apers*—that's their word—  
These ways eccentric, alien, scandalous—  
They said the child was like *a gipsy child*;  
They said the child was like *a monkey perched  
Upon a barrel-organ in the street*,  
Or some wild changeling, *dragglcd through a fur  
To dance, and smirk, and shake the tambourine*,  
And grow to be a wanton—so they said.

But I, to whom the unfamiliar garb  
Seemed not excessive, wedded, as it was,  
To modesty, and scrupulous cleanliness—  
I could not blame it , nay, it had a charm  
For me, a charm of novelty and grace—  
The break of dull monotony , as if  
Some day among the gulls upon the beach  
I should perceive a bird of paradise,  
Or mark a fire-fly in the dusky bents.  
Yet, when the little one was old enough  
To come to school, and I had fixed the day,  
And all was ready, I had many fears—  
Indeed I all but asked to see her dressed  
That morning, ere she left her mother's hand,  
But did not venture only, when she came,  
I bade the mistress thoroughly examine  
Each hem, and stitch, and goie, and plait, and  
seam,  
And, if need be, abate, or modify.  
Moreover I contrived to bring two friends,

Lady parishioners, mature in years,  
 Into the school that day, who, when they saw,  
 Approved, and were surprised the child was  
 dressed

Like other children, only wondrous neat—  
 Indeed, sir, I was thankful, recognising  
 The plastic spirit of my humble friend,  
 And how she caught the cue of circumstance

So all was well, and Sarah giew apace,  
 And was an excellent scholar, apt and good  
 And she had much of native dignity,  
 And calm control, well suited to abash  
 Our rougher lads · and, even before she left  
 The school, she looked so stately and so pure,  
 So sweetly tolerant, and yet so firm  
 Of principle, being resolute for good  
 Above all else, that evil things withdrew  
 From off her virgin path ; and vulgar phrase,  
 And gesture loose, nor any wicked act,  
 Could e'er approach her—happy, happy such—  
 O sir, how happy ! who, as in the sphere  
 Of their own crystal purity contained,  
 Are *naturally* safe, and, effortless,  
 Compel the baser elements—how few,  
 God knows For is it not a weary strife  
 With most of us, our peace, if peace we have,  
 The fruit of mere exhaustion ?—ah, God knows—  
 And God knows too—but 'tis a happier knowledge—  
 What preparation in the silent depths  
 Of these white, virginal souls is made, what conflict,  
 Perhaps, of other essences, to them  
 External, viewless powers, keeps beating back  
 The incursive ill, and still unbroken holds  
 That limited space wherein they walk secure—

So in the moving centre of a storm  
There is a core of quiet, is there not ?

In such a place as this, I need not say,  
The children at our school cannot remain  
Beyond the term prescribed by homely needs,  
And exigence of labour Sarah stayed  
Up to her sixteenth year, a privilege  
Not many of our working class obtain,  
For her by Bella eagerly desired,  
And jealously protected—and the girl  
Made rapid progress, justifying all  
And, when she left, her mother would not take her  
To work upon the fields, as she herself  
Was wont, but sought a place of service for her  
In Ramsey, with a family genteel,  
Yet staid, and sober, which from Liverpool  
Had come to spend the summer and with them,  
When they returned to Liverpool, she went,  
To be their servant in that awful place

But, ere she went, we had our Confirmation,  
And Sarah came to be prepared by me :  
And she impressed me much as one well girt  
With Christian armour, and her frame of mind  
Was excellent Her answers, whether spoken,  
Or written, such as I myself indeed  
Would not have been ashamed of, and, in truth,  
Her hand was always wonderfully clear  
So I was pleased · but Bella troubled me

Her tendency to gauds broke out afresh  
On this occasion, seeming to have died  
As she grew old, or, possibly, her daughter  
Had mitigated it, with exquisite tact,  
Suggesting compromise, and ever holding

A mean, that had a pathos of its own,  
 So happily did she propitiate  
 Her mother's foible, subtly indistinct  
 In her distinction—as she managed it.  
 But now dear Bella hankered for a cap,  
 So frizzed, beribboned, done about with lace  
 And gauze, wherewith her daughter should appear  
 Before the Bishop, that I knew his lordship  
 Would be quite scandalised. Debate ran high  
 For quite a week between herself and me,  
 And I was vexed. But Sarah made it right—  
 Yet not without some risk of public blame—  
 She wore no cap at all; and never, sir,  
 Was Bishop's hand laid on a lovelier head.

So Sarah was confirmed, and went to England;  
 And Bella had no doubts; she knew her child  
 Nor is there any tragedy behind  
 My simple story—ruin, sin, and death—  
 Thank God! it was not thus, and could not be—  
 I say, *thank God!* for I have known of many  
 Caught in the snares of your great Liverpool,  
 Burned in the fire of your great Liverpool,  
 Cast forth like ashes on the unhallowed streets  
 Of your great Liverpool. An awful place  
 I said it was; and so it is to us,  
 To us, sin, anxious for our children's good,  
 Our children's life. Oh yes! I know there are  
 Good men in Liverpool, else Sodom's doom  
 Had fallen upon her long ago, who asks  
 The annual tribute of our shame—pollutes,  
 Devours—O God! to think of it is death!

Good men in Liverpool—yes, sir, oh yes—  
 Undoubtedly—I know some clergymen

In Liverpool, who are most excellent,  
 Most admirable men in every way—  
 There's Mr — I forget his name—— his church  
 Is somewhere—— really I can't remember—  
 You see, your Liverpool is such a place,  
 Enormous, is it not? and most confusing.  
 You think I'm prejudiced—perhaps I am—  
 But you'll allow it is confusing, sir,  
 Confusing to a stay-at-home like me—  
 Well, well—I do not like your Liverpool.

But Sarah was not easily confused :

She could walk steadily where others swerve  
 And stagger from the track Her feet were firm  
 And supple with the elasticity  
 Of innocence and maidenly resolve—  
 God giving her strength, God answering our prayers,  
 Refreshing her according to her need,  
 Nay, filling her with light ; so that each year,  
 When she came back to see us, she was good,  
 And absolutely incorrupt as ever—  
 Unchanged indeed, save only that sweet change  
 Which comes of larger life, more copious flow  
 Of impulse ever chastened, broader space  
 Of soul, reflecting more variety  
 Of forms—as when a little mountain stream  
 Swims out into the figure of a lake,  
 And mirrors all the sky, and all the clouds  
 Such change was added beauty, perfect joy,  
 And balance of a heart that knew no fear—  
 Sarah was fearless , that you saw at once—  
 Yet so affectionate, and simply kind.

It was a real little festival  
 When she came home to see us every face

Was brighter for her look, such interest,  
 And such excitement, in the parish here !  
 For half a mile upon the Ramsey road  
 The people from the cottages came out,  
 And waited for the cait, the Païson's cait,  
 Which always brought her from the boat   Indeed  
 The first time that she came I did not care  
 To be among them . but the second time  
 I lingered at the corner of the lane ,  
 And when they saw me, all, with one consent,  
 But tacitly, held back, as though they thought  
 It was for me to welcome her   And so  
 It came to be a custom of the place ,  
 And I was always there, and nothing loth—  
 Such little things made up our round of life,  
 And are the landmarks of its quiet course ,  
 And are not very little, after all,  
 For those who value simple loyalty,  
 And have respect for unpretending worth

It was a pleasant and a happy scene  
 But most 'twas happy, most 'twas pleasant, still—  
 To me at least 'twas most—to see how Bella,  
 From mid-day till the twilight brought her hope,  
 Upon a sandhill, which advanced to meet  
 The road, sat spotless in the mere perfection  
 Of cap and kerchief, conscious of her health  
 Clean swept; and all the cottage bright as glass  
 And so for hours she sat, most patiently  
 Knitting and, now and then, some one would  
 come—  
 Most frequently myself—and change a word  
 Of cheer, and in the very quiet of her tone  
 Divine the gathered loneliness, that now  
 Expected recompense, as justly due

To all those wintry longings in the night  
But when the sunset came, and that great joy  
Was imminent, then Bella's needles clicked  
Irregular, and from her trembling hands  
Slipped devious, and her face was fixed upon  
The long white road, and from her eyes dropped tears.  
Then came the cart ; and on my aiding hand  
Sarah leaped light, but Bella waited still  
And we went up to her So, every year,  
It grew to be a custom, as I said,  
A ritual of observance most exact,  
Which changed, the people would have been amazed.

A Sabbath time for Bella, be assured—  
A blessed, blessed time ! and Sarah brought  
Such presents for the children all about  
That everywhere the little ones rejoiced,  
And followed her But chiefest bliss to me  
Was in the evening, when the day was fine,  
That sacred week, for well it might be called so,  
While Sarah stayed with us, to see them walk,  
The mother and her child, upon the shore,  
At distance I, yet near enough to note  
The close embrace of interwoven arms,  
Slow step harmonious, stately forms erect,  
Yet flowing in accordant tenderness—  
Tall women both, yet Bella was less tall  
Than Sarah, grown to perfect womanhood

Nine years had passed, and still our Sarah served  
In the same house But, when the tenth year came,  
Came news that Sarah was to be a wife  
Before she saw us next—a man well off,  
Intelligent, respectable, who loved her,  
And whom she loved—you know the sort of man—

Connected with some—oh, a worthy man—  
 Should be her husband, and from marriage bells  
 Forthwith they twain would cross the sea, and make  
 Some stay with us—so Sarah's letter said  
 But Bella, whatsoe'er she felt, was silent  
 Only I thought I saw a heavy look—  
 And yet perhaps I did her wrong, for how  
 Could prospect of so great a change not throw  
 A shadow on her life? which having passed,  
 Bright sunshine would succeed. A mother's heart—  
 'Tis a great mystery, sir, a mother's heart

And now the day approached that they should  
 come; And Bella seemed as if an inward strife  
 Had ended, and her soul was left in peace:  
 And she addressed her to the patent needs  
 Of service, and all hospitable cares  
 And, when they came, I could not but rejoice  
 To mark how radiant Sarah looked, to see  
 Her husband too, a handsome man, well-grown,  
 Well-set, kind, honest face, and honest speech,  
 Where haply failed an aitch, as reason would  
 But nothing failed of modesty and truth  
 Content, I clasped his hand.

Then Bella asked  
 If, that one night, in her old cottage home,  
 She might have Sarah to herself—"You were  
 My architect," she said to me, "you know  
 How far accommodation serves." Whereat  
 Her husband not surprised, we speedily  
 Arranged that he should at the Vicarage  
 Be entertained, my guest. We supped with her,  
 Then left them. 'Twas a pleasant night of stars,  
 And murmuring ripples, and sweet drowsy winds,

That scarcely studded a leaf And I was glad  
 To make the acquaintance of our Sarah's husband  
 And as we walked and walked and I could see  
 That he was *most* intelligent,—acquainted  
 With much that lay beyond my beat—the arts  
 Of busy life, and ways of toiling men,  
 And springs of wealth and industry—

We walked,  
 And still the light was in the window, still  
 They did not sleep, and it was getting late  
 Then he to me—"I will draw near, and know  
 What holds them watching" to the window stept,  
 And looked a while, then beckoned me approach,  
 But silently, and I approached Then he—  
 "Dear sir, you are a clergyman In God's name  
 I bid you see the sight that I have seen"

Then through the opening of the narrow pane  
 I gazed, and saw how Bella had undressed  
 Her child, as long ago, when she and I  
 Had prayed beside the little one But now  
 It was the absolute omnipotence  
 Of woman's beauty given to my view,  
 As in some wondrous dream for Bella knelt,  
 And clasped the marble of her daughter's knees,  
 And kissed the softness of her daughter's breast,  
 And drank the music of her daughter's voice,  
 And seemed to take assurance of each sense  
 That this dear child, thus come to full estate  
 Of bodily form, was her own little one,  
 Flesh of her flesh, the same that she had borne  
 And nursed in sorrow, now complete in joy

Oh *physically*, sir, it was supreme—  
 This Sibyl clinging to this Venus. Nay,

You'll pardon my poor fancy—classical,  
 Perhaps—but that is not the point—those faces,  
 Those faces, sir—that worship, and that smile—  
 Love! if this was not love, then where is love?  
 The love, the smile, the face, sir—either face—  
 Both faces in an ecstasy of love  
 “Nursing the baby”—so I said to him,  
 Who yet again would look, and look again  
 But came with me at last, and, reft of speech,  
 And in our hearts the murmuring of deep awe,  
 We sought the Vicarage, and, ere we slept,  
 I prayed for all

Next morning, when I rose,  
 I found him up, and ready to descend  
 To Bella's cottage At the opened door  
 Stood Sarah, very quiet In her eyes  
 Methought I saw a trouble, but she spoke  
 Her greeting with a voice that seemed unmoved  
 Then bade us enter Which when we had done,  
 She gently turned the covelet, and there  
 Lay Bella, with a sunbeam on her brow,  
 A bright young sunbeam—Bella, sir, was dead

Of course, the doctors called it heart-disease—  
 But who can tell? God took her to Himself;  
 He knows the time—— But I neglect my function—  
 Westward to Juiry, eastward, as I said,  
 The coast runs level to the Point of Ayre

## IV DRAMATIC LYRICS

(ANGLO-MANX)



## IN THE COACH

### NO I --JUS' THE SHI

•YES, comin' home from the North Sea fishin' we  
were, past John o' Gatoes,  
Past the Pentlands and Cape Wrath theer, twenty  
boats  
There'd be of us, and eight men and boys to every  
one, and how many are you making that?  
*A hundred-and-sixty*, says you—You're smart though,  
what?  
And sure enough it is—aw this ciphiun and figgurin'  
and recknin', aw grand! grand!  
Well, when we hauled to the southward, the wind  
turned a foul, you'll understand,  
So we made for a bay though, the lot of us ter'ble  
narrow it was to get in—  
That bay—but spreadin' out astonishin',  
And the room you never seen—acres' acres! So  
swings to an anchor for all  
As airy as airy, and plenty to spare, just that we  
could call  
The time o' day and that it's comfible, you know,  
like yandhar, and maybe a matthar  
Of ten fathom—good houldin', fuss-rate ridin', couldn'  
be batthar

And at the top of the bay there was a castle, ter'ble though,  
 Aw, bless ye, ter'ble uncommon, and the gairdens thee<sup>i</sup> all in a row,  
 And all above one another ; and some guns that was took from the Rooshians, and a tower, and a flag goin' a-haulin'—  
 I don' know the bugee, but as broad as a good taipaulin ,  
 And over the doo<sup>i</sup>, cut to a dot, aw, open your eyes the widest you can !  
 Over the door, if you plaze, over the door, what next ? God bless us ! the three legs of Man ! .  
 That was the thing My gough ! the wondher we had ,  
 And this and that , but at last Billy Fargher said  
 It muss ha' been some of these ould Earls or Dukes, or  
 their daughters, or their nieces, or their cousins  
 (Of coarse, there'd be dozens)  
 That got marriied on yandhar lek—  
 At laste you'd expeck  
 There'd be some woikin' in and out , and blood is  
 blood,  
 That's aisy undeistood ,  
 And navar ashamed of the ould flag, not her , but  
 heisin'<sup>1</sup> it to the wind, and carvin' it on the  
 stone, like defyin',  
 Lek as bou'd as a lion  
 Now there was a ter'ble great lady livin' in this  
 Castle, mind !  
 Aye, a lady, bless ye ! and no mistake, grand, no  
 doubt, but kind.  
 And she come to see us, aye, and she said she was  
 once on the Islan',

<sup>1</sup> Hoisting

*And the people was that good to her, and that civil,  
and that smilin',  
And that plazzant, she said, that she couldn't forget it,  
she said,*  
*No, she said, and it wasn't no use, she said,  
They were nice people, she said, the nice you couldn't  
tell,*  
*That's what she said, and she liked them well  
And she wouldn't take no res' of us but we muss  
promise then and thee!*  
*To have dinner with her, aye! dinner, think of that  
now! a hundred-and-sixty of us—what? aw, I'll  
swear*  
*Dinner though, so promised sure enough, and the  
day come,  
And there wasn't a soul of us went, not a soul, by gum!  
No! and the pipers blawin',  
And the curks<sup>1</sup> drawin',  
And the preparation they'd be havin', so I'm toul',  
And there wasn't a soul, no, not a soul  
*And what for was that? What for? Just the shy,  
the shy,*  
*That's the what for, and that's the why,  
And that's the way with the Man; aw, it is though,  
aw, they are, they are,  
Mos' despard shy, aw, it's a pity for all, but star'  
They will, and wink and nudge and poke and bother,  
And spit therer and laugh, and look like axin' one  
another—  
“Are you goin', and you? and takin' rises, and all  
to that,  
Till you can't tell is it your granny's cat  
Or what is it that's doin' on you, but you feel jus' a  
reg'lar fool,**

<sup>1</sup> Corks

And all the time bitendin'<sup>1</sup> to be as cool as cool,  
 Aw dear ! it's a pity ! a pity ! aw, a rum lot !  
 But, whether or not,  
 The great lady was agate of us again,  
 'Deed for sure she was, and she seen the men  
 Was shy of the dinner, but it's lek<sup>2</sup> she thought  
 It was on account of not knowin' how to behave  
 Theerseleves the way they ought  
 With theer knives and theer plates and the lek : so  
 axed them to tay—  
 Aw, she muss ha' been a kind lady anyway !  
 And we promised faithful, and the day come, and she  
 sent and she sent,  
 And there wasn't a one of us went  
*The shy*, did ye say ? Sartinly, nothin' but the shy,  
 That's the way we aie ; aye,  
 Treminjus though I was raelly sorry for her, I was,  
 I tell ye,  
 And all the throuble that was at her theer, fit for a  
 melya,<sup>3</sup>  
 And the disappointed—what ? and, altogather, my  
 charn !<sup>4</sup>  
 These Manx chaps isn't fit, no they ar'n't—  
 Ter'ble boghs !<sup>5</sup>  
 Well, the wind veered round, and we all sailed  
 for the southward,  
 Excep' two boats Now, d'ye think she'd ha'  
 bothered  
 About such dunkies ? Well, that's jus' what she did,  
 Perseverin', aye ! and considherin', and waitin'  
 "Turn your quid!"  
 Says Juan Jem, lek *futhee*, lek *no hurry* ' you know  
 Lek *airy all'* lek *keep her so'*

<sup>1</sup> Pretending<sup>2</sup> Like, likely<sup>3</sup> Harvest-home<sup>4</sup> Lord !<sup>5</sup> Poor creatures

*Lek wait and see!* Patient, is it? But anyway the strong

The kindness was in her—that's it, and the long-Suff'rin' lek, and navai noi no capers of takin' offince My googh<sup>1</sup> it's many a time I've thought of it since What did she do but down to these chaps that was lavin'<sup>1</sup> behind—

Sixteen of them, aye—and axed them theer as kind as kind—

*To tay?* most sartin, what else? and I tell ye they took heart and went,

And enjoyed theerseleves to the full the same's it might be you or any other gent

*But the res?* you're wond'rin' Chut '

Jus' the shy, and nothin' but

The shy Aw, no use a' talkin',

The shy it's shawkin'

*No raison*, says you not a bit

*Amazin'*, says you Well, that's all you'll get,

That is the raison, and the for and the why—

Jus' the shy !

### NO II—YES, MA'AM! NO, MA'AM!

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am ;

We called him Joe, ma'am ,

Eighteen—

My name's Cregeen—

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am ,

Had to go, ma'am

*Faver?* aye ,

Young to die ,

Eighteen for spring

(Chorus of sympathisers) "Poor thing! poor thing!"

<sup>1</sup> Was leaving were left

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am ,  
 I'm rather low, ma'am—  
 Bombay—  
 Not at say  
 Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am ;  
 Just so, ma'am,  
 Clane groun',  
 And the Pazon in his gown ,  
 No stone, just marks  
*(Chorus as before) "She's thinkin' of these sharks"*

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am ,  
 Not like home, ma'am—  
 The clothes he died in  
 The corp was plied in  
 Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am ,  
 But just to sew, ma'am ,  
 Something sof',  
 Plazed enough,  
 But couldn't be—  
*(Chorus as before) "My chree! my chree!"*<sup>1</sup>

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am ,  
 We we're callin' him Joe, ma'am—  
 His chiss<sup>2</sup> come,  
 Not like to some ,  
 Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am ,  
 Come by Crow, ma'am ,  
 From Liverpool  
 And, of a rule,  
 Not amiss  
*(Chorus as before) "She's got his chiss ! she's got his  
 chiss!"*

<sup>1</sup> Dear Heart!

<sup>2</sup> Chest

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am,  
 These feeins<sup>1</sup> will grow, ma'am,  
 So I'm tould  
 But I'm makin' veiy bould  
 Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am—  
 Rather slow, ma'am,  
 Is this coach,  
 But I hope I don't encroach—  
 In my head the pain's  
*(Chorus as before)* "In her heart she manes."

Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am

### NO III.—CONJERGAL RIGHTS

Conjergal rights! conjergal rights!  
 I don't care for the jink of her and I don't care for  
     the jaw of hei,  
 But I'll have the law of her  
 Conjergal rights! yis, yis, I know what I'm sayin'  
 Fuss-i-ate, Misthress Corkhill, fuss-i-ate, Misster Cain,  
 And all the people in the coach—is there a man or a  
     woman of the lot of ye—  
 Well now, that's what I wudn' have thought of ye,  
 I wudn' raelly—No, I *haven'* got a little sup,  
 Not me—is there one of ye that wudn' stand up  
 For conjergal rights?  
 No, ma'am, *tight's*  
 Not the woid, not a diop since yesterday     But  
     lizzen, good people, lizzen!  
 I'll have hei in the coorts, I'll have hei in prison—  
 It's the most scandalous thing you ever—What ' this  
     woman and her daughter—  
 It's clane muider, it's abslit manslaughter,

<sup>1</sup> Ferns

Aye, and I wudn' tius' but beggamy, that's what it  
 is—Maimed yesterday mornin'  
 In Kilk Breddhan Church, and not the smallest taste  
 of wanin',  
 Takes hei to hei house in Castletown,  
 And jus' for I axed a quashtin<sup>1</sup>—and I'll be boun'  
 It's a quashtin any one of you wud have axed—picks a  
 quarrel, makes a row,  
 The two of them, aye, the two of them—bow-wow!  
 Hammer and tungs<sup>2</sup> sends for a pleeceman, puts me  
 to the door—  
 But I'll owe hei! I'll owe her!  
*Aisy*, Mr Cietney? No, I'll not be aisy,  
 It's enough to make a body crazy,  
 That's what it is, and the supper on the table,  
 And the hoss in the stable.  
 And I said nothin', nor I done nothin'. Aw, if there's  
 law in the land,  
 Law or justice, I'll have it, d'ye understand?  
 Do ye see the thing? My grayshurs<sup>3</sup> married is  
 maimied,  
 Isn't it? what? and me that cairried  
 The woman's box And that isn't all, what raison?  
 what sense?  
 Think of the expense! think of the expense!  
 Don't ye know? God bless me! The certif'cate,  
 that's hafe-a-crown,  
 And the l'sence, that's five shillin', money down,  
 ~ money down!  
 And not a failin' off for cash, these Pavons, not a  
 farlin';  
 And said she was my darlin'  
 And all to that, guy heng!<sup>3</sup> it's thrue! it's thrue!  
 And look at me now! boo-hoo-oo-oo!

<sup>1</sup> Question<sup>2</sup> Tongs<sup>3</sup> Go hang!

Yis, cryin' I am, and no wondher—  
 You don't see me it's that dark in the coach. By  
 the livin' thundhei  
 I'm kilt mos'ly, that's what I am, almos' kilt  
 With thiouble and disthiness and all *A jilt*,  
 You say, *a jilt?*<sup>2</sup> But married, married, married,  
 d'ye hear?  
 Married, Mistress Cieei,  
 Married afore twelve at Kirk Breddhan,  
 Married, a reg'lai proper weddin'  
 And no mistake,  
 And this woman O my gough! don't spake of  
 hei! don't spake!  
*It's me that's spakin'*? Yis, and I will! I will!  
 Who's to spake if I amn?<sup>1</sup> But still—  
 It's lek you don't see, the coach is so dark, and no  
 light from these houses,  
 But feel of this new coat, and the pair of new  
 trousis,  
 Bought o' purpose,<sup>1</sup> o' purpose! what else?  
 Biān new, and the shirt and the frells,  
 And the cuffs and the collai, every d—— thing  
 As biān and as new as a gull's wing—  
 And all to plaze her, and to look accordin'  
 To the occasion, and to do her credit, and ho'rdin'  
 The teens of months. And O, if I'd only borrowed  
 them from a neighbour!  
 That's the thing, but bought them, bought them! and  
 even so they might ha' been chabe,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yis, they might, at another shop But you don't see  
 the way I'm goin',  
 No, no, you don'  
 But I'd lek you to—the tears! I'm jus' slushin' the  
 sthaw

<sup>1</sup> On purpose<sup>2</sup> Cheaper

With the tears, makin' the coach all damp for the people—yis, I know I am, but I'll have the law,  
I'll have the law

Just a quashtin about a bit of proppity,  
The house, in fac', the very house we come into,  
d'ye see?

The house, hei house! Of coorse! of coorse! But  
goodness grayshuis!

Who doesn't know the law about a thing like that?  
the iggorant! the ordashuis!

If ever there was a thing on God's earth  
That was mine, it was yandhai house! But it isn't  
worth

Talkin'—no! There's people that'll go against anything  
But what! no suttlement goin' a-makin'<sup>1</sup>  
Nor nothin', jus' everything goin' a-takin'

Undher the common law of matrimony theer—  
At my massy!<sup>2</sup> at my massy! With your lave,  
Mi Teal,

At my massy, sii. You'll 'scuse me  
But you know the law Maurred—my chiee! my  
chree!

What *iss* "maurred," if that isn't? it's as plain as a  
dus'bun—

Your own dear lovin' husbin'  
As kind as kind!

See the beauty of it! And "all that's thine is mine,"  
Isn't it sayin' that in the Bible?  
And surely the woman is li'ble  
As well as the man, and to "love, honour, and  
obey,"

Isn't that what they say?  
But it's my heart, that's it! my poor broken heart!  
aw dear! aw dear!

<sup>1</sup> Settlement to be made<sup>2</sup> Mercy

And my feelin's! my feelin's! and that son of mine  
 girnin' from ear to ear,  
 And his lip, and his imprise, and his disiespeck,  
 And the waste and the neglec'—  
 O, it's awful! it's awful! O, the wounds that there's  
 no healin's!  
 O, my feelin's! my feelin's!  
 But I'll see about,<sup>1</sup> I will, I'll see about—  
 The dnt!  
 The wife of my bosom! Don't be mockin'  
 I heard a woman laughing its shockin'  
 That a woman'd laugh at the lek of such doin's, yis,  
 it is,  
 Downright wickedness—  
 A woman that I could name—  
 Fie for shame! fie for shame!  
 But I'll have law Look here! Is James Gell a  
 lawyer? You'll hardly uphold me  
 He isn', will ye? James Gell—the Attorney-Ginal  
 well, that's the man that tould me  
*Did I speake to him about it? was I aizn' him afore*  
*I was anything to her?*  
 Saitinly! my gough! was I gom' to run my neck  
 into a noose,  
 And navar no 'pinion nor . . . I'm not such a goose  
 As yandhai ither, I've gorut<sup>2</sup> in writin', yis, I have,  
 I've gorut here—aw, you'll get lave! you'll get  
 lave!  
 Not aisy to read, but God bless me! where's my  
 specs? But lar't! lar t!<sup>3</sup>  
 It's my feelin's O, my heart! my heart!  
 My poor heart! my poor heait! boo-hoo-oo-oo! Aye,  
 and you'd think there'd be  
 Some semperthy,

<sup>1</sup> About it<sup>2</sup> Got it

' Let it be

## IN THE COACH

Some C'row, open this doo'r and let me out!  
there's no regaid with ye  
For a man's . I'll not ride another yaid with ye ..  
Theer then' thee! ' No, I'll have none of your  
good-nights  
Conjugal rights' conjugal nights'

## NO IV — GOING TO MEET HIM

A Yes, yes, I'll be seein' him, seein' Billy  
This very night—aw, I'm almost silly  
With the thought Yes, Mis Quayle, just a year  
away,  
And he's comin' home this very day  
Billy! Billy! aw, the foolish I am!  
And you'll 'scuse me, ladies, won't ye now? Aw, I'll  
be as qui't as a lamb,  
Yes, I will and it isn't night  
To be cariyin' on like this afore people, but aw, the  
delight!  
O! I wonder how he'll be lookin'; he's that handsome  
and gud,  
Aw yes, aw dear! I wud, I wud,  
I wud fly, I wud die! O the darling! O! it's shockin',  
And I can't keep qui't, no, I can't, no, I can't, and  
it's no use o' talkin'  
But I'll try, Mrs. Quayle, you know me; yes, I'll try,  
I'll do my best,  
O! I will though, and only proper lek But how'l  
he be drest?  
O Billy, Billy! will he have his white ducks? ho, ho!  
It's me that'd make them like the driven snow,  
But these Liverpool washerwomen—chut' the nasty  
things! aw, I'll be bail

No notion whatever, no, they haven' ; what did ye say,  
 Mrs Quayle ?

*Not to be expectin' too much and I'll not be disappointed?* and I'd batthar—

What, Mis Quayle, batthar what, what ? what ? what ? I've  
 got the latthar !

He's comin' he's comin' ! "On the spree," did ye  
 say ?

*Like the way*

*With such, Mis Quayle ? With such '*

Mrs Quayle ! Mis Quayle ! Who then ? whuch ?

This coach is chokin' me. give me an—

•No, no ! it isn' fair,

Navai ! no, navar ! navar !

No, no ! you're clavai,

You've seen a dale,

Mis. Quayle,

A dale, no doubt, but that you'll navai see,

Foi I love Billy, and Billy loves me !

Is that plain ? don't you know that ? It cudn' ! it  
 cudn' !

But ye come upon me that sudden

No, no ! that's not Billy, nor natur', nor nothin',  
 that's foolishness—

But I can't iest—

This coach is close—the hot I am and the coul'

(Chorus of conscious women) "Poor sowl ! poor  
 sowl !"

B Now then, now then, what do you say now ?

Here he is, and I think you'll allow

Eh, Mrs. Quayle, you'll allow, I think,

Not the smallest sign of drink.

And I ast your pardon humble I do—

I'm foigettin' myself But is it you ?

Is it you? is it you? Whispe<sup>r</sup> then,  
 The *millish ven*<sup>1</sup>  
 Close, Billy, close—  
 God knows  
 I love you, Billy, and you love me,  
 Don't you, Billy? my chiee<sup>1</sup> my chree<sup>1</sup>  
 Aw, just to hear—  
 Chut! I'm foolish, but O, the dear!  
 The—*Steady*, did ye say? yis, Billy, yis!  
*Steady* it is  
 Now, Mis Quayle, is he drunk or sober?  
 Poor ould Billy! And last October  
 He sailed, poor chap! And *it's me that's drunk*—  
 With joy you mane? And have you got your trunk—  
 What am I talkin'? your chiss—dear me! and didn'  
 I see't  
 Comin' along the street—  
 Of coorse, and mended—  
 You tould me O! isn't all this beautiful? isn't it  
 splendid?  
 Closei, Billy, closer then!  
*Crid shen*<sup>2</sup>  
 Nothin', but . . . lizzen, Billy, whisp'r'n's free—  
 I love Billy, and he loves me  
 Do you, Billy? as God's above,  
 Do you love  
 Me, Billy? The word, Billy, as soft as soft—  
*What am I thinkin' of?*<sup>2</sup>  
 Aw, ye said it, ye said it And now I'll trouble ye  
 Is he drunk or sober, this young man, W.  
 Sayle, by name? Aw, you'll 'scuse me, won't ye?  
 Aw I didn't mane to 'front ye,  
 Aw nothin' of the suit! Only, ye see, the glad  
 I am it's fit to drive me mad

<sup>1</sup> Sweet dear<sup>2</sup> What's that?

And I'm iather young at laste, not that oul',  
 You'll 'scuse me, won't ye . . .  
*(Chorus of conscious women)* "Poor sowl! poor  
 sowl!"

## No V—THE PAZONS

What's the gud of these Pazons? They're the most  
 despard rubbage go'n',  
 Reg'lar humbugs they are Show me a Pazon, show  
 me a dione!  
 Livin' on the fat of the land, livin' on the people's  
 money  
 The same's the diones is livin' on the beeses honey  
 Aw bless ye' the use of them? not the smallest taste  
 in the woild, no'  
 Grindin' down the honest workin' man, just so,  
 Suckin' the blood of the poor and needy,  
 And as greedy's greedy  
 See the tithes, see the fees, see the glebes and all,  
 What's the call  
 For the lek? and then wives go n' a takin' for ladies,  
 and then childhar go n' sendin' to College  
 Like the fuss<sup>1</sup> of the land Aw, it bates all knowledge  
 The uprisement of the lek! And fingerin' with their  
 piannas,  
 Them that shud be singin' their hosannahs  
 To the King of glory constant Clap them in the  
 pulfit theer,  
 What can they do! Aw, come down the steer!<sup>2</sup>  
 come down the steer,  
 And don't be disgracin' yourself that way! That's  
 what I've been thinkin' many a time—

<sup>1</sup> Fust<sup>2</sup> Stan

## IN THE COACH

And let a piaecher take his turn, a local, aye, just  
t'ny 'm !

Aw, give your people a chance to get salvation  
“Blow ye the trumpet in Zion !” That's the style,  
and the presumption

Poulin' out all over his body ! See the wiestlin',  
And the poor Pazon with his collec' and his pestlin'  
And his gosp'lin' *Gospel* ! Let it sound abroad,  
The rael gospel of God !

Aw then the happy I am !

Give us the Lamb ! give us the Lamb !

But he can't, I tell ye, he can't—

What's that young man sayin' theel—iant ?

Rant indeed, is that what he's learnin'

At Oxfoot College, to revile the spirit that's burnin'  
In the hearts of the faithful ? Aye, and let it buin,  
let it blaze !

But here's the Pazon, if ye plaze,  
Cocked up with his little twinkle of a farlin' rush,  
And 'll hauk and blush,  
And his snips and his snaps  
And his scrips and his sciaps,  
And endin' up with the Lord's Praye'r quite sudden  
Lek the ould woman's sauce to give a notion of a  
puddin',

Aye, puddin', and drabbin' with their swishups and  
dishups

Of the stale ould broth of the law ! If all the hands  
of all the bishops

Was goin' crookin' over his head, he wudn' be a  
praecher,

Not him, nor a taecher

*You can't be married without a Pazon ?* Can't I  
though ?

Can't I, Masther Clow ?

Give me the chance I'm a married man with  
 fam'ly comin',  
 But if it plazed the Lord to take Mrs Creer, d'ye  
 think there's a woman  
 'd refuse to go with me before the High Bailiff down  
 At Castletown,  
 And ger' a slick of matrimony put upon us?  
*Honest?*  
 Yes, honest thallure<sup>1</sup> but holy, "holy matrimony,"  
 they're say'n'—

Holy you! grandmother!—At laste, I mane,  
 And astin' your pardon, Mis Clague!  
 But the idikkilis people is about the lek o' yandhai—  
 Aisy with your leg,  
 Masthai Callow, thank ye' that'll do—  
 Yis, Mrs Clague, and cuzzinen's and funarls too—  
 Shuperstitution, just shuperstitution, the whole kit,  
 Most horrid, just popeiy, clane popeiy, that's it—  
 Aye, popeiy and schamin' and a ~~be~~ and a delusion  
 and snaies

To get money out of the people, which is the Lord's  
 and not theirs!

Money, money every turn,  
 Money, money—pay or burn!  
 And where does it come from? I said it before, and  
 I say it again,

Out of the sweat of the workin' man,  
 Aw these priests! these priests! these priests—  
 Down with them, I say The blute beasts  
 Has more sense till us, that's willin' to pay blackmail  
 To a set of rascals, to a pack of—Good evenin',  
 Pazon Gale!

Good evenin', sir, good evenin' Step up, sir!  
 Make room,

<sup>1</sup> Enough

Make room for our respected Vicar—And may I  
 perfume  
 To ax how is Mis' Gale, sir, and the family?  
 Does this weather agree—  
 Rather damp, I dessay! And the Governor's got  
 knighted?  
 I'm delighted to see you, sir, delighted, delighted!

## NO VI —NOAH'S ARK

*(On the road)*

“Good gracious! what in the world is this?”—“A  
 lil cauf, ma'am”  
 “Why, you don't mean to say . . . ?”—“I'll take it  
 by the scruff, ma'am.  
 We'll just lave it at the door.  
 It's belongin' to Mr Moore”  
 “And to think the abominable brute  
 Was sucking at my boot!  
 Mi Clow! Mr Crow!  
 I'd have you to know  
 “Jus' a lil cauf, ma'am,  
 Jus' a lil cauf”

*(Arrival at Ramsey)*

“Mercy on us! what next?”—“A lil dunkey, ma'am”  
 “A little what? Good heavens!”—“Aw, ye needn'  
 be funky, ma'am,  
 I'll get him out as qui't.  
 Good people, bring a light!”  
 “But a solitary female in the dark  
 With half the beasts in Noah's ark  
 Mr Crow! Mr Crow!  
 I'd have you to know . . . ”  
 “Jus' a lil dunkey, ma'am,  
 Jus' a lil dunkey”

## MATER DOLOROSA

Aw, Billy, good sowl' don't cuss! don't cuss!  
Ye see, these angels is grand to nuss,  
And it's lek they're feedin' them on some nice air,  
Or dew or the lek, that's handy there,  
O Billy, look at my poor bress!  
O Billy, see the full it is!  
But O my God! . . . but navar mind!  
There's no doubt them speeulits is very kind—  
And of coorse they're that beautiful it's lekly  
The childher is takin' to them directly—  
Eh, Billy, eh? And . . . O my head.  
Billy, Billy, come to bed'.  
And the little things that navar knew sin—  
And everything as nate as a pin  
And the lovely bells goin' ding-a-lingin'—  
And of coorse we've allis heard of them singin'  
But won't he want me when he'll be wakin'?  
Will they take him up when he's wantin' takin'?  
I hope he'll not be left in the dark—  
He was allis used to make a wark  
If a body'd lave him the smallest minute—  
Dear me! the little linnet—  
But I forgot—it's allis light  
In yandhai place All right' all right'  
I forgot, ye see, I'm not very well  
*Light*, was I sayin' but who can tell?  
Bad for the eyes, though . . . but a little curtain  
On a string, ye know—aw certain' certain'  
Let me feel your face, Billy! Jus' us two!  
Aw, Billy, the sorry I am for you'  
Aw 'deed it is, Billy,—very distressin'

To lave your childher to another pessin—  
 But . . . all the little rooms that's theer—  
 And Jesus walkin' up the steer,  
 And tappin' lek—I see ! I see !—  
 O Jesus Chiist, have pity on me !  
 But He'll come, He'll come ! He'll give a look  
 Jus' to see the care that's took—  
 O ' there's no doubt He's very gud—  
 O, I think He wud, I think He wud '  
 But still . . . but still . . . but I don't know  
 O Billy ! I think I'd like to go—  
 What's that, Billy ? did ye hear a cry ?  
 O Ilham, the sweet it'd be to die !

## THE CHRISTENING

Hould him up !  
 Hould him up !  
 Joy ! joy !  
 Hould him up ! hould him up !  
 Is that the boy ?  
 Hould him up !

Stand out of the way, women,  
 Stand out of the way !  
 Here, Mistress Shimmin !  
 Here, I say !  
 Here ! here !  
 Aw dear !  
 Is this him ?  
 Every limb  
 Taut and trim—

Here's a hull !  
 Here's a breast—  
 Like a bull !  
 He's got my finger in his fess<sup>1</sup>—  
 He hess<sup>1,2</sup> he hess !

Look at the gip !  
 Is that a smile upon his lip ?  
 He can't do that !  
 What ! what !  
 Smile !  
 My gough ! what a chile !

Feel the girstle !  
 Feel it though !  
 Stop ! I'll whistle—  
 Whew— ! bo !  
 What's he doin' ?  
 Is it cooin'  
 You call it when he goes like yandhai<sup>2</sup>  
 See his eyes the way they wandhar !  
 Hullo ! hullo !  
 Where'll you go ? where'll you go ?  
 Keep her so !

There's a look !  
 There's another !  
 The little rook !  
 What's he wantin'  
 With this gallivantin' ?  
 Ah ! the mothe<sup>1</sup> ah ! the mother !  
 Yiss ! yiss ! muss hev a kiss !  
 Aw, Kitty, Kitty bogh !<sup>3</sup>  
 Aw my gough !

Kitty darlin' ! Kitty then !  
 And me so far away !  
 The hard it muss ha' ben '<sup>1</sup>  
 Were you freckened,<sup>2</sup> Kitty, eh ?  
 Navar mind !  
 Here I am !  
 As consigned !  
 And, axin' your pardon, Misthress Shimmin,  
     ma'am,  
 Here's the joy !  
 Here's our boy, Kitty !  
 Here's our boy !

Listen ! I'll tell you a thing—  
 By jing !  
 I've calkerlated it to a dot,  
 But whether or not—  
 The very night Kitty was tuk—  
 Just thiee days,  
 If you plaze,  
 Out of Dantzic, theie was a sea struck—  
 Jemmy 'll remember—  
 Every timber  
 Shuck !

Close-hauled, you know, and I navar tould ye,  
 But behould ye !  
 In the tiough there, rowlin' in it,  
 Just that minute—  
 I saw a baby, as plain,  
 Passin' by on a slant of rain  
 To leeward, and his little shiff<sup>3</sup>  
 Streamin' away in the long gray drift

<sup>1</sup> Must have been<sup>2</sup> Frightened<sup>3</sup> Shift

I saw him there—you didn't regard<sup>1</sup> me—  
 But his face was toward me—  
 Oughtn't I to know him?  
 Well, I saw him afore Kitty saw him!  
 I saw him, and there he ess,<sup>2</sup>  
 There upon his mother's breast,  
 The very same, I'll assure ye;  
 And I think that'll floor ye!  
 And his body all in a blaze of light—  
 A dirty night!  
 "Where was he goin'?"  
 Who's knowin'?  
 He was in a huiiy in any case,  
 And the Baltic is a lonesome place—  
 But here he is, all right!  
 Here he is now! joy! joy!  
 God bless the boy!"

Have you tould the Pazon? what did he say?  
 Has he seen him—ould Pazon Gale?  
 Aw, you tould the Pazon anyway!  
 Tould! he'll turn the scale  
 At thinty pound,  
 I'll be bound

Did you put it in the paper?  
 No, no! What capers!  
 No, no!  
 Splendid though!  
 Upon my life—  
*Catharine, wife*  
*Of Mounseer*  
*Edlard Creer,*

*Esqueer,  
Otherwise dadaa,  
Of a son and heer !  
Hip-hip-hip-hip, hooraa !*

Bless my sowl ! am I diaemin' ?  
 He'll make a seaman  
 Will yandhar lad—  
 Aw, the glad !  
 Yiss ! yiss ! Misthress Shimmin, certainly !  
 Go down to the smack,  
 Jemmy, and see—  
 Yiss ! Misthress Shimmin  
 And all the rest of the women—  
 'Scuse me, ladies ! rather 'cited—  
 Just the delighted, you know, the delighted !  
 And every raison to suppose  
 (See him cockin' his nose !)  
 That the best of care  
 And ceteiar—  
*I'll get that with Misthress Shimmin—did ye say ?*  
 Eh ?

Go, Jemmy, they're lyin' quite handy,  
 A bottle of rum and another of brandy,  
 In the starboard locker theer—  
 And, Jemmy ! there's a taste of gin—  
 Aw, navar fear !  
 Tell the chaps to finish it—  
 All the kit—  
 And listen—tell ould Harpei  
 We'll take and warp hei  
 Inside  
 On the morning's tide—  
 About hafe-past four 'll be time to begin—  
 My gough ! but we'll have a chizzzenin' !

## PEGGY'S WEDDING

" Is that you, Peggy? my goodness me!  
 And so dark still I can hardly see!  
 Wait, woman, wait!  
 I'll come down ye needn' go on hommerin' at such  
     a rate  
 Here's the master snorin'  
 Like a mill, and you to be breakin' the door in—  
 It's just distractin', that's what it is—  
 Aisy, woman! yis! yis!—  
 There's people'll snore—where's that pericut?<sup>1</sup>  
 There's people'll hommer—my gough! that slut!  
 I'm comin'! I'm comin'  
 God bless the woman!  
 I never heard such a row—

" Aw dear! aw dear! aw, the craythui! aw, poor  
 Peggy, what's the matter with you now?  
 Come in! come in! the sowl! the sowl!  
 What is it, Peggy, what? and where have you left  
 Dan Cowle?  
 Is he outside in the street?—well, where is he then?  
 Did you call at the halfway-house? did he get—aw,  
     bless these men!  
 Did he fall on the road? No, ye say, no?  
 Well then where did he go?  
 Is he lyin' in the ditch?  
 Did he lave you, or did you lave him—which?  
 You left him?  
 So I suppose it's not a man you're wantin' at all, but  
     a cherubum?  
 Aye! aye!  
 Middlin' high!"

<sup>1</sup> Petticoat

"And you that were married only yesterday, and  
 the weddin' out of this house—  
 To be comin' home in the mornin' all ragg'd and  
 rumpled like a reg'lar trouser<sup>1</sup>—  
 Peggy, Peggy! You'd like to blow the fire, just to  
 feel  
 You're at home again—eh, Peggy? Don't kneel!  
 don't kneel!  
 Don't be foolish, Peggy. There's take the bellow's,  
 And blow away'  
 And we'll have a cup o' tay,  
 And then you'll tell us  
 Why—Dan Cowle! Dan Ballaboo!  
 A dacent man, and well-to-do!  
 Dan! Dan Cowle! dear heart!  
 And the beautiful ye went away in the cait!  
 And you've tuk and left him! left Dan!  
*Left the man!"*

"Man' did ye say? aw Misthress, Misthress'  
 what are ye talkin'?  
 Man' do ye call that craythur a man, because he's  
 a thing that's walkin'  
 On two legs, and a tongue in his head<sup>2</sup> a beautiful  
 suit<sup>2</sup>  
 Of a man—you call him a man, I call him a duit'  
 That's what I call him—a duit, and a sneak, and a  
 dunkey—  
 Men! if that chap's a man, he's a cross 'twix a man  
 and a monkey!  
 And a touch of a devil, and a touch of a fool  
 Listen, Misthriss, listen! We wain' half-way up  
 Barrule,

<sup>1</sup> Slattern<sup>2</sup> Sort

When I thought he'd ha' stayed a bit—and only—  
reasonable he shud—

At Kinvigs's—bein' a thing lek that's general under-  
stood—

What's halfway-houses fo', I'd like to know—

Just so!

You wouldn't be agen<sup>1</sup> that?

What?

"Certainly! and company waitin'—and just a  
drop to warm a body—

And dear me! what is there in half a glass of rum,  
or a whole glass, fo' the matter of that, to  
harm a body?

And well you know it isn't the dhrink I regard—

Well you know that—but still a body's hardly prepar'd  
To pass the only public-house on the road, drivin'  
home on your weddin' night—

It isn't right,

Noi coireck, noi friendly, noi in any suit of a con-  
catenation

Lek accordin' to your station—

And disappointin' people that way, when they're trustin'  
Your proper feelin's, is quite disgustin'

"So I lays my hand on his aim, just by way of  
signifyin'—

Nothin' more—and behould ye! he cock'd hisself up  
as stiff and as dignifyin',

And rip! and rup! and chip! and chup!

And 'There's nobody up,' he says    Nobody up?

And glasses jinglin', and windows blazin',

And people comin' out, and shoutin' amazin'

<sup>1</sup> Against

## PEGGY'S WEDDING

To stop' But no! but sticks his elbeis like skewers  
in a body—  
'What!' I says, 'not a glass of toddy?  
Just fo! neighbourly dacency?'  
'It's surprisin' how early they're goin' to bed,' says  
he  
'Goin' to bed!' says I    'Yes,' he says—middlin'  
snailly—  
'Kinvig's was allis early,' he says, 'partic'lar early'—  
And his ould hoss gallopin', and heisin' his hind-  
quarteis, and woikin'  
Like a see-saw, and bumpin' and jerkin',  
And sent me flyin', with my head in the bottom  
    the cait, and my feet in the air,  
And the rest of me—anywhere

"So he puts out his hand—  
'Bless my sowl!' he says, 'I thought it was gone  
'What?' says I - 'The box,' he says, maenin' my  
    box, and my weddin' bonnet  
Smashed to jammy—'I wish you'd sit upon it,'  
He says—the box, of coarse! So I thought I'd be  
    a little lovin'  
And that—and I comes up lek gradjal, lek shiftin'  
    and shovin'  
Lek agen him in a way    And I says, 'I'd like to be  
    with you,' says I,  
'My own husband,' I says; fo! I thought it better to  
    tiry  
Was there just a taste  
Of anything of a husband in him. So he put his  
    arm round my waist—  
Not round either—for he couldn' do that—  
Not for the stout I am, bein' allis a gintale figger,  
    but just like a lath—

Flat

Agen the back o' my stays, and not the smallest curl .  
Or squeeze in the ould pump-handle, not the smallest  
in the worl'—

And his eyes on the box—and 'There it's goin' !'  
He says, and waein' and woin'—

And as restless ! And then we got on the mountain ,  
and the ling

Was smellin' very sweet in the daik, and a stream  
began ting-ting-ting

Down the other way—very pleasant, and it got  
couldhei,

And I thought it was only a 'spectable thing to put  
my head on his shouldher

"O dear ! he got as crabbit  
As an ould buck rabbit ,  
And he hitched and he hunched, and he cibbed and  
he ciunched,  
Till he was all bunched  
In a lump , and anyway his blades that shaip  
And snaggy you might as well ha' leaned your head  
on the backbone of a carp

"So I didn' care, and I sat up as straight  
And as indepadin' It was gettin late  
When we come to his house , and there was a falla  
theer standin' on the look-out  
On the very top of the midden, and jumps down, and  
grips the hoss, and gives a big shout,  
And 'Look here !' he says, 'who's goin to pay me ?  
'Pay !'  
Thinks I—and this ould fool go'n seerchin' away  
In all his pockets—and gev a start,  
And 'Bless my heart !'

'He says, 'hev I lost it? hev I lost it?' and twisses  
 and wiiggles  
 Hissself into knots—and the other chap stands and  
 sniggles—  
 A young chap—And 'Dear me!' says Dan, 'it must  
 ha' dropt out on the road comin'—  
 It's very disthressin', he says 'Faith then! you're  
 a rummin,'  
 Says the chap, and like to buss<sup>1</sup>—  
 'What's the use o' talkin'?' says Dan Cowle, 'I've  
 lost my puss.  
 Where's your puss, Peggy? maybe,' he says, 'you'll  
 not mind  
 Payin' the man,' he says—'if you'll be so kind,'  
 He says—but oh! that creepin', and that sneakin',  
 and that slewin', and that sciewin',  
 Like a conger just And 'What's a doin'?'  
 Says I; 'isn' it you! own cait you got?'  
 'Well—no—it's not,'  
 He says, 'I must confess—  
 The fact of the matter is,' he says,  
 'My own cart is bruk very bad,  
 And I borrowed this one fo'r the occasion' So I  
 paid the lad

"'Aye, aye! his cart is bruk very bad,' says the  
 chap,  
 'Likewise his trap,  
 And the phaeton, and the baiooch, and the jantin'-  
 cai, and the family coach-and-four'—  
 And he gev a 100*i*  
 Out of hisself, this young divil—  
 And 'Hurrah for the weddiners!' he says 'Be civil'  
 be civil!'

<sup>1</sup> Burst

Says Dan, 'be civil, young man, it would well' become ye —  
 But says I—'Take your money and your cart,' I says, 'and be off with ye, ye scum ye !'  
 Be off !' I says, 'stir your stumps !'  
 (These Foxdale lumps<sup>1</sup>)  
 Is pitiful<sup>2</sup>) And Dan with the box on the street,  
 and pokin'  
 The key in the door—and, you know, I seen the  
 chimbley wasn't smokin',  
 Nor nothin'—nor no cowhouse about that I could see,  
 Nor no garden, nor a bush, let alone a tree—  
 •But just a crock  
 Standin' on a rock,  
 And water runnin' in it very free  
 At the gable, and slishin' and slushin', and muckin'  
 the street  
 Under one's feet

"And this is the man that tould me he'd make me  
 So comfible !  
 But still  
 You'll not mistake me,  
 You know me, Misthress, don't ye ? and you know I  
 wouldn't flinch,  
 No, not even if I was deceived—no, not an inch !  
 On I'd go, through the smooth and the rough,  
 Content enough—  
 For richer for poorer, for better for wuss—  
*Lost his puss !*  
 Had he ? lost two ' lost twenty '  
 Give me a man with a lovin' heart, Misthress with a  
 lovin' heart—  
 That's plenty—

<sup>1</sup> Lads<sup>2</sup> Pitiful, detestab

Plenty fo' me—navar mind the ca'it—  
 With a lovin' heait, and some wit about him—  
 And I'd navar doubt him,  
 Misthriss—no! *For better, for wuss*—  
 Them's the words, and didn't the Pazon say them?  
 And I'd nuss  
 His childhei, and I'd work, and I'd slave, and I'd die  
 Before I'd be beat—and still a lie  
 Is a duty thing—fo'e or aft,  
 As the sailors is sayin'—  
 But listen again—  
 Misthriiss! Misthriiss! you don't know half

"So we got in, however, and he groped about, and  
 he found a flint-and-steel,  
 And he skinned his ould knuckles all like a pūddha<sup>1</sup>  
 peel,  
 Stieck-stieckin' away, and, when he go<sup>2</sup> a light at  
 last,  
 You navar seen such a rookery A dresser there  
 was—  
 Yis—but hardly a plate or a basin, or any other suit  
 o' war,  
 And a hape of mouldy turmits<sup>3</sup> in a corner there—  
 could, comfortless things they are—  
 And a rot-hole,<sup>4</sup> or a shot-hole, I don't know which,  
 and I don't care etha,<sup>5</sup>  
 And a ba'iel that looked like male, with a flag or a  
 slate on the top of it, and a medha,<sup>6</sup>  
 And a pot, and nothin' in it, and no fire, if there had  
 been, and as for bed or beddin'—  
 Well, I dedn't throuble, no, faith, I dedn'.

<sup>1</sup> Potato<sup>2</sup> Got.<sup>3</sup> Turnips<sup>4</sup> Rat-hole<sup>5</sup> Either<sup>6</sup> Small, one handled tub

" It was a house that if you were inside you'd see  
 about as much sky as roof,  
 A surt o' mixthai o' the two, and a touch of hairy-  
 long-legses and spideis—aw, it's the troof!<sup>1</sup>  
 it's the tioof,  
 The troof I'm tellin'! And the scraas<sup>2</sup> hangin' in  
 rags and strings of dirt as black  
 You couldn't tell weie they scraas, or strips toie from  
 a rottent ould sack,  
 Or nettin' or somethin' And I can tell ye the chap  
 begun, as a body might say,  
 To look rather ashamed of hisself—I think so—in a  
 way—  
 Yis—he didn't look at me for a bit at all  
 But cocked his face agen the wall

" And—" It's too late, he says, " it's too late for  
 suppei, I suppose"—  
 And ye might have sniffed and sniffed till ye strain'd  
 your nose  
 Afore you'd ha' got a smell of suppei in yandhai place—  
 But he turned at last, and I saw his face—  
 Woikin', woikin', woikin' most terrible,  
 And screwin' the eye, and workin' still—  
 And—" Let's sit down a bit," he says, and he studdied  
 the candle, if ye plaze, and he looks up as  
 innocent as a linnet,  
 And he says, " That's a nice puss you've got," he says,  
 " how much is there in it?"  
 And I tould him £4 16s and 2½d farlin'—  
 So he says, " That's a nice little bit o' money, my  
 darlin'—  
 Let's see it," he says

<sup>1</sup> Truth

<sup>2</sup> Strips of sod laid on the rafters under the thatch

So I gev it to him, ye know ,  
 And he counted it out, I tell ye, every coin of it,  
 very slow—  
 Very slow he counted—and then—what d'ye think ?  
 Whips it in his pocket ! ‘A nice lump of jink !’  
 Says Dan ; and he snuggled up closer to me, and he  
 began to fiddle and fiddle,  
 Lek tryin’ to span me round the middle—  
*Some surt o’ coortin’?* thinks I, *he’s improovin’, I doubt—*  
 The ould villyan ! He was just tryin’ to find out  
 Had I any moie stitched up in my stays !  
 And a man with such ways—  
 Would you call him a man ? now would ye, Mistriss ?  
 would ye, though ?  
 That was the fiddlin’—aye ! he said it, he said it  
 hisself, the ould crow !  
 Yis, and his dirty ould mouth all of a pucker, and  
 grippin’ and nippin’,  
 And declainn’ he felt the shillin’s slippin’  
 Between the quiltin’s—aw dear ! aw dear !  
 But I was enough fo’ him—navar fear !

“ I says—‘This is no place fo’ me,’ I says , and  
 up I jumps—  
 ‘I’m off,’ I says , and he rattles his ould stumps—  
 And—‘Off?’ he says—‘Why you’ve not opened your  
 box yet !’  
 ‘Cleai out o’ the road !’ I says    ‘I hevn’ seen your  
 fiocks yet,’  
 He says, ‘noi the sheetin’ noi nothin’ !—just give us  
 that key—  
 It’s every bit my proppity !’ he says    ‘Out o’ the way !’  
 I says, and I gript the box    But if I gript it, he  
 gript it, and he shouted and bawled,

And backards and forraids we tugged and we hauled,  
And we staggered this way, and we staggered that  
way,  
And higgledy-piggledy, and I cannot tell what way—  
But I gev him a run in on the diessel, and his ould  
back bent,  
And——down he went!

And the crockery—what there was—all smashed  
—well to be sure!  
And the turmits rowlin' on the floor—  
So the box was mine, and I out on the door  
Murdher ' tieves !' and he run after me full trot—  
You're a robbet !' he says, ' you've robbed me '  
everything you got  
Belongs to me—I'll bring a shuit, he says, ' I'll  
bring a shuit  
For damageis !' he says—the ould brute—  
' I'll have your life !' he says,  
' Ar'n' you my wife ?' he says—  
' Murdher !' he says, ' murdher !'—' Murdher—your  
granny,'  
I says—' Good-bye, Dan Cowle ' good-bye, Danny ''  
And I left him standin' in the road, and here I am,  
as you see—  
And, Misthiss ! no moie weddin's, aw good sakes !  
no, no moie weddin's for me !"

## ENVOY

### GO BACK!

BUT now  
From the brow  
Of old Skiddaw, high-perched  
On the last of the cauns,  
Myself and my bauns,  
We searched  
For our sweetest of sweet little Hespendis;  
And our lids  
Were stung.  
By the "saut"  
Sharp slung  
From the wall  
Of a squall,  
That wrought,  
And blurred,  
And sluied  
The air  
Out there,  
So that nought  
Of our Isle,  
The while,  
Could we see,  
But a film of the faintest ivory  
Just half-way down the slope, we sit,—

When, suddenly, the sky is lit—  
Look, look ! as through a sliding panel  
Of pearl, our Mona ! Has she crossed the Channel  
For us ? that there she lies almost  
A portion of the Cumbrian coast ?  
Dark purple peaks against the sun,  
A goigeous thing to look upon ?  
Nay, darling of my soul ! I fear  
To see your beauty come so near—  
I would not have it ! This is not your rest—  
Go back, go back, into your golden West !



## NOTES

PAGE

- 2 *Briaddan Vicarage* The home of T E Brown's childhood and boyhood from 1832 to 1847 See *Letters of T E Brown*, by S T Irwin, vol II 144 To Miss N Brown
- 4 Verse 9 *Sleuu-whallian*, "the mountain of wild colts" The tale is that witches were rolled down the steep slope in a cask studded with nails
- 5 *Old John* An original MS of the poem is dated Clifton, Dec 29 1880 It appeared first in an Isle of Man newspaper, and then in pamphlet form It gives its title to the volume, *Old John and other Poems*, 1893 now out of print For Old John (McCulloch) himself, "our old Scotch man-servant," "a Primitive," see *Manxana*, v, a series of articles on the clergy of the Island Diocese (contributed to the *Ramsey Church Magazine* by T E Brown), Jan 1897, vol II No 1, where the ways of this old friend, "the indefatigable Caledonian," are graphically described See also *Letters (op cit)*, i 142 To Mis Williamson
- 9 Verse 12 "The Maister" The Rev Robert Brown, the poet's father, and vicar of Briaddan See *Manxana*, vi x xi
- 10 Verse 15 "Maister" Hugh T E B.'s eldest brother, the Rev Hugh Stowell Brown
- 11 Verse 19 *the intrepid mind* Margaret Wilson, a girl of 18, drowned in the Solway for her Covenanter faith
- 15 *Chalse a Killay* An "innocent," well known throughout the island The poem, bearing date Port Erin, 1875

## PAGE

was printed in a newspaper and in fly-sheet form, and subsequently published in the *Old John* volume

- 18 *The Vicarage that shelters under Braadda*, i.e. Braadda Head, overlooking Port Erin and Rushen

- 20 *prent the Hemns* See below, p. 66, *In Memoriam J Macneikin*

*The Peel Lifeboat* This poem all but appeared in W E Henley's *Lyra Heroica* (1892). The following in a letter, T E B to H G D, Clifton, May 8/91, may be of interest —

"Henley is bringing out a book of verse to be called 'On the Heights.' It tends to Jingo, and consists of poems by the great men who have celebrated 'the glories of our birth and state'—Milton, Tennyson, and so forth. Among these tremendous poems he wants to pitchfork himself and me!!! I am bothered he persists, and, I suggesting, or, at least, dimly hinting at, adumbrating the idea of a great lifeboat service, as being on the heights of action, he catches at it, and I have tried to put into verse that astounding Peel Lifeboat business, the account of which in the Manx papers I read to the School two years ago. So that is my 'pome,' *valeat quantum* (you are always asking me about 'pomes') But fancy its lying alongside of 'The Revenge.' Henley has his own bolt ready, unrhymed, but strong and monumental of a sort."

As to date, the annotator has a MS copy signed "T E B, May 5/91 (my birthday)"

- 23 *Catherine Kinnade* (alit., Katharine Kinnade) A MS gives "June 8/78" as date of composition. See prefatory note to the poem in *Old John* and the *CP* edition.

- 24 *Gob-ny-Ushkey* First published in *Old John*. This and the three following poems, \**Failand*, \**Portbury*, and \**The Dhoon* (the last dated in MS Sept 19/75)—\* posthumously published in *CP*—let one into a secret of the poet's mind. The places Failand and Portbury are within a walk of Clifton, Bristol. The Dhoon is in a beautiful winding gley, half-way between Laxey and Ramsey, on the east coast of the Isle of Man

## PAGE

27 \* *Wastwater to Scarfell* MS. bears date, 'Cleffan,  
Nov 26/68'

*The Well* MS dated "March 1870"

32 *Roman Women* There are several MS copies of the series, more or less complete, and differing as regards text or relative order. The version of the C. P. reproduced here follows that published for the first time in the *New Review*, Aug 1895, both textually and as regards the order of the poems. The notebook containing the complete series in MS is before me. The original MS in ink, with corrections in blue pencil, is headed

ROME, 1879-1880

Dec -Jan

and consists of fourteen poems, numbered in blue pencil I, II, etc. The title *Roman Women* is given opposite page 1 of the text in blue pencil. In two respects this MS copy differs from the published version. (1) The first poem of the series, it seems, was omitted either by the poet or by the editor of the *New Review*, or possibly by accident. It has since been published by Mr Selwyn G. Simpson in *Thomas Edward Brown, an Appreciation*. It runs thus

Two wastries of great eyes—  
A second's thousandth part—  
One sucked me down the Malstrom of her heart,  
The other ebb'd me forth to lonely seas

Scorn? No! Why should she scorn?  
Coquettish play of fence?  
Not so, but glorious might of innocence—  
Of such large blood are Roman women born

She knows what joy I caught  
That moment, how I rushed  
Right to the centre of her life, yet blushed  
She not at all, nor showed a treacherous thought

Is not this good above  
Most goods for which we sigh?  
To pick the obvious love as we pass by,  
And pass, and pick another obvious love

## NOTES

(2) The order of the component poems (in this particular MS), as compared with published text, is as follows —

I	Two waftures (with title <i>Nel Corso</i> in some MSS ) omitted	=	2
II	That look was Heaven	=	1
III	Close by the Mame time	=	3
IV	Ah! now	=	4
V	Woman, a wold with you !	=	5
VI	Pomegranate	=	6
VII	Pretty?	=	7
VIII	Good wife	=	8
IX	Ah naughty	=	9
X	This is the Forum	=	10
XI	O Englishwoman	=	11
XII	You seem so strange	=	12
XIII	Why does she	=	13
XIV	A little maiden	=	14

Another presumably earlier version gives order thus  
 I. Two waftures II Pomegranate III Good wife IV O Englishwoman V You seem so strange and there are *variae lectioes*. A letter shows that between the winter of 79/80, in which T E Brown with certain friends paid a visit to Rome, and the summer of 1895, he was working at the poem

- 40 The MSS all give "of ought but genial cares", *ought, not all*, and this correct reading we have now restored
- 46 "Ne sit ancillae" For title see Horace, *Odes*, ii 4 Chagford, by Dartmoor See below, p 112
- 47 *Ibant obscurae* For title see Vergil, *Aeneid*, vi 268 The poem has a MS date, *St Bees*, Aug 10/68
- 48 *St Bee's Head* MS date, *St Bees*, Aug 6/68 Published in *Old John* The original MS title is *Chiff Studies* - The poem is the first of a series written in August 1868
- 50 *An Oxford Idyll* My MS copy has this note at top  
 (All that I got at Oxford)  
*An Idyll*  
 a remark to be taken *cum grano* The date is Magdalens Walk, May 24/75
- Line 4 *llac, v l* lilacs
- Scarlett Rocks, Isle of Man. Cf. Tennyson, *Maud*, xxvii.

## PAGE

- 51 *Lime Street* (Liverpool, I think) MS date, Aug 1869  
*Hotwells* MS date, Clifton, June 8/68 Poem on a sheet of foreign notepaper A letter to a friend on the last page reads

I sometimes write little things at night It would be so delightful, at least so soothing, if we both did, and exchanged, just to show that our souls live As an experiment I send you this The lines were suggested by a woman I saw in the Hotwells this morning

T E B

- 53 *Clifton* The earliest MS of this poem is dated (1869), and the second line runs

My feet for six long barren years have trod

The poem was published in *Old John*, 1893, and "six long" has become "thrice nine"

*Wordsworth's Castle* (?) is the author's note to a MS copy, but he did not correct the text *Quandoque bonus*

For Peel, Bradda (Head, above Port Erin), Scarlett, and other localities, see *A Seven Days' Walk in the Isle of Man* (by the Rev T E Brown)

"Then along the 'back of Langness'—commonly called the *back o' Langsle*—to Langness point" [the eastern "claw" of Castletown Bay]

"Make for Scarlett and bathe there This is a prime beatitude" [Scarlett point guards Castletown Bay on the west]

"There is a path to the creek of Penwick Keep rather up the little glen (*Glen Chass*)" [on the way to the *Chasms*]

*Carraghyn* (or Carraghan), the high point in the very heart of the Island, above Injebrek (see *Old John*, p 11 above), Parish of Braddan

*Barrule* Whether North Barrule or South Barrule doesn't appear, blaeberrys are apt to be found on both probably But I conjecture North, above Ramsey See *Letters*, vol 1 200 To Mrs Shenstone

- 54 *Fives-Court* So entitled (in pencil) MS notebook, probably 1875 First published in *The National Observer*, April 30, 1892

PAGE  
 54 *The Lily-Pool* My MS. has the word *avtīdorov* at the end of the poem, and the date *Midsomer Norton, June 21/68*

56 "Not willing to stay" The MS is dated *St Bees, Aug 19/68* See note above, p 48

57 *Ecclesiastes* There is a note to my MS *After Chapel, (This happened yesterday)*, and the date, *Clifton, May 9/69* MS gives last line of 1st verse, "proper," (*sic*) in line 4, *Old John* edition, *proper* In the line above read *prayer-book-thumbing*

59 *In Memoriam Paul Bridson* MS gives date *Feb 1876 Braddan* See p. 3 above

61 *White Foxglove* Published first in the *New Review*, Oct 1895

63 *Octaves* Published first in the *New Review*, July 1896

64 *Poets and Poets* The original MS. is in pencil inscribed  
 H G DAKYNS  
 DD  
 T E B date 68?

65 *Opifer* The original MS has the title *Pasenithèse*, and the date *Oct 8/68* The poem appeared under its title *Opifer* in the *Old John* volume

66 *In Memoriam J Macneirkin* For "Chalse" and the "Hymns" see above, p 20  
*"God is Love"* MS date, *Clifton, April 14/83*  
 Line 4 The little *gūl* naturally speaks Anglo-Manx  
 "say" = "sea"

67 *The Intercepted Salute* MS date, *Comiston, July 21/69*

68 Μεταβολή (*to S T I*) is the MS title The reference is to Arist *Eth N* viii Date 1892?  
*Jessie* MS date, *July 17/68*

69 *Boccacio* MS date, *Clifton, Feb 25/81*, with title  
 (Sonetto) See *Letters*, vol 1 201

70 *To E M O* My MS has the title, 'Ωκλειώ Βρούνος, and a note "Yesterday, when you were playing the miraculous *Haupt*" See *Letters*, vol 1 *Introd Memoir, E M Oakeley's Reminiscences*, p 46

72 *M T W* Maurice Temple Wilson, nat 1876, ob 1886. (See *Clifton College Annals*, sub anno 1887.)

PAGE

- 72 *The Organist in Heaven* MS date, May 5, 1878\*  
First published in *Old John*, with T E Brown's own title, *Wesley in Heaven* Dr S S Wesley, the great composer
- 74 *To E M O* MS date, May 6/78  
*A Sermon at Clevedon* As the ' indicates, first published in the *C P* edition posthumously by the editors
- 75 *Sublapsarian* A term of the philosophy of Predestination The decree of God deals with man as fallen (*sub lapsu*), not before the Fall (*supra lapsum*) as the Supralapsarians maintain
- 78 *On the sinking of the "Victoria"* Published in the *National Observer*, July 15, 1893 See *Letters of T E Brown*, vol 1 p 204, to S T Irwin, Ramsey, July 18, 1893
- \* *Xp̄ia to His Godson*, Henry Graham Dalyns (the younger) The poem is signed *T E B*, *Clifton College, March 2/74*
- 83 " *Star of Hope*" See *Fo'c'sle Yarns Tommy Big-Eyes*, *C P* p 252, "He was a bit of a poet, was Tommy—aye" This and the next are two of "Tommy's songs"
- 84 " *Apple-tree*" See *The Mana Witch*, *C P* p 538, "Aye, them's Tommy's, Tommy Big-eyes"
- \* *Spes Altera* (date 1896) First published in *C P* p 105, as an appropriate Prologue to the whole series of *Fo'c'sle Yarns* For a prose version, as it were, of the thought, see *Letters*, II p 175, *T E B* to *M Rydings*, Ramsey, June 3, 1896
- Verse 2 *Where Plato marked the virgin soil*, See *Republic*, v 614 foll
- And Spenser saw old Genius*, *F Q* III \* 32 See also *Epithalamion*, 397 foll, *F Q* II XII 47
- 87 " *To Sing a Song*" The prefatory poem to *Fo'c'sle Yarns*, 1881 edition See *C P* p 107, Dedication
- 88 " *Dear Countrymen*" The prefatory poem to *The Doctor and other Poems*, 1887 edition See *C P* p 328
- Clevedon Verses* The series belongs to the year 1878, I believe

## PAGE

- 89 I *Blest mousies* in reference to *In Memoriam*.  
 II Braddan Brown, nat 1869, ob 1876 See *Aber  
Stations*, p 138 foll
- 94 *Lynton Verses* The MS date of the series is *LYNTON  
(1877)*, the original order in a certain black & white notebook being
- |   |                                 |
|---|---------------------------------|
| I "May Margery"   | = I in <i>Old John and C P</i>  |
| II "High overhead" (not<br>published)                         | deest                           |
| III "At Malmesmead"   | = II in <i>Old John and C P</i> |
| IV "Milk! milk! milk!"  | = III "                         |
| V (Shooting) "Nay, why<br>did'st kill it?" (not<br>published) | deest                           |
| VI "Sweet breeze"   | = V "                           |
| VII (Symphony)  | = VI "                          |
| VIII "Lynton to Porlock,"<br>deest                            | = IV "                          |
- May Margery* MS date, *Lynton, April 14, T E B*
- 95 *At Malmesmead* Originally No III A MS letter copy gives *For M Dakyns T E Brown April 26/77*
- 96 *Lynton to Porlock (Exmoor)* My MS gives *To H G and M D*, and is signed, *Exmoor, July 8/77, T E B* The notebook MS gives the title, and a note at the end, "On my way home from Lynton to Bristol—July 8/78" Probably 78 is a slip of the pen for 77
97. *Sweet breeze* MS letter copy gives, *For H G D*, and at the end is an invitation to his friends, "So come! do! I wish you would T E Brown, April 26/77"  
*"High overhead"* The hitherto unpublished No II runs in my MS letter copy thus *Lynton, April 13/77* —
- High overhead  
 My little daughter  
 Was going to bed —  
 Below  
 In twenty fathoms of black water  
 A cod went sulking slow —  
 Perceived the light  
 That sparkled on the height,  
 Then swam

Up to the filmy level,  
 Brought's eye to bear  
 With dull fixed stare,  
 Then—"Damn!"—  
 He said—and "Devil!"—  
 I thought"—but what he thought who knows?  
 One plunge, and off he goes  
 East? North?  
 Fares forth  
 To Lundy? Cardiff? But of that keen probe  
 That for an instant pierced the lobe  
 Of his sad brain,  
 Tickling the phosphor-grit,  
 How long will he retain  
 One bit?  
 And then above  
 My little daughter kneels, and says her prayers  
 Quite right!  
 My little love—  
 Good night!  
 Sweet pet!  
 Put out the light!  
 And so  
 I go  
 Downstairs—  
 And yet—and yet—  
 That cod!  
 O God!  
 O God!

97 "Shooting" The original No V runs —

Nay, why did'st kill it?  
 God did not will it—  
 See! blood dripping on the grass!  
 Thou fool,  
 With murd'rous tool,  
 If we might so befriend thee,  
 'Twere well to send thee  
 To school  
 To Balaam's ass

100 *The Empty Cup* MS date, T E B, St Bees, Aug  
 18/68 See above, note to p. 48 This is one of the  
*Cliff Studies*

- PAGE  
 103 *The Pitcher* MS date *Prep July 17* } 68, *T E B*  
*School, July 18* }  
 105 *Song.* Set to music now  
*Veris et Favoni* For title, see, of course, *Hoi Ode*,  
     I IV  
 106 *In Gremio* Cf below, *Specula*, p 175, and *Dissenses*, p 134 In the last line a MS gives "Who bids thee come," perhaps more correctly, echoing the preacher's cry  
 107 *Exile* Verse 3 *Gadire* (*Gades*, now *Cadiz*) The original Phoenician *Gaddis* or *Gadir* = Gk. *Gadeira*  
 112 *Dartmoor Sunset at Chagford* "Homo Languit  
*Respondet Δημιουργός* See Bibliographical Note *supra*, explaining the relationship of the two portions of the poem and the meaning of the \* to the earlier  
 122 Ποιημάτιον for *John Percival* March 8/74 (*In chapel*) is the original MS title See Bibliographical Note to *C P* p xxv  
 123 \* *Vespers* MS date, May 6/78  
     \* *I bended unto me* Date, May 6/78  
 125 \* *To W E Henley* See *Epilogue to Poems, W E Henley*.  
     \* *When Love meets Love* MS date, May 5/78  
 126 \* *Between our Folding Lips* MS date, May 6, 1878  
     \* *Ex ore Infantis* So the editors of the *C P* entitled the poem written by T E Brown in Dec 1894, and addressed to the friend to whom he owed the story See *Letters*, II p 74 To Miss Graves, Ramsey, December 4, 1894  
 127 \* *O God to Thee I yield.* See *Aber Stations*  
     \* *To G "Trustrum* "The landlord of the Port Erin Hotel . . . sent me a beautiful Christmas card I sent him the following, December 31, 1895" [here follows the poem] and then the author adds "'Sun that goes' is rather feeble But—'however'" See *Letters*, II p 157 To S T Irwin, Ramsey, January 21, 1896  
 128. \* *An Autumn Trinket* MS. date, Clifton, Oct 26/70  
 129 \* *Sad! Sad!* MS. date, Clifton, 1870

PAGE

- 129 *Reconciliation* MS date, July 16/75
- 132 *The Schooner* MS date, Clifton, Oct 5 [68?]
- Verse 1, line 3, *v l* "by the quay"  
Verse 5, penult line *v l* "flesh-breathed" } in my MS
- 133 *Euroclydon* For the imagery of this allegorical poem  
see *The Acts* xxvii 14 (A V), *St Matthew* xiv 23,  
*St John* vi 16 For Ευροκλύδων (Εύροκλύδων) the  
R V has Euraquilo (Εύραλυλων) For Claudia  
(Κλαύδη), Cauda (Καῦδα), which has been corrupted  
by Italian mariners into Gozzo (Mod Greek Γαύδοι)  
—the small island off Candia (Crete) S W
- 134 *Digresses* MS. dates, Oct. 3/75, Oct 5/75, July 5/75  
respectively
- 135 *My Garden* MS date, July 8/75
- 136 *Land, ho!* MS date, July 14/75
- 137 *Praesto* MS date, July 5/75
- Evensong*, MS. date, July 5/75
- 138 *Aber Stations* The best commentary is a note to a  
fiend with a copy of the Poem dated May 11/79 —  
" x \* \* ^ ^ ~ ~ ~ — I send you this poem You  
will readily see how it is indeed 'pars mei'  
I cannot doubt but that it will be, in almost as  
close and immediate a sense, 'pars tui'  
God bless your lambs.

T E BROWN "

139 *Aber Fall* in N Wales141 *Statu Quarta* Line 19 deducate a μόστρης (*mustes*,  
(sic) in one MS) = one initiated in the "mysteries"142 Line 23 He as κελευστής (Keleustes in said MS) =  
the *Hortator* or fugleman, Ovid Met iii 618, alter  
*Pausanias* The boatswain or officer who gave off the  
chaunt (keleusma) which was sung to give the stroke,  
etc, to the rowers As represented in the Vatican  
Virgil he sits on the stern with a truncheon in his hand  
with which to beat time Cf Xen Hell. v 8, where  
the exploit of Gorgopas is described following the  
enemy's fleet in the night and taking care not to  
betray himself either by the noise of oars or by

the chant of the Keleustes (see Grote, *H G* iv 519) "In place of the usual cry the boatswains timed the rowers by a clink of stones, and silently the oars slid feathering through the waves"

- 142 Line 30 *the transtra* = *ȝvyd*, the crossbars or thwarts, the benches on which sat the rowers. Cf Verg *Aen* iv 573, v. 663. Hom *Od* ix 99; xii 21

- 149 *Statio Septima* Line 12 *The lamb! the lamb!* See *Letters*, vol 1, p 90 To J R Mozley (1880)

- 150 *A Morning Walk* MS date, Clifton, Nov 2/68

- 152 *Epistola ad Dakyns* An original copy written on six pages of "Form paper" has this inscription on the back —

*Epistola Magna !!!!!*

*Combure*

*I have an editio altera*

*T. E. B.*

The copy is signed and dated at the end,

*T. E. B. Dec /69*

*three places* To wit—

I Clifton and Durdham Downs "by the Avon's side."

II Keswick and the Lake of Derwent Water

III The Isle of Man, with particular reference (on p. 156) to Maughold and Bradda.

For the former—where in the year 1857 he was married to his cousin, Miss Stowell See *Letters*, Introd Memori, p 27, and p 152, Letter to H G Dakyns (1891)

For the latter—see note above, p 271 Biadda is not to be confounded with another sacred place—Kirk Biaddan

157. Another copy of the Poem gives, "*O Brada do not fail!*" "*Brada.*" (sic) three lines from the end

*Nature and Art* It seems that Brown hesitated how to name this poem. The original title (in a certain folio notebook) is *Nature and Human Nature*, which he pencilled out, rewriting *Development*, but finally, in the *Old John* volume, adopted *Nature and Art*. There are also some interesting variants.

PAGE

- 158 I Verse 2 Originally the last half of the line ran—  
      , and haply took their place
- I Verse 6 οαριστός (*sic*) MS (οαριστός) See Hom  
     Il vīv 216
- 159 I Verse 8 *Iuron*      *Nephēle* See Pind *Pyth* II  
     36 foll —
- επεὶ νεφέλα παρελεξατο,  
     ψεῦδος γλυκὺ μεθέπων ἀιδρις ἀνήρ  
     εἶδος γὰρ ὑπεροχωτάτη πρέπειν οὐρανιῶν,  
     θυγατέρι Κρόνου      κ τ λ
- For glorying by dear deceit beguiled,  
     A phantom—forged of the mist  
     In image of the solemn sovereign child  
     Of Kronos old—he clasped to him and kissed  
     The dreadful lovely lips that Jove's own hand  
     had curved  
     Like to hers
- W. R. Paton's Rendering*
- And see for a humorous treatment of the story,  
     Lucian, *Deor Dial* vi
- I Verse 12 Last line Original reading *Bedeck thine*  
     *immortality of charms*
- 161 I Verse 18. This verse in the MS notebook runs—
- It is because thou wilt not recognise  
     An added Art of Life  
     That comes between us and those ancient skies,  
     As if it were still the time  
     Of Adam in his prime  
     And we were babes astride upon Eve's awful thighs  
     with a variant of lines 3 and 4—
- As if the age was ripe .  
     For Adam and his wife
- I Verse 19 *sadly silent*, so in *Old John* the original  
     reading of the notebook being "silent," corrected in  
     pencil "*w in silence*"
- II Verse 1 The MS has
- O Heaven! the puppys! Is this gratitude?  
     "A foster-sister" saidst thou?  
     An "Art of Life"? what fell Locusta stewed

Nicotian, various intervals of shift,  
Enlaigned, contract—keen swordsman, cut-and-thrust  
Old salt, old tip, old friend, Tom Baynes comes fust

Succeeds our Curate, innocent and good,  
The growth of Oxford in her sanest mood,  
Dame Nature's child, though bred among the Stoics,  
And if he gush, he gushes in heroics  
For give the youth if sometimes he relax  
In extra gush of pseudo-dochmias (*sic*)

Just hear our Pazon, reverend and meek,  
In unadorned verse I make him speak,  
As is most fit To him Tom Baynes' rude style  
Were "simply barbarous"—I see him smile  
*His* smile "Poor Tom has thoughts beyond his  
station,  
But language! sir—unfit for publication"  
The Curate's rhymes he haply thinks audacious,  
Emphatic, overrought. "But 'twere ungracious  
Of me to criticise a gentleman  
That is so kind and clever" There again  
You have our *Pazon* So he says his say,  
And all my dreams of Manxland fade away

CLIFTON, April 1889

T E B

181 *Mary Quayle* *The Curate's Story* The scene is laid in the north of the Isle of Man *Barrule* is North Barrule From the crest that fronts *Cornaar*, the stretch of coast from Ayre to Maughold Head facing Ramsey Bay is visible, over which the thunder blooded *Gob-ny-Scaut*, the centre of the scene, is on the east spur of North Barrule

185 Line 15 *did the night* The Curate reproduces Richard's colloquial style of speaking, "did for the night," or "did in the night," I suppose

187 Line 25 *the po'ms* Richard's Anglo-Manx pronunciation of "poems"

208 *Bella Gorry* *The Pason's Story* The scene is laid in the north-west of the Isle of Man, at a point between Jurby and Point of Ayre, whence north-west is visible the Mull of Galloway, and due west the hills of Morne in Ireland

PAGE

For the ruined cottage, which is the centre of the scene, called in the native tongue a *tholhan*, see *Spir. Altero*, p. 85.

211 Line 28 *tre mooragh* A waste sandy tract, see line 3 of this poem, p. 208 above.

227 IV *Dramatic Lyrus (Anglo-Manx)* See Introduction, p. xxxviii.

229 *In the Coach* "And that sequence of portraiture called *In the Coach*—is there anything like them else where?"—W. E. H., Introd. to *C P*, p. xiv.

The six poems of this series were first published by the author himself in the *Old John* volume, 1893. That composition, as part of a longer series, had occupied his mind at intervals during the two preceding years. An unpublished letter to a friend, dated *Lake View, Keswick, Aug 30/91*, refers to its commencement:

"I have been writing a good deal (there has not been much else to do), and I have devised a sort of Title, or receptacle, or vinculum, or what not, 'In the Coach.' This is at once a handy utensil and a stimulus to production, as who should say, 'I am empty, fill me.' So might a vase say to a flower-gatherer."

See also *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 152 To H. G. Dakyns  
*Lake View, Keswick, Sept 12, 1891*

"I enclose two 'lil pomes' from 'In the Coach':"

The little poems were (1) "Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am," which is numbered III, with the title "Passim", and (2) "Noah's Ark," numbered IX.

What the unpublished poems of the series were is not quite certain.

No I — *Jus' the Shy* For a prose version of this poem see *Letters*, vol. 1, p. 145 To J. E. Pearson *Falcon's Nest, Port Erin, Isle of Man, April 23, 1890*

233 No II — *Yes, ma'am, no, ma'am* See note above. The MS. title "Passim" I take to mean "'Tis common." A *v l* of the last line is, "Poor thing, poor thing."

235 No III — *Conjugal Rights* = conjugal rights

239 *James Gell* Sir James Gell, the well-known lawyer, and Clerk of the Rolls of the Isle of Man, died in 1905.

*Mater Dolorosa* This beautiful poem is No VII of a series named 'Ἐπιτυμβίδια, the first six of which remain unpublished. See W. E. Henley's encomium, *Intro'd to C P* edition, p. xv. "He deals with nothing but essentials, and his *Mater Dolorosa* is an achievement apart in our various and noble literature." See too Mr. G. Quiller Couch in *The Speaker*, Nov. 6, '97.

- 248 *The Christening* (MS date, Dec. 1878) Published in *Old John*, 1893. The speaker is, of course, the father, Edward Cree.
- 251 *ould Pason Gale* Our old friend of Tom Baynes's *Fo'c'sle Yarns*, and doubtless the narrator of "Bella Goiry."
- 253 *Peggy's Wedding* (MS date, Dec. 1878) See W. E. Henley, *ib* p. xiv. "Take *Peggy's Wedding*, for instance, and you will see at once that it is imitated from Swift, but you will also see that it is infinitely better art than Swift's in that it gives you, with a touch of primal farce, but with not so much as the hint of a departure from the big lines of human nature, two characters whom you have never met before, but whom you will know to your dying day."
- 264 *Envoy Go back* (MS date, Clifton, Feb. 27/81), with title "Go back." This poem, which was published for the first time in the *C P* 1901, seemed to the editors to serve as a fitting *envoy* to the series of *Fo'c'sle Yarns*. It seems to us at this date to serve as a fitting *envoy* to this selection.

Line 19 A MS gives "nought" for *naught*, I think correctly

H G D

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